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Everybody's Magazine

A Christmas Number

Of Good Deeds

John Wanamaker, Publisher

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THE WHOLE ART OF PALMISTRY

THE MOUNTS on the Palm are: MERCURY, signifying Science and Art; APOLLO, Wealth; SATURN, Provident, Wise in Council; JUPITER, Happiness; MARS, Warlike, Robust; the MOON, Romance, Fame; VENUS, Loveliness of Person.

THE PRINCIPAL LINES ON THE PALM bear the following significance: THE LINE OF LIFE well colored and clear, presages long life and indicates a robust constitution and good character. Small lines crossing it are evidence of illness, and a strong indentation means a violent death. THE LINE OF THE HEART shows the strength of the affections; too long is bad, as it indicates excessive affection and a jealous tendency. A break in the line is weakness or fickleness. The cause of an abrupt break must be sought in the mount under which it is broken. Under SATURN, Fatality. Between SATURN and SUN, Folly. Under SUN, Pride. Under MERCURY, Avarice. Bright Red, Ardent Lover. Pale and Broad, Profligacy. THE LINE OF THE HEAD, if well marked, signifies sound sense and a strong will. If accompanied by a sister line throughout, is a very fortunate presage. If it descends too much to the mount of the Moon, it tends to folly.

THE LINE OF HEALTH, if long and straight, indicates success and health. If an arrow cuts the health line, forming a cross, it indicates some malady. If broken and red, it augurs anger and biliousness.

THE SATURNIAN LINE, when clear from the wrist to Mount Saturn, is luxuriant good fortune. Stopping at the line of the heart it is happiness destroyed by a love affair. At the line of the head it shows good opportunities thrown away.

THE LINE OF THE SUN signifies celebrity and political preferment, great achievements in commerce or art.

A very long thumb denotes will power; a short thumb, simplicity; fat fingers, indolence and gluttony; long and slender and tapering, refinement and culture; hard, dry and knotty, avarice and envy; smooth and soft, with dimples in the hand, luxury.

But to be happy, use **SAPOLIO** in housecleaning, and **HAND SAPOLIO** for the toilet and bath.

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GAUCHO ROUGH RIDER TAMING A RESERVAO.

A PAMPA BRONCO THAT HAS DEFEATED VARIOUS ROUGH RIDERS IS "RESERVED" FOR FURTHER DEVELOPMENT.

From the plaster model by Solon H. Borglum. *Illustrating El Reservao.*

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE
VOL. VII DECEMBER 1902 NO. 6.

JOURNEYS END

BY JUSTUS MILES FORMAN

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Calthrop, a young English aristocrat, left penniless by the death of his father, who had been unfortunate with American stocks, determines to seek his fortune abroad. He sails for New York, and finally secures lodgings near his friend Strothers, temporarily absent in Chicago, and employment as salesman at a photographer's on Broadway, where his leisure moments are spent in conversation with a red-haired saleswoman. Here he recognizes a portrait of Her, a beautiful, promising young star, and going to her performance at one of the theatres conceives the idea of writing a play for her.

CHAPTER IV.

THE next fortnight passed very uneventfully. Strothers was still in Chicago, and there seemed reason to believe must be there till autumn. Carter, the actor of the three-pair-back, had left town with the closing of his star's season, and was filling an engagement somewhere in the far West with a summer stock company.

He grew very well acquainted in these long days with the plain, red-haired young woman, and became quite fond of her in a nice friendly sort of way. She was a simple-minded soul, full of a queer, quaint philosophy, full of a quiet cheerfulness and contentment with her lot that was very good for Calthrop at just this stage. She told him much of her home and the two small brothers, twins, who were such jolly little housekeepers and who took such care of the bedridden mother; of the good times they had on a Sunday or a holiday, all four together, and of their hopes for a little home in the country, up in Connecticut, when some tiresome litigation over an uncle's will should be past.

And with all this she never asked or seemed to expect confidences from young Calthrop, for which he was so grateful that he was much nicer to her than he would otherwise have been, saved her little bits of work, and even took her of an evening now and then to one of the summer theatres, where there was cheap light opera or vaudeville, and where one had no need to dress. He could not have done this if she had been a pretty girl or young, and he took it as almost a personal favor on her part that she had red hair and was plain and nearly thirty. The only thing that disturbed him was a curious way she had fallen into of watching him when she thought his attention was directed elsewhere, and of looking into his eyes sometimes when she was close beside him.

Then one morning, when the shop was quite empty of customers and Calthrop was leaning over the showcase absorbed in the London column of a newspaper, there was a sharp little "Oh-h-h! look, look!" from the red-haired young woman. Calthrop looked up quickly and the newspaper rustled unnoticed to the floor under his feet, for *she* was coming in at the door with a friend, a well-known young English actress, who had been during the season supporting a certain very great actor-manager on his American tour. The hansom cab in which the two had come stood waiting at the curb. She wanted a certain photograph of Sir Henry Irving in the character of Richard III., and Calthrop turned to take down the file, with a queer weakness in his arms and a most embarrassing flush upon his face.

He noted that her voice, at an ordinary conversational pitch, was ever sweeter and more curiously caressing than on the stage. And her hair was more bronzed. There was a great deal of reddish copper in it. Perhaps it was the faint scent from the hair as she leaned over the showcase that brought a pounding to young Calthrop's heart. More likely it was the eyes, though.

"Oh, don't be an ass!" begged young Calthrop of himself—inwardly. He felt very queer—possibly he was going to be ill—certainly he had never felt quite this way before. No other woman had ever made his heart pound by merely being near him. No other, that is, with one exception.

He caught the young Englishwoman

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looking at him very curiously now and then, as if she had half a notion that they had met before, but Calthrop only glanced politely past her, and tried to appear quite the ordinary salesman in discharge of his duties, and not at all the young man who had sat beside her at dinner on two separate occasions in London.

They stopped a cruelly short time. She selected the photograph she wanted almost immediately, and glanced with a deprecatory little smile at the large and conspicuously exposed pictures of herself, while Calthrop wrapped up her purchase and made the change. Then she said "Thank you," and gave him a little nod and they went out to their cab.

Calthrop watched them hungrily through the window, and wondered what they were talking about there on the curb, and wondered, too, how it would seem to get into a hansom with *her*, and go bowling smoothly out the avenue and into the Park and far away from everything and anybody—very far away. He stood a long time considering this and had changed the hansom to a victoria and Central Park to St. James or Hyde Park, when he was brought back to earth and sixty bob a week by the plain young woman with the red hair.

Meanwhile Miss Evelyn Berkeley was remarking to her companion as the hansom paused in a momentary block of traffic:

"What a tremendously handsome young Englishman that was in the shop! He looked rather out of his class, somehow."

"What! Yes, yes!" said the other young woman absently. "Yes, he reminded me very much of a man I met once or twice in London last year. I've forgotten where. Of course it wasn't the same man. My man was quite smart and rather importantly connected."

It was during these barren and lonely evenings, when tired of tramping up and down Broadway and of loafing about in hotel corridors, that Calthrop was reduced to sitting in the Twenty-fourth Street two-pair-back with his hands in his lap, and with all sorts of sweet old familiar forbidden memories knocking at his brain for entrance, and that the notion of trying to write a play began to possess him. It was born of sheer desperation in an idleness that he felt sure must drive him mad unless something could be found to lighten its burden.

"Though I'm in no way sure that I'm not mad already," said he, shaking his head, "even to conceive such a piece of rot. *I* write a play! A real play that people would go to see and say nice things about! *I* write a play in the face of all the trained experts that are failing at it every day!" He smiled up into the face of Miss Evelyn Berkeley, where she sat over his little writing table, and Miss Evelyn Berkeley seemed to smile back, not derisively, not in scorn of his presumption, but rather encouragingly, he thought. At least, it looked an encouraging smile through the wreaths of smoke that rose from young Calthrop's pipe.

"And yet, do you know!" said Calthrop, confidentially dragging his chair nearer, "Do you know I've written better plays than that thing I went to see last night—lots better plays, years ago in Cambridge." He waved his hand in modest deprecation.

"But moonshine, moonshine, my lady!" he cried. "Stop looking at me with that little encouraging smile. Stop telling me to be a fool in trying to do what's beyond me—leave me to my sixty bob a week and my photographs of glaciers and ballet girls!"

The pipe went out, neglected, and young Calthrop sat, chin in hands, staring up into the beautiful face of Miss Evelyn Berkeley.

"'I'd say to him,'" he quoted presently, "'Jones, you sit down at your desk, and you stick up in front of you one of those big "Horse Guards" pictures—and you look at it until you don't see anything else and don't think of anything else, and then you write a play around that girl!—you write the heart and soul straight out of you and it'll make both you and her great!' It must be your sort of play—no problems, my lady, no flirting about with the Seventh Commandment, no post-matrimonial intrigues, but a clean, sweet, beautiful play of clean, sweet, beautiful love."

He rose from the little table and tramped up and down the room, nodding his head excitedly and drawing with vigor at the cold, dead pipe.

"That's the sort of play it must be," he cried again. "There's been enough cynicism and bloodshed and vice. We'll give them a play, my lady, that shall be like a walk through rose gardens! We'll make them laugh and we'll make them cry all in the same moment, but at last we'll send them home with a song in their hearts and their minds going back to the love-making they did when young and innocent. We'll

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make them dream of their first kiss—that's the thing, by Jove!"

His smile widened as he heard the applause of those people who were to be brought back to youth and innocence and first kisses. His head went up very bravely and his step became a sort of triumphal march up and down the narrow confines of the two-pair-back.

A lifted elbow swept the mantel shelf and knocked over one of the gold-framed photographs there, so that it fell with a little crash. Calthrop halted suddenly and caught up the picture to see if the glass had been broken, and a sudden great change came over his face.

"Why, Molly!" he cried softly, "why—Molly!"

The photograph was of a very lovely young girl. She would be English, certainly, with her straight nose and high brows and short Greek mouth, and the waving hair caught in a great knot at the back of her neck. Oh, English, by all means! She would be a young girl, too, not long out of the school room probably, but just on the verge of very extraordinary beauty. Her eyes were wonderful.

"Molly—Molly!" said Calthrop, with a little catch in his breath. All the fever and glow of ambition were gone—all the intoxication of success that had seemed, under the smile of those other eyes, so little a way ahead. Green fields and the smell of running water! scent of box and gorse and heather! the sweep of hills and covert that was dear from childhood! All the sights and sounds and smells that were inalienably home, *home!* It came over him with an irresistible rush that left him shaking—and this new life had dropped away.

"SHE WAS COMING IN."

"Molly!" whispered young Calthrop, with the picture against his hot cheek.

Ah, the paddock where the sheep grazed down below the yew walk! And the river beyond, with its willows along the bank—the river where he and Molly paddled about in the canoe or poled up and down in a punt through the reeds and lily pads—with the gray turrets of Hartwell Towers, Molly's home, showing above the trees on the farther hill—and the good old governor, dear old governor! marching up and down the yew walk with his stick, and grinning meaningly when he saw the boy and Molly together!

Young Calthrop set the picture down upon the mantel quickly and threw himself into the chair before the little writing table, with his face in his hands.

"I tell you," he cried fiercely, "that's over and done with, all of it. Heavens! Can't you forget it, man? I tell you that chap is dead, the chap who lived at the Abbey and fished and rode to hounds and

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shot and played with—with—Molly! He died when the smash came. I tell you," groaned young Calthrop, with his head between his straining fists, "I tell you, I'm not that chap; I don't know anything about him! I sell photographs over a counter at sixty bob a week!"

He raised a twitching face to the gentle smile of Miss Evelyn Berkeley. "My lady," he cried! "Oh, my lady, help me to forget all those things! I mustn't remember them! I mustn't. I'm going to write you a play, a beautiful, beautiful play! How can I do it if I'm smelling May and gorse, and if I'm remembering how the trout jump at evening, and how the sun sets behind Hartwell Towers!" And he dropped his head into his hands once more and thought how Molly used to sing "Love's old sweet song."

CHAPTER V.

"You see just how it is," said the proprietor regretfully, to the red-haired young woman; "I'd like to keep you both on, but there's not business enough to occupy one, to say nothing of the three of us. One of you I shall have to let go till September. You weren't thinking of taking a vacation anyhow?" he inquired.

The plain young woman glanced at Calthrop, who was rearranging the display of photographs in the window out of hearing.

"Why—why, no," she said, "that is, I—hadn't thought much about it." But just now she did some very rapid thinking about what the loss of two months' wages would mean to the mother and the two little chaps.

"Of course," continued the proprietor, "you have been with me longer than Calthrop, and in case you hadn't been meaning to take a—a rest anyhow," and he paused suggestively, "I suppose I should have to drop him. Calthrop could be of great service getting that August consignment from London, though."

"Will you let me think it over during the day?" asked the red-haired young woman, her eyes still upon Mr. Calthrop.

"Why, yes, yes, to be sure," said he. "Think it over and let me know to-night or to-morrow."

Young Calthrop came back from the window, scrubbing at his dusty hands with a handkerchief and smiling amusedly.

"I've put Oom Paul Kruger between the Mayor of New York and the august head of Tammany Hall!" said he. "And I think he looks very nice there. I have flanked them with some very, very French actresses in Liberty scarfs, and I've put the Florodora Sextette over them. I call that a very artistic ensemble, myself. You should go outside and look at it."

The red-haired young woman shook her head.

"No, I'll take your word for it," said she. "It's hot outside." She tapped absently upon the showcase with her fingers and then looked up into Calthrop's eyes.

"How do you stand the heat?" she asked. "It must be worse than anything you have known."

Calthrop gave a little shrug. "Oh, as for that," said he, "one never knows what one can bear till the test comes. I suppose it has hardly begun yet—the heat. I suppose we shall have a couple of months of it at the least?"

"You—you weren't thinking of taking any vacation, then?" inquired the young woman. "You're going to keep at it all summer?"

"Vacation!" scoffed Calthrop, "bless you, no! I'm not in the way of taking vacations. I'd jolly well like to, but you see, I jolly well can't; but, I say, you're not going off, are you? You're not going to leave a chap alone here?"

The plain young woman turned quite pink.

"Why," said she, "I—I wasn't—I mean, that it is to say, I think I shall, at—at the end of the week, you know, just till September. I've a little bit of money laid away that will tide us over the Summer and—so I think I shall take a rest. It—it isn't as if I couldn't be spared here, you know," said the red-haired young woman.

"No, oh, no, of course not," agreed Calthrop. "There isn't anything to do—but it's going to be beastly dull all alone in the shop. I shall miss you."

The plain young woman turned and went down to the end of the shop in search of something which apparently refused to be found, but she smiled quite cheerfully when she returned.

"Come and see me—us, I mean," she said, "whenever you have an hour or two to spare and feel lonesome. We sha'n't be going out of town. I'd like you to see the kiddies. Drop in on a Sunday—that is," she added hesitatingly, "if—if you'd care to."

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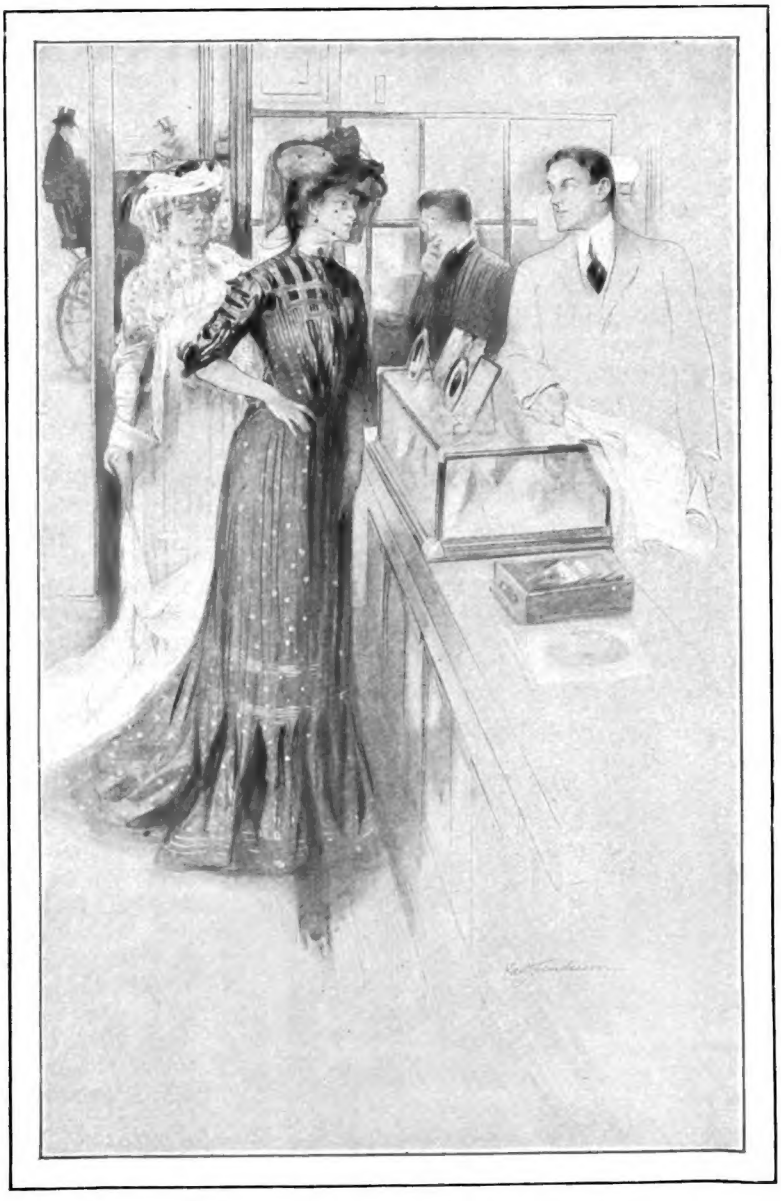
"Care to," said Calthrop heartily, "well, rather! Of course I shall come if I may," and the red-haired young woman saw fit to turn pink once more. Then presently, after they had been talking of something else, "Tell me," said she, "I've—I've been thinking about a—a sort of friend of mine who had a queer problem offered. Tell me how much would you do for some one you cared about—some one quite beyond you, you know; some one you cared about quite hopelessly—oh, quite hopelessly, and—and expected nothing from?"

"Why," said young Calthrop, "if I really —cared—why, I think I'd do just about anything, wouldn't you? Just about anything in my power."

"At any cost?" said the red-haired young woman.

"At any cost," agreed Mr. Calthrop.



"HALF A NOTION THAT THEY HAD MET BEFORE."

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The young woman gave a relieved little sigh.

"Yes, I thought you would say that," said she. "I thought that's what you'd do. Yes, I think I should do anything—thank you."

CHAPTER VI.

THE play progressed—rather unevenly, to be sure, and by fits, but it progressed. There were false starts along ways that turned out impasses; there were schemes beautiful in conception that developed impossibilities when one came to elaborate them; but after a week or so of this there came a plot, clear and simple and moving inevitably to its climax—a plot not startling in the least, not weird, nor bizarre, nor tragic—perhaps not even strikingly original; but, after all, it was not the plot which was to make the play, but its telling.

There were evenings of enthusiasm, of inspiration, when a pen could not go fast enough and Miss Evelyn Berkeley sat a living, thrilling presence over the little writing table; and after them, evenings when young Calthrop's mind was a weary blank, when he loathed the sight of pen and paper, and his whole enterprise seemed the maddest and most preposterous nonsense.

Then driven quite to desperation, he would snatch up a hat and rush out into the night to tramp up and down Broadway or the avenue, beating his stick savagely upon the pavement, and calling himself all the unpleasant names that a naturally active imagination could invent on the spur of the moment. How he grew to loathe that familiar stretch between Madison Square and Forty-second Street!

Sometimes when it was very hot and the streets were breathless cañons of stone and asphalt, where no vagrant breeze even strayed, and over-used air seemed never to change from one day's end to another, he would get on one of the open street cars and ride to the Battery and sit there for hours on a wooden bench, under the sputtering arc lights, watching the throng that surged unceasingly about the sea-wall, and taking deep breaths of the clean salt air that came in across the Bay.

People moved up beside him on the benches and spoke to him with the easy familiarity of the American lower class; ladies of an obvious profession who called him "My Dear," and said that this hot weather did make one thirsty; beggars who pleaded for a few cents to get a cup of coffee and some crackers (none of them had had anything to eat for several days). Young Calthrop was greatly interested to know what they wanted with crackers, crackers seemed such strange things for a beggar to be playing about with, till he found out later that crackers were biscuits. And there were others of a pleasanter sort, workingmen and their neat wives out for a breath of live air before seeking an impossible sleep in the furnaces they called home; captains or engineers of harbor craft, off duty for the night; bagmen—they called themselves "drummers" here in America—who were stopping at some downtown hotels and who were very curious as to Calthrop's private affairs.

"THE NOTION OF TRYING TO WRITE A PLAY BEGAN TO POSSESS HIM."

He grew rather fond of the Battery: the same water that cradled England slapped its stone walls. He watched the lights on Staten Island, and said to himself that just behind that yellow glow were the green downs of Devon, and the Abbey and Hartwell Towers. And when the sky was full of red and blue and purple flashes over behind Governor's Island at Manhattan Beach, he pretended that it was an exhibition at Earl's Court, but that he didn't care to

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go to it, you know, because those things were always so very, very rowdy.

He watched the steamships move slowly out of the channel toward that great space of open black beyond—excursion boats to Coney Island, most of them, but now and then a big one, high out of the water, with fewer lights and two or three great funnels aline. And these young Calthrop pretended were going *home*, as doubtless some of them were.

"You lucky devils!" he would cry softly, beating his hands upon the iron arms of his bench. "Oh, you lucky, lucky devils! You are going home, *home*, God bless you! Home to the greenest, cleanest, dearest little island in all the great world! Home to the good old sights and sounds and smells—London fog and Devon sunshine—and the roast beef of old England—which," he would add cynically, "you are probably carrying with you from Chicago. Home! And I've got to stop here in the desert and—and sell photographs!"

"ALL THE SIGHTS AND SOUNDS AND SMELLS THAT WERE INALIENABLY HOME!"

Still the play progressed, thanks to the evenings of inspiration and industry; and these evenings grew more and more frequent as the thing took completer shape. It grew to possess him, the play, till he lived in it night and day. He was much alone in the Broadway shop, for the proprietor was seldom about, and the red-haired young woman was, of course, no longer there. So that young Calthrop had many long hours in which to hang over an idle showcase and discuss with himself minor details of the thing that filled all his mind, to balance situations and to polish dialogue.

CHAPTER VII.

THEN one Sunday afternoon, when the play was at a temporary halt and he could seem to do nothing with it, he gave it his blessing and mounted the elevated railway at Twenty-third Street to make a call upon the red-haired young woman with the mother who wouldn't walk any more, and the two little kiddies who walked so much that shoes were an important item of expense.

She lived far out in Harlem, near the 155th Street terminus of the line, indeed, and Calthrop thought he should never get there.

But he found the house easily. It was a very tiny cottage, set between a cheap red-brick shop building and a high grass-topped bluff of rock which had not yet been blasted away to make room for the ever-encroaching tide of construction. Across the street was a vacant lot given over at this particular time to a very noisy exhibition of the national game as exploited by the extreme youth of upper Harlem, but the game was temporarily suspended to allow players and spectators a few moments of untrammeled joy over Mr. Calthrop's frock coat and top hat.

That gentleman, quite red as to countenance, turned hastily in the gate of the cottage and the young woman rose from the steps to meet him. She was almost pretty. In deference to the weather, she wore something white and soft and summer-like, open a bit at the neck—she had a nice throat—and with sleeves reaching only to the elbows. Her red hair, done in some softer, less severe style than before, curled becomingly about her forehead and ears. She was breathing rather quickly.

"Oh, this is good of you!" she said. "This is good of you. I am so glad!"

"So am I," said young Calthrop, shaking her hand. "That is," he added, smiling, "if it's really you. I didn't quite know you at first."

He looked down at the fresh white frock.

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"You've such a frivolous air!" he complained. "Such a seashore, summer-girl-having-your-vacation look! No, you are not the young woman I used to know at all. You never sold photographs. I must be going on: I'm looking for somebody else."

"Indeed, you're not going on," said she. Calthrop wondered what had evoked that very becoming flush. "You're coming in to meet mother, and, if that ball game ever ends, the kiddies, too—I believe one of them is playing at first base and the other behind the bat. Did they make fun of your hat? Dear, dear! You see, they probably have never seen a top hat before, except in pictures."

The mother was in an invalid chair under the straggling vines of the porch, and she turned out to be a very dear old lady indeed, with a tongue in her head and a never-ending flow of cheerfulness.

"You have put us under an obligation that we can never repay," said she, beaming upon him, "by coming just at that instant. You see, the kiddies are playing on the side that's in the field, and the score was thirteen to thirteen, with two out and the bases full. When they all stopped to look at you, the lad that's at the bat quite lost his head. He'll never be able to hit anything now. You've saved the day." And the merry old lady chuckled delightedly.

Calthrop laughed, though he had not the remotest idea of what "two out and the bases full" signified.

"I'm sorry it isn't cricket," said he, "for I'd like to play."

"Not in *that!*" said the young woman anxiously. "You couldn't, you know; really you couldn't."

"No," declared Mr. Calthrop, firmly, "not in *that.* I should leave that in your care. Also *this*," and he spread out the skirt of his coat over the step where he was sitting, to tempt a very small but venturesome kitten, who sniffed at him uncertainly, and finding him innocent of harm, curled up on the proffered coat.

He inquired about the suit at law, and they told him that they had brighter hopes than ever before of its turning out well for them.

"The very brightest hopes, Mr. Calthrop," said the mother. "Oh, and if it does, if it does, I know of one old woman who'll be as happy as we're allowed to be here below, and one young one, too, and a pair of kiddi s into the bargain. If we win it means the old home in Danbury where I was born, God bless it! and enough to keep us all comfortably. It's a queer old place, with an orchard and a garden, and a white little house with green blinds, and there are syringas and snowballs and dogwood in the front yard. Dear, dear! I could cry at the thought. You don't know what exile is, Mr. Calthrop!"

"Don't I?" said young Calthrop, and the change that came over his face for an instant held the women silent. "Oh, don't I, though?"

The younger woman threw out a hand and touched his arm.

"Oh, forgive us!" she cried softly. Her eyes were full of the look that had baffled and worried young Calthrop sometimes in the Broadway shop—the look he couldn't make out. "Forgive us, we—we didn't think."

"Oh, that's all right," he cried cheerfully; "I've nothing to complain of just now, certainly. I haven't had so good a time since I came to America." The young woman looked away. Her breathing appeared somewhat disturbed again.

The kiddies appeared when the ball game was over, chanting a pæan of victory, one of them proudly exhibiting a badly maimed finger. They were very jolly little chaps, though they seemed pained and a bit scandalized at the Englishman's ignorance of the very fundamental principles of ba l.

Altogether young Calthrop passed an unexpectedly pleasant afternoon, and rose to go with genuine regret. The kiddies insisted upon accompanying him to the station of the elevated, and the two women smiled him a good-by from the vine-hung porch, and told him how soon he must come again.

But after he had passed out of sight the red-haired young woman sat for a long time on her little porch cushion, with her cheek against the arm of the mother's chair, and stared out across the street, and the mother was silent, too. Then at last:

"Dearie!"

"Yes, mummie," said the red-haired young woman.

"Why did you leave the shop last month?"

The red-haired young woman looked up into her mother's face.

"One of us had to go, mummie," said she. "There was not enough work for both."

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"And so you did it for—for him?"

"Yes, mummie," said the red-haired young woman, very low. "I did it for him—but, oh, he must never know—never, never!"

There was another long silence, while the feeble old hand played among the red waves of the girl's hair.

"Has it—been—long, dearie?"

"Poor little girl!" faltered the old lady; "poor little dear!"

"No," cried the young woman firmly; "no, mummie, I'm not to be pitied! I'm glad, glad, do you hear? I've—I've known always that it was hopeless. I've never dreamed of it's being—otherwise, but it's—it's, oh, something to have lived for. I'm

"'YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT EXILE IS MR. CALTHROP.

The red-haired young woman drew her mother's hand down in both of her own and held it to her cheek.

"Almost from the—first, I think," said she, "but it's—very impossible, mummie, and he must never know——"

glad, mummie, glad!" The hand at her cheek stirred and stirred again.

"We've only each other, dear," said the old lady, after a time.

"It's enough, mummie," whispered the plain young woman.

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CHAPTER VIII.

THE hot summer passed, swiftly at times, interminably lagging at others, and young Calthrop, over his coffee and *Herald* one morning, awoke to the fact that September was almost upon him.

Miss Evelyn Berkeley was expected from London in a week's time and was to open at the Lyric with "The Horse Guards,' again. She was reported to have been casting about unsuccessfully for a new play to run through the winter.

"Unsuccessfully, of course," said Calthrop, with mock gravity. "She hasn't seen my play yet—ay, now there's the rub! How am I going to get it before the proper people? I don't know any of them, and I do know about how much chance an obscure stranger has for a hearing. Carter, by Jove!" he cried suddenly. "Why didn't I think of Carter before? Carter knows everybody. He's a queer sort, but then he's American. I dare say he's a very good chap when you come to know him. He ought to be here soon. He was to finish out there in the provinces before this time."

And like the proverbial angel, Carter turned up the very next day and took his old room in Twenty-fourth Street.

He descended upon Calthrop in the evening, talking loudly of his triumph among the "yaps", and boasting of the flood of Broadway offers for the coming season that beset him on every side.

"But I say," he protested, "you're looking thin, and white around the gills! Too much hot weather?"

"Oh, yes, I dare say," said Calthrop. "It has been rather hot and I'm just a bit seedy."

"Well, I don't envy you," said the American. "What have you been at, just selling photographs?"

Young Calthrop relighted his pipe and took a turn up and down the room.

"Why, yes," said he, with an embarrassed little laugh; "that, too, of course, but—well, you see, I—I've been writing a play—I used to do that sort of thing more or less, you know." He hurried on as Carter's mouth opened. "It's not altogether a new trick, though I dare say the play is something awful. You—you may remember that just before you went away, we were talking about Miss—Berkeley, and you were saying how badly she needed a play—well, I've been having a shot at it, that's all. Rather silly, isn't it?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Carter, staring curiously at the young Englishman. "Of course, lots of people write plays, and, of course, most of them are bad, but—you say you used to write them, that it's not altogether a new trick?"

"In my 'varsity days, you know." explained young Calthrop. "We'd a dramatic club there in Cambridge and I—I used to write the plays. That doesn't amount to much, does it? Still, it gives one just a bit of an idea of what's required, you know—the fundamentals."

"Suppose you let me read the play," suggested Carter. "I'll take it upstairs and read it over this evening. I haven't anything to do. Perhaps I could make some suggestions about stage business, and that sort of thing. Anyhow, I'll have a look at it."

"Now, I call that very decent of Carter," he mused, when the actor had gone upstairs. "He's a better chap than I took him for. You never can make these Americans out, they're such a strange lot."

And then, because he was far too excited and restless to settle down to a book or go to bed, he took his hat and went out into the streets, where a cool breeze was blowing and the heat was less disturbing, striking off up the Avenue and walking for an hour or more till he was quieted a bit and tired and ready for bed.

He was kept awake a long time, however, by the apparent restlessness of his theatrical friend in the room directly above.

(To be continued.)

"DRIVEN QUITE TO DESPERATION."

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TYPES OF AMERICAN WOMEN

BY

THOMAS MITCHELL PEIRCE.

BOSTON
NEW ORLEANS
NEW YORK
CHICAGO
SAN FRANCISCO

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NEW YORK

Worldly wise, exceeding clever,
Of a graciousness innate;
And in any role whatever—
Up to date.

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CHICAGO

Haughty, but not quite alarming,
Dangerous, in a winsome way;
Maiden of the West, you're charming,
All men say.

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NEW ORLEANS

Languid, graceful, sweet-and-twenty,
In a hundred hearts enshrined,
Life is "dolce far niente"
To your kind.

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SAN FRANCISCO

Though you are a bit audacious,
Though your eyes and gems are bright;
Though you're mischievous—good gracious!
You're all right.

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BOSTON

You look at all the world so primly
As if Life were Literature,
Seeing through your glasses dimly,
I am sure.

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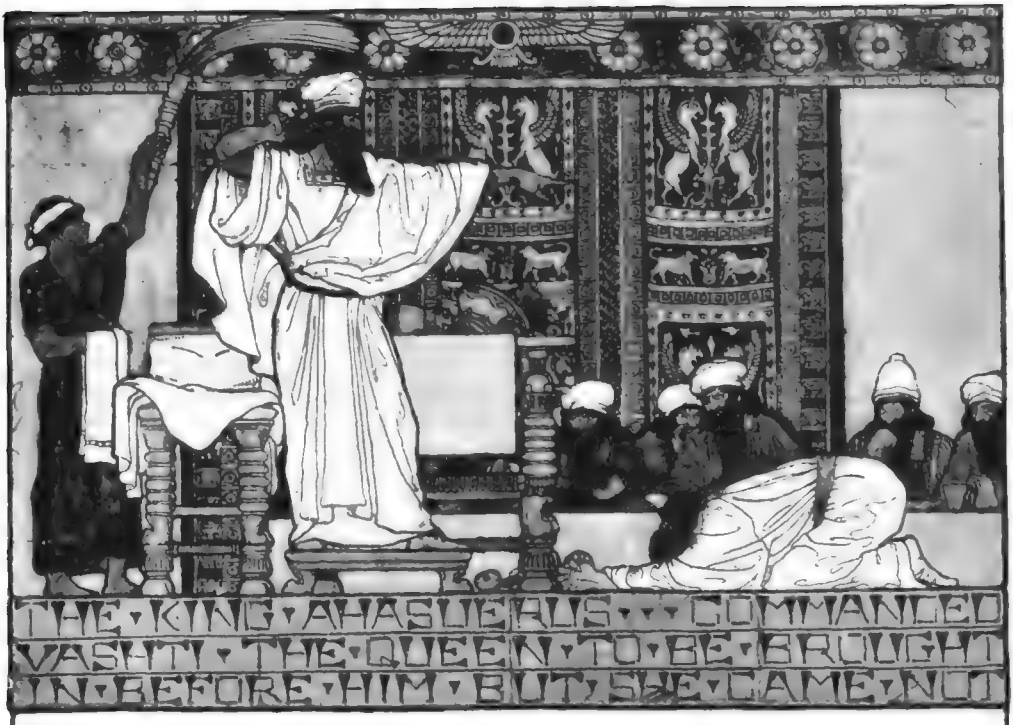

THE STORY
OF VASHTI
BY GEORGE
M BAXTER
ILLUSTRATED
BY VIOLET
OAKLEY

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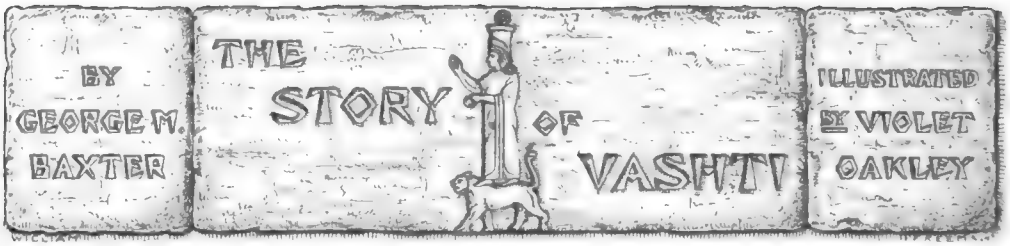

"The King Ahasuerus . . . commanded Vashti, the Queen, to be brought in before him, but she come not. . . . Let it be written among the laws of the Persians and the Medes, that it be not altered, that Vashti come no more before Ahasuerus, and let the King give her royal estate unto another." *The Book of Esther* I: 17-19.

MANY farsangs westward from Susa, the palace of the Persian Kings, on the lily-bordered banks of the Euphrates as it floweth through the country called Babylonia, lay the homes of Djendil, tiller of the soil, and of the money-changer, Otanes. Now Djendil was a man of great wealth, owning numerous fields rich with sesame, and barley, and pomegranate, and melon vines; and Otanes, also, was a man of prominence, being a collector of royal tithes for the province in which he dwelt. It is of the dolorous love of Newdir, the son of Djendil, and of Vashti, Otanes' daughter, that this tale doth tell.

With a love that shall endure through the ages, Newdir loved the damsel Vashti. And even so was he loved in return; for as she was beautiful, so he was strong. He matched the silken softness of her flesh with a strength that could fell a bullock with one blow; and for the melting sweetness of her eyes he gave her such skill in manly games as was the marvel of all who looked upon him. Also was he of exceeding good countenance, and no man could surpass him in the greatness of his heart.

In the second year of the reign of King Xerxes (who ruled from India even beyond Egypt) it befell that late one evening Newdir and Vashti stood together in the fields by the river's marge, and love filled their hearts with tenderness. But strange foreboding of evil days had come upon Vashti, and as she told Newdir of her fears she wept, and it was hard to comfort her, so strong did her prescience bide. Yet anon she dried her tears and smiled.

Then Newdir bent his head and kissed her on the mouth, and spoke soft words to her, such as lovers speak. While they stood lost to all save knowledge of their love, suddenly the sound of galloping horses smote upon their ears, and they were aware that a cavalcade, all gaily dight in brazen armor, had come upon them. From the shoulders of the horsemen hung the purple mantles of the highly-born, and their horses were flecked with foam, as though they had been ridden hard and long. Seeing it was too late to seek concealment from the strangers' eyes, Vashti hastily sought to cover her face with the folds of her saffron veil. But her nervous efforts were in vain, for ere she could unfasten the jewel that had held back her wimple as she communed with her lover, the nobleman who rode first observed her beauty, and his eyes lightened with exceeding admiration as he said:

"I beseech thee, maiden, seek not to hide thy loveliness from us! I wonder not that thy veil refuseth to cover thee, for by the glory of Anahita, thy beauty maketh the fairness of the moon-faced ladies of the King's harem to fade into nothingness! Tell me thy father's name, that I may arrange to take thee unto my palace in Media, for thou art far fitter to grace princely halls than to dwell among people of the fields, where thy beauty must be little reckoned."

Now Newdir spoke, and his voice was dry and harsh, for the noble's words had chilled him to the marrow—

"This maiden, O Lord and Governor, is the daughter of Otanes, the money-changer, a man full loyal to the King; also, she is my betrothed wife. Not all the gold of India could tempt her father to render his daughter unto thy keeping!"

The horsemen laughed ominously at the words of Newdir, while their leader, unabashed, turned his gaze from Vashti to the youth and said:

"And who art thou, springald, to challenge the power of the Prince of Media?"

Now Memucan, Prince of Media, was a

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mighty man among the nations of the East, standing high in the affections of King Xerxes; and of this Newdir was well aware. So, fearing further to rouse his displeasure, he saluted the great man, and made known that he was the son of Djendil—of whom Memucan had heard. Newdir's tone having softened, the Prince spoke no more concerning Vashti, but bade the youth go straightway unto the home of his father and of those who dwelt nigh to him, and make known that the Prince of Media had come, in advance of the army, to seek a resting place befitting the ruler of the world; for, lo! the day of the great King's birth drew nigh, and he fain would hold a festival unto himself, and in celebration of his triumph over the Egyptians. And at this Newdir's heart gave a throb, for in his soul he was a warrior, and had long yearned to see an army in its might.

So saying: "I go to do thy bidding, great Prince," he took Vashti's hand within his own, and together they passed away over the fields unto their dwellings. And Memucan sat upon his horse and gazed after the figure of the damsel until she was lost to sight beyond the meadows; then giving the bridle to his steed, he galloped back with his warrior-nobles to make known that a place befitting the King's encampment had been found.

As the lovers walked homeward, the sun sank rapidly into the plain beyond the river, and the air becoming chill, Newdir enfolded Vashti with his mantle. But even as he touched her, she trembled as one suddenly awakened from unpleasant dreams, and drawing closer to his side, they thus quickly went back unto the house of her father. There taking tender leave, the son of Djendil ran with the speed of an antelope unto all those who dwelt across the fields and meadows and told them of the coming of the King. Then, his task being finished, he went back unto his home to seek rest in sleep, for the night was late and he was weary with much running.

The dawn found him awake, and rising, he donned his raiment and again went across the fields, full curious to espy what had befallen in the night.

Behold! the sight that met his eyes filled him with wonder and amaze. Line upon line, the pavilions of the armies of Persia stretched along the banks of the Euphrates, and back over the fields as far as the eye could see. As his sight became accustomed, the youth observed that the tents were of different patterns and designs, and of various colors, being evidence that men of many nations were in the King's following. Such an array had never been gathered together since men began to play at the world-old game of war—for their numbers were as the sands of the sea, which are not to be counted.

Beholding all these things, the soul of Newdir was raised, and a desire was conceived within him to be even as one of the captains that moved from place to place, that he also might command and be obeyed. Aimlessly he wandered on, passing one encampment after another, until he was come among some tents larger than the others and of peculiar fashion; while on every side were accoutrements of superfine finish, and other manifestations of costliness; for (though he knew it not) Newdir was now close to the centre of the camp, where stood the silken pavilion of him who deemed himself King of the World; and these men that were about him, arrayed in such gorgeous raiment, were the Ten Thousand Immortals, which rank first of all the soldiery of the East.

Now as the youth stood in the midst of the encampment, leaning carelessly against the wheel of a battle car, he beheld a group of men near by regarding him curiously. Their dress proclaimed them to be of the King's guard. After some whispered talk among themselves, a man of huge build left them, and assuming an air of great fierceness, came slowly toward the spot where the stranger stood. Newdir was aware that the fellow contemplated evil, for the idlers whom he had just left laughed among themselves with low significance, and looked upon him expectantly. For a moment the son of Djendil debated if it were not better to withdraw; but fear was a stranger to his breast, and, not deigning to move until danger was upon him, he remained leaning easily upon the chariot. Now the man who drew nigh with lurching gait, was one Megabyzus, a mighty boaster of his prowess, and a lover of rough jests. As he came up to Newdir he stopped short and looked into the face of the youth fiercely, seeking thus to undo him. But a pair of unflinching eyes met his, and the braggart reddened that his purpose failed, and laughed confusedly, with a noise like

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unto the bellowing of a bull. Then plucking his beard, he said with a sneer:

"To what legion, cohort or company dost thou belong?" and Newdir answered decorously, though his blood was hot with anger:

"It is not my fortune, sir, to serve in the army of the King. I am a tiller of the earth."

"So," said Megabyzus, "then the closer thou art to thy element the better for thee!" and as he spoke he placed his hand roughly on the youth's shoulder, and throwing his foot out suddenly, sought to cast him to the sward, and raise a laugh amongst those who saw the lad discomfited. But his plan miscarried, for behold! Newdir sprang to one side dexterously, and in his anger his eyes shot forth flames. Then, ere a breath could be drawn, a strange thing happened unto Megabyzus. He saw a white arm shoot out towards him, and in an instant his throat was held as in a grasp of iron.

For a moment he stood as if stupefied; then, realizing what had happened, he strove to loosen the vise-like grip; but prodigious effort taught him that this was in vain; and casting his ponderous arms about his foe, the ruffian sought to crush the slender form of Newdir in an embrace of death.

Backward and forward, to and fro, the twain swayed, breathing and straining like mighty engines of war, until it was evident the soldier had met his conqueror. For a moment they stood still; then Megabyzus slowly began to bend backward, Newdir pushing him steadily, with one arm around his body and one around his neck. Megabyzus's face grew black as an Ethiop's skin, his tongue lolled from his mouth, and at last he loosened his hold on Newdir, and giving one great gasp for breath, sank in a limp heap upon the ground. There he lay moaning in distress over his vanquishment, while his fellows jibed him without mercy.

Suddenly, however, the laughter of the soldiers ceased, and casting themselves prone upon the grass they cried as with one voice:

"Hail to thee, O King, and live forever!"

Newdir, flushed and trembling with his victory, looked up and beheld a party of noblemen coming toward him, preceded by a tall, fair man of goodly appearance, wearing a mantle of richer purple than the others, and having upon his head a golden helmet, in front of which was affixed the winged wheel that the Persian conquerors had worn

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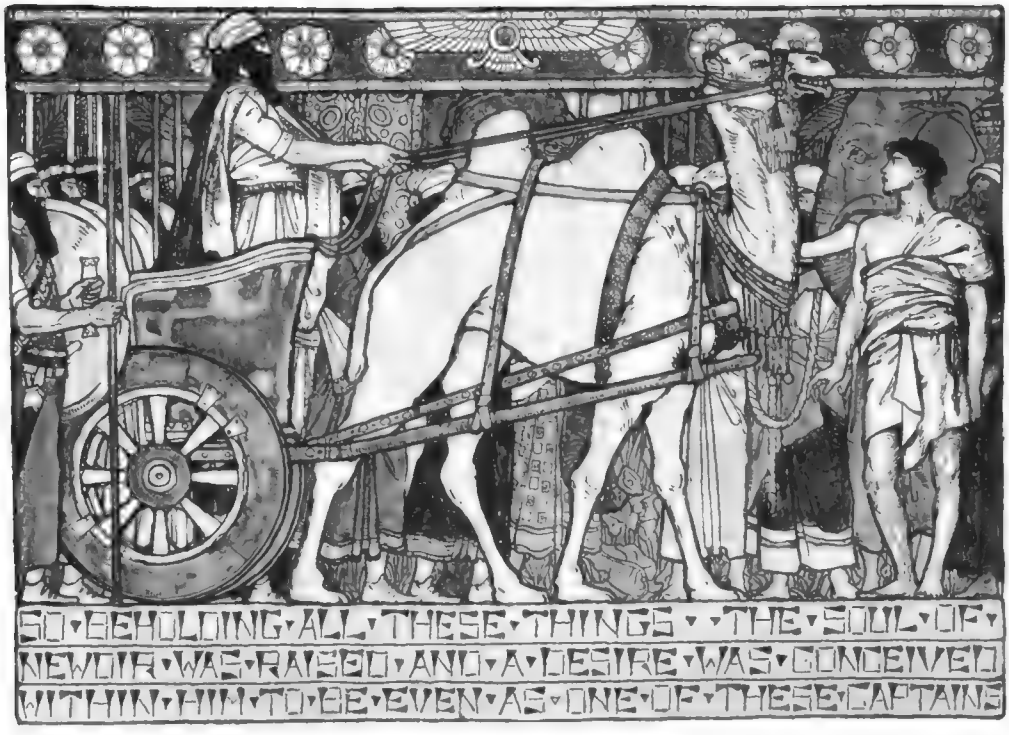
SO BEHOLDING ALL THESE THINGS THE SOUL OF
NEWDIR WAS RAISED AND A DESIRE WAS CONCEIVED
WITHIN HIM TO BE EVEN AS ONE OF THESE CAPTAINS

since the fall of Assyria. His manner was disdainful, as of one who rules by might of birth, and brooks no opposition. So, rightly judging this to be the King, the youth also fell prostrate before him, hailing him even as the soldiers hailed him. But the monarch said:

"Arise, young man! I have been witness of thy combat with yon grovelling dog. Thou fightest like a man of war. From this day forth thou shalt be one of the guards of my body, for of such as thou shouldst be the watchers over the safety of the King of Kings." Then turning to the soldiers, the King continued: "Let this fallen braggart be driven from the camp forthwith, and let him thank the gods his punishment is light."

Newdir arose to his knee, and though the sense of his good fortune overcame him like some spell of witchery, yet he right gracefully picked up some of the dust of the combat and sprinkled it on his bowed head in token of his servitude. Thus he knelt while the royal party moved onward to inspect the camp. But one of them lingered, and Newdir recognized the Prince with whom he had spoken the preceding day. As the youth saluted, the nobleman questioned:

"Art thou not he who stood by the river yesterday with a maiden?" And once more fear struck the lover's heart as he coldly made reply:

"I am even he, O Prince." Then, as the King passed out of hearing, Memucan leaned close unto Newdir and speaking lowly said:

"If thou wouldst have quick preferment in the service of the King, good youth, tell me where dwelleth this maiden."

Newdir would sooner have fought a Lybian lion single-handed than to have told this man the dwelling place of his beloved; but he hated a lie. So drawing himself up he answered:

"I want no favors of thee, Prince; but since thou hast asked me, I will tell thee that the maid of whom thou speakest is called Vashti, and that she liveth in the house of Otanes, her father. And furthermore I tell thee again, O Prince and Governor, that she is my betrothed wife, and that it would be ill for any man that did harm unto her, even were he first of all in the kingdom of Persia!"

Then Memucan laughing, as was his wont, and saying lightly, "Oh, thou man of

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might," passed on among the tents after the King.

Thus it came about that Newdir's joy upon being made one of the guards of the ruler of men gave way to a feeling of great trouble and vexation over the Prince's question; and listlessly he suffered himself to be taken by the soldiers and garmented as one of them. But youth is ever buoyant, and when he came forth with a brazen helmet pressing on his brow, and the scarlet and white mantle of the deathless warriors fluttering from his shoulders, he took spirit, for in him was the blood of fighting men.

When the birthday of Xerxes, King of Kings, was come, there was a season of great joy; the tents and fields were filled with music and the day was given over to pleasure. As the night drew on, the scene in the pavilion of the King—within which Newdir stood as guard of the main entrance—was such as the fullness of words describeth not. Blazing cressets shed radiance upon women famed for their beauty throughout all lands; the gay colors of their robes mingled with the Tyrian mantles of the great princes of Persia. Harps and divers instruments gave forth sweet melodies, and with the clashing of timbrels was blended the syllables of many tongues. Upon the green grass of the field that formed the floor of the pavilion were scattered gorgeous carpets and rugs; and in profuse disarrangement lay brazen and jewelled armor, thrown aside in the hot pursuit of pleasure.

In the centre of the tent, upon a downy couch, reclined Xerxes the Great. His posture was easy and full of grace, as that of a man who hath cast care unto the winds and seeketh but his own pleasure. His tiara had been laid aside, and beneath the thick profusion of his perfumed hair there gleamed eyes that now were hard and cruel, as the harpers sang of valor; and now grew soft as moonlight, when love became the burden of their lays. Ever and anon he raised unto his lips a goblet of sweet wine. Yet all the while he was silent, saying no word to any one, as he listened indifferently to the hum of voices that rose throughout the tent.

Now it befell that Memucan, the Prince of Media, had been drinking deep draughts from the vessels which the cup-bearers bore hither and thither; and as he leaned against a support of the pavilion, directly in front of the King, his face was flushed and his voice of loud emphasis. Because of his manner Xerxes' attention was attracted unto him, and he asked:

"What sayest thou, Prince?"

At once there was a hush, for the voice of the great King putteth silence upon all about him. He unto whom the query was addressed turned around, and placing his hand upon his lips and forehead ere he spoke, made answer:

"O King, live forever! Thy servant was but speaking the praise of a maiden whom he met one day in the fields near by; and was saying that he meant to bear her away with him unto Media, that she might there grace his palace—for forsooth, her eyes are limpid as moon-kissed water when the wind is still, and her form is ravishing to look upon."

The face of the King brightened and he said slowly:

"And where liveth this maiden of whom ye speak?"

Memucan saw that he had gone too far in his praise of her whom he had encountered on the river shore, and fain would have not told the King of her dwelling place. Yet well he knew that if he were caught in deception he would feel the bitter weight of Xerxes' wrath; and turning, in this moment of his hesitancy, he saw for the first time that the lover of Vashti stood near by, watching him with eyes filled with fear and pain—for Newdir was well aware that if ever Vashti came before the King, her beauty would find high favor in Xerxes' sight and she would be lost to him henceforth forever.

So, not daring to plead ignorance, Memucan made answer to the King's question:

"She is the daughter of Otanes, the money-changer, who dwelleth half a farsang up the river, O King."

"If she be such as thou sayest, Prince, she is meet for the palace of the King, and thy claim upon her is at an end. See to it that she is brought hither at once—to-night—that mine eyes may be feasted with this vision of delight."

At this command of the King the wily Memucan kissed the hem of his robe and departed hence from out the tent, with certain other of the lords whom he had signed to follow him. And to Newdir, who thus saw the Prince stride forth to fetch his heart's great love, it seemed as if all the world were wrong and this thing but a dream over-full of hideousness. Fain would he have stolen from the tent and hastened unto the house of

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Otanes, and there plunged his knife blade hilt-deep in Vashti's heart ere ever she should become a favorite in the palace of the King; but about him and upon all sides were men by thousands, and well he knew desertion was impossible. Therefore, summoning back his fast-departing senses, he abode as calmly as he could the return of Memucan with his betrothed.

Not long had he to wait in his agony, for ere the Judean harpers had sung two songs there was heard throughout the camp the trumpet call which announces the return of a royal messenger. Newdir looked out of the pavilion and away over the fields dotted with tents. As his eyes grew used to the night, he beheld, far off by the river, a troop of horsemen gaily galloping, and a white robe fluttering in the wind of the night. And knowing Vashti was being brought unto the King, the lover's heart grew sick unto its core.

As the clarion was heard, within the tent the noise and the music subsided, and upon the face of all was writ expectancy. The King alone displayed no concern. Even when Memucan, and the lords who had accompanied him in his mission, entered the pavilion through the door over which the lover of Vashti stood guarded, the Great One never raised his eyes. Not until the nobles were prostrate before him did he speak. Then he said:

"Hast brought the maiden?" There was no question in his voice, for whatsoever the King willeth in his realm must always be. And Memucan arose and replied:

"Yes, King, I have plucked the lily from Euphrates' banks, and she is now with Haman, thy chamberlain, without the tent."

"Let her be brought hither," the King commanded.

Lo, and now Newdir was aware of a great faintness coming over him, and he felt as those mothers must have felt who saw their babes put to the knife in the temple of Baal, in Babylon. But he was powerless, as one who lieth stark and dead; and even when Vashti passed within and came so close to him that he felt the folds of her garment touch his body, he dared make no sign of his presence, though a mighty palsy shook his frame from crown to sole.

Vashti was a simple maiden of the fields, and knew naught of the ways of people in high places; and as she came before the ruler of men and felt herself beheld by an hundred curious eyes, she grew as timid as a little doe, and much abashed; yet she durst come up nigh to the King, tremblingly, with head bowed low. Xerxes looked upon her in great kindness through his half-closed eyes, as she stood silently before him, and spoke with unwonted gentleness, saying:

"Remove thy veil, maiden; I would see this wondrous beauty which has charmed the Prince of Media."

Vashti was diffident even unto faultiness, and she rather would have had her beauty shrivel as she stood, than have torn away the veil which hid her from the crowd of haughty strangers. But the King had ordered it and there was no appeal. She tried to raise her hand that she might loosen the friendly cover, but her strength was well nigh flown, and her arm dropped by her side nervelessly, while a look of anguish crept into her eyes, and she swayed upon her feet, even as a lily swayeth when Spring zephyrs blow. Then Xerxes, seeing her sore distress, and seeking to comfort her with gentle words, bade his women take away the veil which hid her beauty from him, and leaned back upon his pillows lazily, that he might look upon her at his ease.

A change came over the great King's spirit, however, when the soft folds fell from the face of Vashti and she stood revealed most beautiful in her purity; he leaped unto his feet as though a foeman's battle-cry had rung throughout the camp, and looked at her in wonderment, with eyes wide open. So he stood for a moment with mouth agape, gazing steadfastly into those depths of beauty which men called her eyes; then found tongue, and swore a mighty oath, and cried:

"Thou art Anahita come to earth, for thy beauty surpasseth the world!"

At this impassioned cry the roses of her cheeks faded to the whiteness of the snows, and in fear she fell before him. And thus she would have lain, but the great King stooped quickly, and caught her up and held her in his arms, even as a miser huggeth to his breast a jewel newly found.

The onlookers leaned forward eagerly to see what next would come—for her face was as the face of the dead, and the King was looking upon her as one who sees a vision in the night. For a trice Xerxes said no word, but continued gazing with flaming eyes upon the damsel he held in his arms, as if enchanted by the magic of her beauty. Then he spoke—and his voice was low and strong, as is the voice of the wind:

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"Lo, all other women compared with thee, maiden, are as dullest dross compared with gold of Ophir. I never dreamed the sun shone on such a face as thine! Though it cost me my kingdom, I swear thou shalt be the first woman in the realm of Persia!" He removed the jeweled chain which circled thrice around his neck and placed it on her shoulders, white as alabaster and drooping like a stricken lily. Then he called out to Hegai, the eunuch, that she be taken into the pavilion of the women; and even when the hand-maidens advanced to lead her thither, he continued staring fixedly, as if struck dumb by love, until the fallen curtain hid her from his sight. At length, with a mighty sigh, he cast himself upon his couch and signed for the music to recommence.

Merrily the harpers twanged their instruments, and amid the confusion and consternation that followed, no one in all the company took note that the guard of the main entrance to the King's tent had dropped his spear and fallen face forward on the sward.

And who shall tell of the agony which wrung the soul of Vashti? Throughout the livelong night she lay in her place, untouched by sleep, wide-eyed, and burning with the fever of love denied. The morning stars shed a soft light for very pity, as they looked down upon her, pale-faced and tearful upon her couch, while far out beyond the tents her lover was stretched prone upon the earth, with his hands clasping the dark grass rigidly in the intensity of his great despair.

Now came the next day and the next, and wine flowed like a river, and sounds of revelry by day and night were heard afar over the land. When the third day had passed, there rode heralds throughout the camp and to all the provinces of the realm, bearing a proclamation that the Great King had taken unto himself a Queen, and that her name was Vashti, and that she was beautiful. And furthermore, that he had sworn the great oath, that whosoever refused to do homage unto her should die the death!

When the proclamation came to Newdir's ears he grew sick unto his very soul, for not since that woeful night when Vashti was brought before the King had he laid eyes upon her; and he knew not her mind, now that Xerxes held out the glories of the crown in barter for her love; but when the tenth day had come and the camp was preparing to move forward unto Susa, his blood waxed hot for very joy, for he was told off to be one of the guards of the Queen's litter, and the wild thought crossed his mind that mayhap it would come about that they might speak together; though of this he had small hope.

One after another the legions and cohorts that had subdued the land of Pharaoh folded their tents and passed on in the line of march. For many days the army toiled like unto a wounded snake over the plain between the rivers, and yet never, save once, throughout all that journey did the forlorn lover set eyes upon the Queen; and then only for the space of an instant. Thus it came about: In the eventide of the day ere the arrival at Susa, they stopped for the night's rest upon the banks of the river Choaspes; and, when the cavalcade halted, Newdir dismounted from his horse and stood at the door of the Queen's pavilion, which was in place betimes, awaiting her coming. His heart beat loudly as her litter, with many noble lords riding about it, drew nigh, and closely he watched as the curtains parted and her golden sandal pressed the grass-green carpet of the field. As love's inner prompting drew her eyes to look upon him, he saw her pale cheeks become aflame with longing, and he could have cried aloud in the greatness of his joy, for he knew then that he was not forgotten. Though he feared that his exultation might be noticed by some one of the many keen-eyed guardians of Persia's Queen, yet he dared remain hard by his horse's head until she had brushed past him and was hidden by the folds of the tent. Then he quickly stooped and gathered a white rose which she had dropped from her girdle as she passed, and hid it in the bosom of his robe.

Upon the day following, the King entered the gates of the Imperial city at about the sixth hour, amid a great uproar and loud acclaims from the people. Then when a certain period had passed, and he had taken his rest, and when the Queen Vashti had been installed in her palace with her countless hand-maidens, there was a decree sent forth that Xerxes would make a banquet, for the honor and glory of Persia, unto all the princes of the realm and the governors of the provinces thereof; at the same time, it was announced that his Queen would feast the wives and the women of the mighty ones.

In the court of the King's palace for seven days, with but little intermission, the King and his guests, even to the number of many thousands, sat at carousal. But upon the

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eventide of the seventh day—after the Egyptian jugglers and the mummers of Greece had displayed their skill—the heart of Xerxes grew overmerry with much wine, and he cast about within himself for some other means of adding to his glorification. Long he pondered, yet could he think of nothing else to set before these princes to impress them with the magnitude of his greatness. Yea, there still remained one glory they had not seen — her whose beauty dazzled like the morning sun, whose eyes were as sloes, whose cheeks as lilies, and whose lips as half-blown poppies—her, the chief jewel of his empire—these men had as yet not gazed upon!

No sooner had Xerxes bethought him of this, than he commanded his seven chamberlains to go unto the Queen Vashti and bid her come before the King and his guests, with her veil aside and wearing the crown royal, that the people and princes might behold for once the perfect loveliness of her whom Xerxes had so vastly honored.

Forthwith the seven chamberlains went into the Queen's apartments according to the King's direction, while those who sat with Xerxes drank all the deeper of the fragrant wines, and waited the coming of the Queen to thus make exhibition of her person, even as a flower girl displayeth her wares in the market place; and Newdir, standing near the King, on guard, was overwhelmed by rage as by a wave of fire, as he heard this indignity offered to his love. Yet he held his peace, awaiting with dull impotence what next would fare in this prodigious orgie.

Presently those who had been sent for Vashti returned, consternation stamped plainly on each countenance. Forward they came, with faltering step, and as they fell before the monarch's throne the foremost cried in a voice of fear:

"Live forever, O King! Thou sentest us to bid the Queen Vashti come before thee. Lo, she laughs at thy behest and bids us say to thee that out of her modesty, and in accord with the laws of the Persians, which forbid the wife to appear before the stranger, she refuses to come into thy presence!"

At first the King seemed to doubt his hearing.

"Didst say that Vashti refuseth to come before the King?" he cried.

The chamberlain, not daring to rise, confirmed his direful words. Then for a moment the face of Xerxes was a sight to look upon, for he struggled in the throes of a mighty battle between his anger and his love. But anger held the uppermost. Springing from his couch, with one wide sweep of his arm he cleared the table of its golden vessels; and as they fell with a ponderous crash upon the floor, he stood erect and cried out with all his power:

"Behold now, ye princes and nobles of Persia! thy King hath had an insult flung full into his teeth! He hath asked and been denied, he hath commanded and been laughed at—and that by a nameless woman whom he picked from out the fields! Am I not Xerxes, King of Kings? Is it not written in the law of the land that whosoever opposeth the will of the King shall die the death?" And from all over the chamber came the answering murmur, like unto the sound of a distant torrent, "Yea, so it is written."

"I ask ye now what punishment shall be meted out unto this wanton one who hath humbled the dignity of Persia, and hopes to hide behind the mantle of her beauty?"

Then Haman, who was next to the King in Persia, and whose followers were legion, shouted from his place with great vehemence:

"Whosoever insulteth the King must die!" And through the banqueting hall arose the echo:

"Yes, she must die!"

What, then, of Newdir when he heard these things? His blood grew colder than the frozen seas, and he was smitten with fear; yet his bosom held a valiant heart, and when he comprehended what these cries foretokened, he straightway left his place by the King's couch, and began pushing through the maudlin press toward the corridor leading into the Queen's chamber. Despair lent him the strength of Hercules, and he succeeded in forcing a passage through that wall of maddened banqueters. As he paused an instant on the threshold of the banquet hall, he heard the herald's cry for silence that the Prince of Media might be heard; and immediately thereafter the voice of the wily Memucan smote upon his ear in a plea for mercy for the offending queen; but knowing the danger that threatened her, Newdir stayed not to hear the whole import of the Prince's words. Down through interminable halls he hurried, until he was stopped by the crossed spears of the guards who stood watch before the Queen's portals. He was aware of the presence of these sol-

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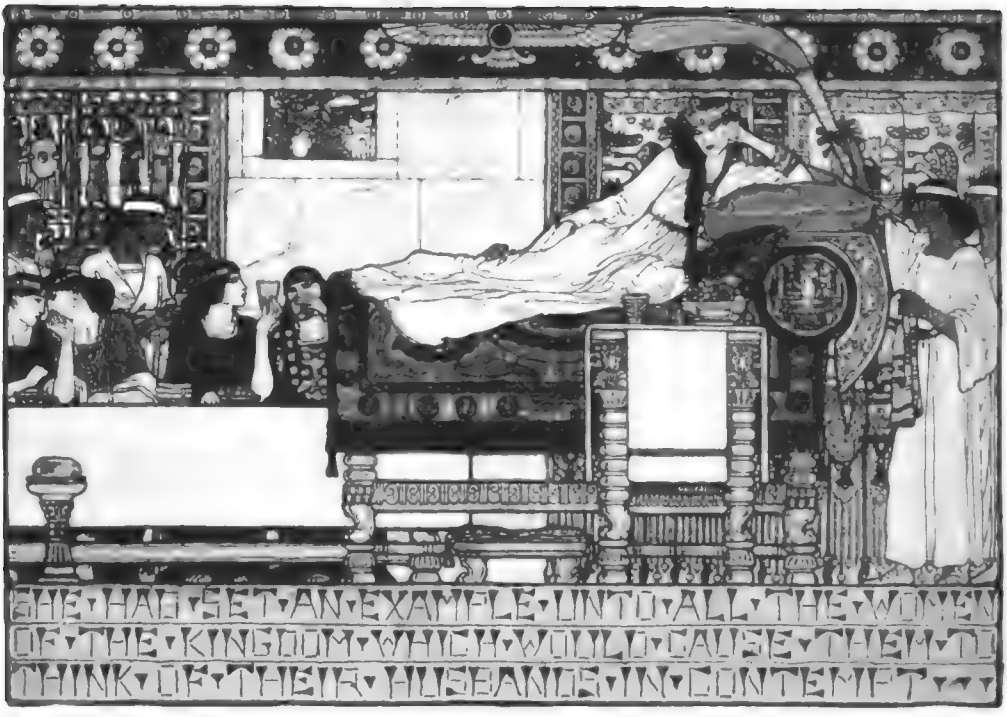

diers, and upon his way had bethought him of a manner of gaining passage by them; so when he hailed them, though well-nigh breathless with fast running, he cried:

"Stand aside, in the King's name! I bear a message in great haste unto the Queen."

But it happened that one of the men who barred Newdir's passage had served long in the palace, and had learned that no man passeth the Queen's curtain, save only the attending eunuch or one bearing the King's signet ring. He bade Newdir stand back and show the King's authority. There was no time for parleying, and in answer Newdir made pretense to get the jewel from his vesture; but instead he quickly plucked his short knife from his girdle, and plunging it into the neck of his opposer, sought to rush on into Vashti's presence. Ere he reached the heavy arras, the prick of steel in his own shoulder caused him to turn just in good time to ward a death thrust from his side; and then he fell forthwith upon the remaining guards and smote them sorely, until they sought safety in swift flight, shrieking as they ran that some demon from the mountain was upon them. Newdir, knowing that what he had to do must be done quickly, in utmost haste entered the outer apartment of the royal quarters and passed on through the deserted rooms of the handmaidens, until he came into the sacred chamber of Vashti's couch. But alas! upon no side did his aching eyes behold the Queen or her women. His heart withered within him when he saw her not, and his voice quivered with a smothered sob as he loudly called her by name; but no answer came, for Queen Vashti sat among her women at the feast, and little wist that at that very moment her lover was in peril of his life!

Again and yet again he called her name, until the rush of feet and rattle of harness told him that the palace guards had come in answer to the outcries of the fleeing sentinels. He heard them halt upon the threshold of the outer room, fearing to farther penetrate the mysteries of the Queen's bedchamber without the special sanction of the King. But among them was Hegai, the chief eunuch, and having been made aware of how things fared, he cried out hotly for the guards to enter and cut down the rash intruder. For a moment Newdir was nigh to casting away his weapon and surrendering himself unto death; for since he thought his Vashti lost, life had become as a withered flower not worth the wearing. Then came recollection of the words of mercy he had heard Memucan speak as he pushed his way through the wall

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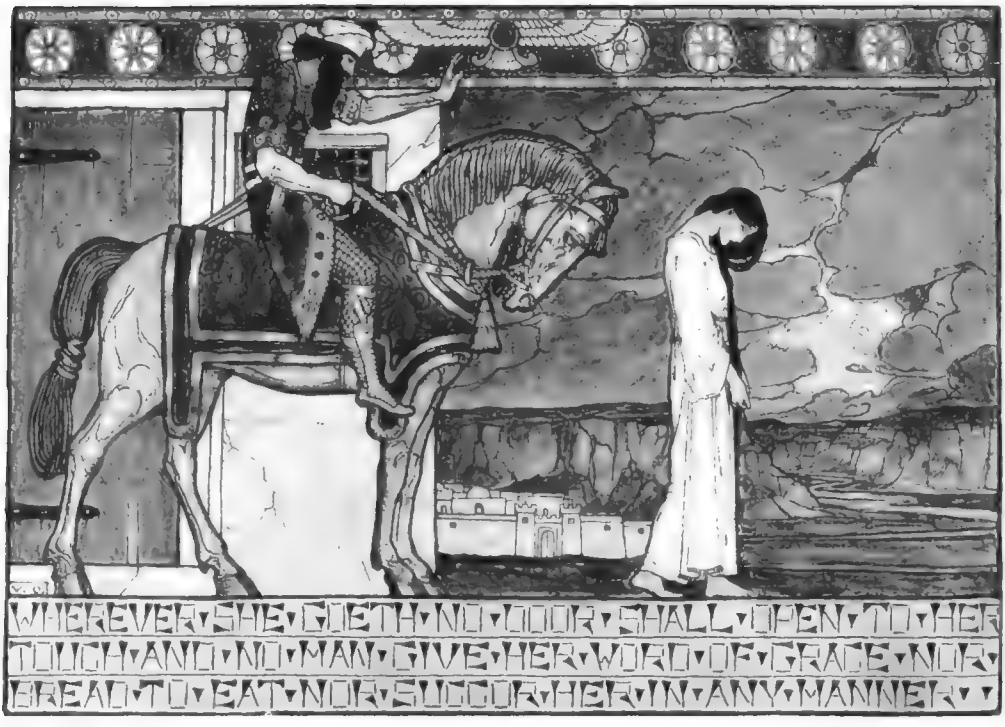
WHEREVER SHE GOETH NO DOOR SHALL OPEN TO HER
TOUCH AND NO MAN GIVE HER WORD OF GRACE NOR
BREAD TO EAT NOR SUCCOUR HER IN ANY MANNER

of people in the banquet hall. Knowing the power of this councillor, and also the King's regard for his Queen, hope again rose in his breast, and as the guards rushed into the chamber, he pressed his lips unto his loved one's couch, and tightening his girdle about him sprang for the window at the farther side. Below this purled the swift-flowing Choaspes, and as the flare of torches lighted up the corners of the room, Newdir raised his hands above his head and dropped into the water underneath. In an instant the guards were at the opening, and ere he had taken three strokes a shower of javelins hissed about his head, and a steel-tipped arrow clipped him full and sore. He sank from sight, leaving the river crimson with his blood.

That night there was a mighty uproar in the city of the palace, and men searched the river shores until dawn for the criminal who had entered the Queen's room. But at the coming of day they ceased their searching, and gave him over as dead. Yet all the while the hunted one lay nursing his wound in the barley field upon the farther shore, listening to his pursuers' voices in the distant dark.

For two days the sun rose upon that palace in the East and found King Xerxes in great perplexity. The ancient ruling of the land demanded the Queen's death, in that she had held the King up to mockery, and had set an example unto all the women of the kingdom which would cause them to think upon their husbands in contempt. Nevertheless, at last, out of his love for her, and because of the advice of Memucan, he tempered the law with mercy and caused his councillors to prepare a proclamation setting the Queen aside, and thrusting her forth into the world.

As Newdir lay amid the barley, he heard the cry of the King's herald upon the highway, nigh unto his hiding-place, and he raised himself upon his elbow and peered out cautiously.

Upon the causeway which leadeth unto the village of Adassa rode the King's herald, and before him slowly walked a woman, clad all in simple white. Her head was uncovered and bowed upon her breast in deep humility; and as she dragged one weary foot after the other, she looked as if age had passed her on the way.

As the herald's voice rang out, proclaiming the message of the King, the woman raised her head quickly, like unto a startled

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fawn, and behold, the sunlight fell full upon the unveiled face of Vashti, the beloved!

Newdir could have shouted aloud in the joy of his surprise, but caution bound him still. So he lay quietly awaiting the tenor of the King's decree. And these were the words that struck his heart to stone.

"Xerxes, King of Kings, unto all the Governors of the provinces of his realm, and unto all the inhabitants thereof, peace: Know all men that Vashti, called the Beautiful,whom Xerxes, in the fullness of his power, made Queen of the nations of Persia, hath deeply offended the majesty of the King, and hath set at naught the laws of the Medes and Persians. Therefore it is decreed that the Queen Vashti shall be put aside and thrust out upon the highway, veilless, that all men may look upon her in her shame. Ye may know her by the fairness of her face and by her robe of white; and wherever she goeth no door shall open to her touch, and no man give her word of grace, nor bread to eat, nor succor her in any manner whatsoever, lest the King's wrath shall overtake him and he die!"

The herald had been sent to accompany Vashti over the river and out upon the highway beyond Adassa, and there to send her forth upon her way with the King's brand ever on her brow. Newdir fain would have followed them (for the mandate of the King was as a cackling in his ear) and that night have held Vashti in his arms; but when he sought to rise, the sky became crimson as with flame, and a strong hand seemed to smite him back insensible to earth, and it was not till the dawn had broken that he was up and on his way.

He sought until the deep-mouthed bellow of the unicorn awoke the fearful echoes of the night, yet alas! he found her not, and at last in an agony of weariness he threw himself down by the roadside to rest. Then while he lay hopeless he heard a strange sound far off in the wilderness—a sound like unto the sweet-toned wavering cry of a child. He listened closely, until his ear, attuned to woodland notes, made out the strain of a song rising upon the still night air. Then his heart ceased its beating, for the song that he heard was one which Vashti had sung to him in the fields by the Euphrates! Swift and true as a well-sent arrow he sped away in the direction of the voice until his flying feet brought him to behold a marvellous sight. In a little glen, where the moon cast fantastic figures, he came upon the exiled Queen, standing upright, with her hands raised as in supplicance above her head. Her raiment was dusty with the dust of the highway, and her tender little feet were bruised and broken with much walking, while on her lips there quavered the last sweet notes of her song. Swiftly Newdir came unto her side, and drew her to his breast, and kissed her forehead, and her lips, and her hair, and called her names such as lovers know; but no sweet response met his passionate caresses—and again he looked into her eyes and spoke her name, and yet again she answered not! Then a mighty horror smote him dumb, for in her eyes dwelt the light of unreason, and from her mind the knowledge of things that are had passed away, and she burned as fire with the fever of her soul! Yes, unto her yesterday was as a thousand years,for though swiftly Newdir came unto the wooing, yet swifter still came that bold suitor, Death, and left his pale lips' impress upon her brow. Under its burthen of pain and sorrow the heart of the outcast had withered utterly Newdir, seeing this, at last found voice, and cried aloud unto his God that she might not be taken from him now that he had found her. But, even as he prayed, her arms stole round his neck, and for the last time, more softly than love's whispering, she called his name, and her lips sought his in the cold kiss of those that say farewell. Sighing gently, as one wearied and who fain would sleep, her head sank slowly upon his breast, and like a gentle dove her soul floated away unto the realms of the Ever-Blessed.

Right tenderly Newdir put his love down upon her bed of leaves, and all the night long he lay there in that little moonlit glen, holding the cold form in his arms as closely as a bridegroom claspeth his bride.

Betimes the great sun shamed the moon to flight, bringing back the consciousness of duty to be done, and Newdir set him to make a sepulchre for Persia's outraged Queen. Beneath the purple-flowered rhododendron tree he digged a grave with his own hands. Ere ever he laid her down to rest, he pressed his lips to hers in a last long kiss. Then cursing his god, he steadfastly turned his back upon the land that had borne him, and upon all joy that life could give, and set his face toward these Western Isles. For the iron had entered deep into his soul, and upon him had settled the spirit of unrest.

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TAMED.

From a plaster model done specially for EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE by Solon H. Borglum.

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"EL RESERVAO."

A Story of Gaucho Horsemanship.

By William Bulfin. ("Che Buono.")

With illustrations from plaster models made especially for Everybody's Magazine *by Solon H. Borglum.*

"TELL me," said Castro, leaning over the barriers of the corral in which I was catching a horse for my next morning's work, "do you know that there is an *angelita* over at Leon's?"

This meant, I knew, that Leon's six-year-old child, who had been ill for some weeks, was now dead. When a gaucho child dies it is called an *angelita*, or little angel, and its wake is a great event in the district.

"What a *velorio* (wake) there will be," continued Castro. "It will be a gathering notable, yes! All the world will be there. Such dancing as there will be, and such games; and two of the best guitarists in the country are to meet there for a trial of counterpoint. Why, it will be so as to hire balconies to look at, as the saying is. You are going, of course—are you not?"

"I suppose so," I said, for I had met Leon himself a few days previously and had accepted his premature invitation.

"Happy you!" said Castro longingly. "What luck to be able to go! I myself had such a desire to be there, but *ahijuna* *——" The rest of the sentence I think it best to leave in the ink bottle. It seemed to be damnatory of some combination of circumstances which was about to deprive him of the pleasure of being present at the wake.

I scraped the dried clay and dandruff off the back of the horse I had caught, and held my peace. After a pause of more than a minute Castro said tentatively:

"It appears the old man is in a humor the most amiable this evening. You and he had such a confab just now; and, if you noted it, how he laughed, eh?"

By "the old man" (*el viejo*) Castro meant the majordomo. I had a suspicion now of what was coming, but I remained on the defensive, and said evasively:

"You saw it, no?"

"Why, yes—of course. It called my attention greatly. It sees itself that you have fallen into the old man's graces. I knew you would. It is not for nothing that one is sympathetic in this world, eh?"

"And how much does that compliment cost, before I thank you?" I asked, looking at him over my horse's withers.

"Eh! Cannot you make a guess?" he said reproachfully, shrugging his shoulders. "What can it be but to procure that I go to the wake with you. I dare not ask the old man to let me go, eh? for since I shoulder-slipped the bay I have been on the black books. The old man cannot bear to see even my shadow since that day, and all because of an accident, look you—no more than that! Caramba! one cannot tame horses all one's life without shoulder-slipping one of them. But, see how it is, the old man will not look at it as I do. If I ask him for leave to go to the *velorio* he will throw a thousand damnations on me. Not for a cheese would I go near him! But you, eh! You could do it. For example, you could say, as it were, 'Look, Don Eduardo, I hear there is an *angelita* over at Leon's, and there is to be a great wake there to-night. I should like to gallop over there for a little while'; tell him, 'As I have never yet seen one of these functions,' tell him, 'and also,' tell him, 'because Leon himself invited me,' tell him. And he is sure to say: 'Of course, my son, of course; off with you—it is convenient that you make yourself acquainted with the customs of the country.' And then you will say: 'Yes, sir, and many thanks,' and then, careless and with frankness, you will say: 'I suppose I can take one of the men with me, as I am not very good yet at finding my way over the country in the dark.' And he will say: 'Oh! Yes, of course—pleasant journey to you.' And then you will come to me and tell me to accompany you. Understand?"

I understood. But there were difficulties.

"You're not disposed to look for trouble yonder?" I asked cautiously, remembering

**Ahijuna!* a favorite gaucho expletive.

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things which had happened on other expeditions of ours.

"Trouble!" he exclaimed, spreading out his hands with an air of protest. "Look for trouble, I? No-o-o!"

"And see, Castro, speak the truth in this: you are not going to get tangled up in any girl foolery, are you?"

"I?" he asked with an air of injured innocence. "But no-o-o, my son!"

I had my doubts about it. But there was a perversity within me which craved for his companionship; and therefore I adopted his plan, which worked out successfully. We started after supper.

Castro was one of the peons of El Chambergo—the estancia whose mark was on the horses we rode. He was a gaucho rough-rider who had taken a liking to me and in whose company I already had had adventures. As we loped across the camp in the starlight, knee to knee, our horses on the one stride, with the dewy grass swishing and purring gently against their hoofs, and the night wind soughing to the supple swing of the gallop, Castro gave me in his picturesque Spanish the rationale of the pampa wake. I listened attentively and tried to read some of the gaucho history which underlay his words. I followed it through the mists of Indian tradition and lost it. I caught sight of it again in the twilight of the Colonial days when, amongst the posterity of the Spanish pioneers, the faith of the Cabots and de Garay had by centuries of unaided contest against the wilderness dwindled into superstition. But it escaped me. And by the time I had caught sight of it once more we had arrived at our destination.

By midnight there were nearly two hundred people present at the wake. Saddle horses were tied all round Leon's corral and fettered near by in the open camp. Under the trees in front of the house fires were lighted, and round them women and girls were making *mate** and serving it to the men who were standing here and there in groups, chatting gaily.

Inside, in the largest room of the mud-wall *rancho* (hut), the *angelita* was dressed out in all the colors of the rainbow. Flowers were in its little dead hands and there were strings of glass beads round its little shrivelled neck. The hair, which was parted in the middle, hung down each bony cheek, dull and lustreless. The poor dead eyes were still unclosed and stared out, dim and dreary, into vacancy. A thin crown rested on the little forehead; tinsel ornaments bedecked the little dress; candles, to the number of two or three dozen, were ranged round the chair upon which the small figure of decaying, ash-colored, wax-like flesh was propped into a sitting posture. The throne upon which this melancholy doll-queen was perched consisted of a common deal table, over which was spread a sheet with only moderate pretensions to whiteness. Between the candlesticks, which were of different sizes, patterns and materials, were floral offerings from sympathizing neighbors—wisps of pampa bloom—*madre selva*, *jasmin del pais*, big sun flowers, *margaritas* in their wild splendor of crimson flame—fading blossoms bedecking a blossom faded! To me it was unutterably sad—the most pathetic sight I had witnessed for many a day. And mingled with the sadness of the moment was a feeling akin to resentment; for to my foreign notions of the fitness of things, which had begun their development centuries before I was born, this treatment of death seemed in some vague way to be an outrage.

The parents of the dead child received their visitors with great unction. No tears were in their eyes. No paroxysm of grief seemed to have shaken them. The father smiled in a neighborly way as he shook hands all round. The mother greeted her sisters of the pampa with sedate cordiality. The women who arrived praised the beauty of the *angelita*, and touched its tiny hands with reverence. The mother sat by it, glibly narrating all the phases of the illness which had taken her child away from her. Occasionally she shifted a candlestick or rearranged some detail of the trappings on the little corpse; but she smiled oftener than she sighed. She did not rejoice; yet she was not disconsolate. Blessed was the blind belief of her people in a happy eternity for the pure of soul! There was enough of faith in her to give her a deep certainty that the dead child was honored beyond the splendors of the earth. And mingled with all this there was some motherly pride in the glory reflected on her of being the mother of an angel of God.

But the rest of the people had no such thoughts as these. The *rancho* had only two rooms and one of these was given over to the

* *Mate* is Paraguayan tea—a favorite beverage on the pampas.

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angelita. In the other, which was the kitchen, cooking went on; pampa fritters and doughnuts were turned out, half-done, by the hundred. Various sides of mutton were roasted outside. There was plenty to drink besides water—anise, gin, caña (South American rum) and strong, dry wine of Carlon. The dancing salon was the open patio, the floor was the clay, the roof was the starry heavens. The night air was delightfully cool, and the dancers threw themselves into the amusement with great animation. There was just light enough from the fires under the trees and from the stars for them to see one another. They went through all the pampa dances from the *habanera* to the *gato con relacion*, and during intervals of rest the two celebrated guitarists to whom Castro had alluded engaged in contests of improvisation. Seated opposite each other on cow-head stools, guitar on knee, they strummed and sang. It was a game of counterpoint and excited the keenest interest. The verses were witty, full of local hits, and often charged with humorous personal allusions which called forth peals of laughter at the expense of one or the other of the rival bards. After a quarter of an hour of this "flow of soul" the dance would go on again with more vigor than ever. It was a great carousal in every way.

"EQUINE DOCILITY AND INNOCENCE."

I was sitting on the brick-work of the well, looking listlessly at the surging ruck of dancers, listening to the strumming of the guitars, the tramp of the feet and to the laughter of the merrymakers, when Castro came to me and whispered to me to follow him. I asked him what had happened.

"Wait," he answered quietly. "Come to where our horses are and then I will say it all."

The horses were tied to the corral. When we reached there Castro leaned his back against the wiring over which he allowed his arms to hang loosely.

"And what does my companion say of the *velorio*?" he asked in his friendliest tone as I took my stand beside him.

"Was it merely to learn my opinion of the *velorio* that you called me here!"

"To be frank," he replied, "it was not. For to me it appeared that I already knew your opinion about it. You looked sleepy, tired, weary of it all—is it not?

"*You* did not appear to be very weary of it, my friend, did you?" I said, evasively. "You have been dancing and flirting and drinking——"

"No, no," he interposed, "not drinking—a glass now and then, yes, but not drunk; not even tipsy, eh? See my steadiness—see how I stand here," and he straightened himself up on his legs for a few seconds looking at me very seriously. "Not even tipsy," he continued, lolling back against the wires; "remember that."

"Very well," I said, yawning and stretching myself, "you are perfectly sober. But what was it you wanted to tell me?"

"Why," said he, turning to me in his most persuasive way, "you see, I was thinking of you. To-morrow will be a warm day and you will have much work to do as usual. The moon is rising yonder, see? There will be fine light for a gallop, and it is best to get away, no?"

"Certainly," I answered; "come along."

"Eh, well," he said, shrugging one shoulder apologetically, "I was going to say to you not to be waiting for me, as it were. I could stay a little longer, no? I am much interested in the dance, while you—you are not—you are not taken with any of the girls, no?"

I looked at him closely for a few moments but his face was utterly expressionless. Then I said, "It seems to me you are up to something. What is it?"

"I up to something?" he said, shaking his head in gentle reproach as if pained at my suspicion of him. "Not at all. I am interested in this dance, yes. What is life good for, if one may not enjoy one's self with the girls now and then. One dances, and has a

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talk of love, and sings a song and the world is brighter. But you are sick of this—you are, and ——"

"Well, not so sick, Castro—not quite so bad as all that. It is very interesting. I can stand it for a while longer: So go ahead and enjoy yourself. I can wait."

His face fell, which only made me more suspicious still.

"Look now!" he went on, trying to adopt the tone of a tutor reasoning gently with a favorite pupil, "you ought to get away. Why wait for me? It would be selfish of me to allow you. There is the beautiful moon, and everything is as bright as the day—off with you, then?"

"Not a yard, Castro," I said obstinately. "If you stay, I stay—and that is the end of it."

But he did not give in. He coaxed and sulked and swore by turns. It would be a favor to him, eh? Indeed, yes; for to-morrow when sleep would be in my eyes and the majordomo wild with me, the blame would go to Castro. Was it not so? Ah, well, some people think ill always of others, which is not friendly at all, and if one man thinks another man is lying—why, let him say it out and not hide it. As for him, look you, he was able to take care of himself any day, and he wanted no protection.

"Nevertheless, Castro," I said, wearily, my head on my hand, my elbow on the withers of my horse, "you are a deceiver and you know it," and I offered him a cigarette. "Why do you want me to be out of the way?"

"See, my friend," he said, as he struck a light, "never look for a useless compromise if you can avoid it. Mount and be off. You don't understand these things, and you have seen all of the *velorio* that there is to see."

But I had developed a new interest in the wake and also a new interest in Castro; and wild horses would not have pulled me away while he remained behind. Seeing this, he at length accepted the situation.

"And now, Castro," I said, as we agreed to defer our start until later on, "what new scrape have you been getting into?"

"Nothing—at least, up to the present," he replied, with a deprecatory shrug, "although," he added, apparently as a mere afterthought, "possibly something might happen later on."

"Which means that you expect trouble. Is that it?"

"Perhaps. That might be it, yes. It appears that I might have a question with an individual in there," and he nodded in the direction of the *rancho*.

"Well, in that case, suppose we leave? Come on, Castro. Let us clear out of here at once."

"That, no," he said emphatically, as he shook himself off the wire fence and stood lithe and straight in his tracks, while his eyes kindled. "Turn my back on this fellow? Never."

"Who is it?" I asked.

"An individual named Lauro," he answered, with a fierce frown. "You may have noticed him yonder—the tall one, with the braided jacket and the swaggering air—he who sang and recited about half an hour ago—an empty headed fool—a provocative, bragging bully. He is pretending to take Juanita Casas from me, and he is not the man to do it. He has been gibing at me for the last two hours and throwing out veiled challenges in my direction, and I am not going to stand it any longer."

I saw now why he wished to have me start for home. It was because he did not want me to be mixed up in any quarrel of his—not even indirectly. I turned to him now and tried to reason with him—for I knew that a gaucho quarrel over a girl was a grave business. But he had taken the bit between his teeth, so to speak.

"It is useless to say all that, my friend," he said, with a nervous shrug and an impatient wave of his hand. "Each one to his own way, and my way is to stand by my right and let no man walk over me. This Lauro thinks he can frighten every man in the district because he is just come from prison, where he spent the last three years for stabbing a comrade in a quarrel over a glass of gin. He can sing and recite, and he can ride and he can fight. But he is not the man to take Juanita Casas from me; and I shall teach him manners presently."

Juanita Casas, the fair cause of the trouble, was daughter of old Luciano Casas of the Juncales. She was a camp-raised daughter of the soil, and she did not look, nor was she, an angel in disguise. She was a brown, supple-limbed, lean-waisted creature, with eyes of sable flame, and full to the chin of the untaught arts which so often bring perdition into the minds of men—a velvety, feline child of nature with the grace of a gazelle.

She was seated beside her mother on an

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upturned watering trough under the parasos as Castro and I returned to the patio. Lauro was standing in front of her, paying her his floweriest compliments. Castro strode toward them, and as he did so the presence of old man Casas evolved itself from the shadow of the trees. A silence fell. The dance stopped. The folks in the wake-room crowded to the door and peeped out. At the end of the house an aspiring elocutionist who was entertaining a group of amused merrymakers with a metrical narration of a certain ostrich hunt suddenly found himself without an audience. All eyes were centred on the group on the verge of the shadows but in the clear moonlight. The two women, Juanita Casas and her mother, were still seated side by side. The old man stood beside them. The two rivals were in front. The girl, self-conscious but unembarrassed, spoke to Castro and asked him with an ogle where he had been. It was Lauro, not Castro, who replied to her inquiry.

"Friend Castro is weak in the chest," he said with mock commiseration, "and being exhausted by the dancing he went to take a rest."

"You must be a great doctor, friend Lauro," said Castro, taking a step forward, "to find out disease in one who is sounder than yourself. You must have worked hard to get all that science into you during your stay in college."

This was a joke on Lauro's imprisonment and it burned. To be imprisoned for murder —murder done in treachery—and to have it alluded to as "college," may not seem very humorous. But the hearers laughed—all but the collegian; and what he said was this:

"One need not be a great scholar, anyhow, in order to know when one is better than another, and to know how to deal with people who have pretensions beyond their merits."

"But all the world knows," said Castro, fingering the silver knife-haft which protruded from his belt over his right hip, "and all the world can say that you did not go to 'college' to learn these simple things. You went to learn that it is not by stabbing a drunken man in the back that a fellow has to prove his courage. Tell me, then, did they teach you to attack a sober man face to face? If so, why——"

"You shall see," said Lauro, taking a step backward, his keen long knife flashing in the moonlight as he pulled it from its sheath. Castro's ready blade gleamed and waved in defiance. But while they crouched for a moment with bent knees before leaping toward each other, old Luciano Casas stepped between them.

"I have the right to speak here," he said in a husky, stern voice. "I have seen you two after my girl all the night, and I know all this is about her. But I won't have you quarrel here, and I want to tell you that the man who lifts a finger in this affair without my consent will have to give me an account of it."

He held an eighteen-inch double-edged knife in his hand, and every one was well aware that he knew how to use it. He had the name of being the crossest man for untold leagues all round where he lived, and as he waved his wicked blade to and fro he looked the last man in the world with whom it would be safe to trifle.

"I came here to-night," he went on, "to accompany friend Leon and his spouse in the wake of their *angelita*, and I am not going to allow any row to take place at this function in connection with my girl. And besides, I say this: my girl shall have no word to say to scandal-raisers while I have this steel or a right hand to use it, understand? I am a man of the camp, and my daughter shall not be courted by any but a camp man—a man capable of doing something besides raising fights in decent people's houses. Now listen to me, señores all. Here are two persons," waving his knife at the rivals, "who have a question between them. They shall not fight in my presence about my daughter, but if they want to prove their courage I will give them a way of doing it. Señores all, you know I have a *reservao** —you all know him—the bay horse that killed Manuelito Ferrer, and broke the collar bone of Zenobio, and lamed Pedrito Rodriguez for life, eh? Well, then; my proposition is this. Let Don Castro and Don Lauro saddle that horse and give him a gallop, and afterwards let either of them who may be left with a disposition for courting have his chance with the girl. That is what I have to say. What answer do I get?"

It was a gaucho speech—a gaucho proposition: it caused a great sensation. Murmurs of admiration arose on all sides, and

**Reservao*—meaning *reservado*. A term applied to a pampa bronco that has defeated various rough riders and that is therefore *reservao*—or *reserved*—pending developments.

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swelled into acclamations when the two rivals accepted the challenge. And when it was resolved there and then that the trial in horsemanship should take place at sunrise, loud and long were the plaudits.

I had seen my gaucho friends show signs of deep interest in many things up to that moment. I had seen them at races when the betting was even and the result doubtful. I had seen them looking on at a fight. I had seen them in the grip of the gambling fever. I had eaten the festive roast in their company while the iron brands grew red in the fire round which we sat, and the wild cattle horned one another in the corral on the first morning of the marking. I had ridden with about forty of them when the loud hoof-thunder of 4,000 stampeding mares caused the earth to rock and one's ears to hum with vibration, and when the fierce excitement of the moment was enough to stir something of the long-buried generations of nomads in the tamest of blood. I had seen them in many moods, but never in one like that which followed the announcement of the riding contest between Castro and his rival Lauro. How quickly they got ready to start! How blithely they hailed one another later on as they tightened the cinches and adjusted the bridles. Even the women folk were excited. The etiquette of the pampa forbade their presence at the coming event, but they were already there in spirit. They crowded round old Señora Casas and her daughter, who were preparing to start for home, and spoke words of congratulation. They envied the Casas girl her distinction, but all the same their words of congratulation were dulcet.

I was among the last to leave, and as I stretched my hand to the father of the *angelita* for a farewell shake, he was standing at the end of the house looking wistfully after the departing guests.

The east was but faintly gray with the approaching morn, and the stars were still twinkling when we started across the camp to the novel field of honor. Old man Casas led the way. He was not taking any chances on the chivalry of his fellow-citizens, so his daughter was behind him on the haunches of his horse, and his long knife under his belt in front. His wife rode at his side and was silent. The rest of the party scattered to the rear, and in the helter-skelter gallop talked of the *reservao* and of the many deadly things which that notorious quadruped was likely to do to the men who were on their way to try conclusions with him. Seeing Castro riding for a moment alone, I drew close to him and galloped by his side. He shook his head as he met my glance in the gathering light, and said reproachfully:

"You should have gone back when I asked you. I know *you* have not been challenged to ride; but why come at all? We shall be late home now, and you will get sour looks, and maybe something more."

"And yourself?"

"Oh, that is no matter. I don't care if I never go back. This question has to be settled now and *quien sàbe* what else! You people of foreign lands do not do these things—but you do others. Each one to his own way of killing ants, no? Eh! that is it. And another thing; this Lauro is an animal! a barbarian, a shameless son of evil, and it is necessary to teach him to know the people, eh?"

"But is it true all they say about the *reservao*, Castro?" I asked.

"And what is it they say? Let us hear it all," he said politely.

"That he is a man-eater; that he can buck the best rider in the world out of the province; and that he can turn himself inside out, stand on his head, and throw summersaults; that——"

"Hold," broke in Castro, "what a monster he must be! Very well. What can we do but take him as he comes?"

"But have you ever heard of this horse before?"

"Something, yes. I knew the boy he killed. I know anyhow that old man Casas has the wickedest breed of horses in the country. But who cares?"

"That is right. That is spoken like a gaucho. Viva!——"

I turned and found a graybeard riding stirrup to stirrup with me on my left. He was in great glee. He prodded me in the ribs with the handle of his whip and said in unfeigned admiration: "Eh, youngster, look at Don Castro! There is a respectable citizen for you. Hoigh! he can ride anything that walks on four feet, can Don Castro! So could his father, for I knew him. And what a combination this is, my son! Magnifico! A girl and a *reservao*—a horse that has broken the souls of three men! Viva!"

He was not tipsy. Indeed, drunkenness

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is not a gaucho vice at all. He was merely excited; and they all felt more or less as he did. The "combination" to them was grand beyond the power of expression—love, rivalry, horsemanship—all at once. The item of horsemanship, though the last, was far from being the least. To them the best of horsemanship was one of the highest tests of respectability. A man might know the stars one by one, might have all the learning of the ages, might know good stock from bad stock, might have led armies to victory, or allied his name to the greatest achievements of industrial or speculative science; but to the men in whose company I was at that moment galloping through the dawn he could only have become a hero, in the last analysis, by his record of heroic horsemanship.

The sun was rising as we shut Casas' mares into the corral. There were about fifty animals in all, and the far-famed bay *reservao* was amongst them. He was a noble looking brute, small of head, broad of counter, short of back, clean of limb, sleek, glossy, and in ideal condition. I looked in his eye for some index to the ferocity of his nature, but met only the radiant meekness of the fawn. You will find it written in books that this, that or the other horse gave away the secret of his character by the white of his eye, the turn of his nostril, the slant of his ear or the switching of his tail; but this sanguinary criminal looked the picture of equine docility and innocence. Could he really be a *reservao?* It seemed so. There were several riders present who knew this.

"THE FIVE-YEAR-OLD TERROR OF THE WESTERN CAMPS."

"There he stood, with his chin across the withers of his mother."

One of them narrated the exact circumstances under which the animal had killed

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the man who attempted to tame him. Another described how the *reservao* had thrown a second rough-rider and then tried to eat him. Another could tell over how many square leagues had been distributed the component parts of the last riding gear which had been placed upon the back of this indomitable gelding. There was evidently no doubt about it. There he stood—the five-year-old terror of the western camps—the horse that never yet had met his master—the brute that many men would give a year of their lives to be able to tame and that not ten men in a thousand would dare to mount. There he stood, with his chin across the withers of his mother, tranquilly gazing at the row of faces that surveyed him from over the posts of the corral.

Old man Casas came from his rancho when the mares had been shut in. In his hand he carried a *taba*—the joint of a cow's hoof used so often in pampa gambling. One side of this bone is smooth, the other side is indented. When he arrived in front of the barriers of the corral the old gaucho drew two parallel lines on the hard clay about five yards apart with the point of his knife. Then addressing the crowd he said with great deliberation:

"I desire to call the attention of all the señores present to the fact that my *reservao* is the wickedest horse I have ever known, and I have known some bad ones during my sixty-seven years. This bay owes already one death and several broken limbs. Let no señor here imagine that I exaggerate. What I say is true. I say it because I want nobody to come to me afterward and speak to me of bad faith. I stand upon what I said at the *velorio*. Let Don Castro and Don Lauro throw the bone here to decide which shall mount the bay first. After both have ridden him, let the better horseman do his own courting—if he is disposed to make love—and let the other man keep clear. I do not know if I have made myself understood?"

He had. He dropped the bone on the ground, mounted, and signed to the rivals to throw. They threw it the stipulated number of times and chance decided that Lauro should be the first to interview the *reservao*. With a swaggering jest he took his lasso from the haunches of his horse, thew off his jacket, and, asking two of those present to accompany him, climbed over the barriers into the corral. As he shook out the coils of the lasso and trailed the loop in the dust, a change came over the *reservao*. He snorted, laid back his ears, and showed the white of his eye. His tame, docile appearance was shed as if by magic, and he now looked what he was—a devil. At the first swing of the lasso he dropped his head and crouched behind his kindred for a moment; then with a wild leap and a snort of rage he made for the barriers. But Lauro's right hand had lost none of its cunning in prison, and the lasso was thrown with unerring aim and judgment—not to fall over the head and neck, but to catch the fore legs. The loop struck edgeways on the ground, a little to one side of the runaway and a little in front. As it fell against the dust it turned over and slightly upward, right under the flying hoofs, hit against the counter, dropped round the knees, and as the metal ring ran snarlingly along the plaiting, the fetlocks were snared. Lauro threw himself backward, bending his knees, and turning sideways to meet the strain, his right hand holding the lasso pressed behind his hip, his left gripping it just over his forward knee. When the slack was exhausted the horse was tripped and thrown forward head over heels in a most workmanlike manner. Instantly two men were upon him, one holding him by the mane and uppermost ear, while his companion adjusted a stout head-stall to the brass ring, to which a long rawhide halter was soon buttoned. The lasso was now slackened and the fore feet liberated. The barriers were removed to allow the mares and their offspring to escape, and then, rearing and kicking in terror and anger, the *reservao* was led forth a prisoner. Lauro now snared the fore feet once more, while a man on horseback lassoed the hind legs by dropping the loop over the haunches. The prisoner was then pulled off his feet again, and the mounted man having reached the end of his rope, made his well-trained horse lean away from it to keep it taut.

Stretched at his full length, the *reservao* surveyed his captors with the corner of his available eye and groaned under the strain of the lassoes. From the spot where his nostrils were pressed against the ground he blew the dust away in little clouds as he snorted scorn and defiance at all mankind. Lauro seated himself on his prisoner's head and smiled.

"What bets are in favor of the horse?" he

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asked in his jaunty way, looking toward the door of the hut near by at which Juanita and her mother stood side by side watching everything that went on. "Is any señor disposed to bet?"

"Is any senor disposed to ride?" said old man Casas, dryly. "If so, he might begin to saddle as soon as he pleases."

Juanita Casas smiled at her father's sardonic remark. Lauro saw the smile and it angered him.

"Ask him what money he would like to put down," said Señora Casas, placing her hands on her hips and moving a few steps from the door.

"Silence, woman," commanded her lord and master, sternly.

"As well might the señora ask him for the grace of God," added Castro, pleasantly, glancing from the mother to the daughter, who smiled and nodded and then hung her head.

"*Bueno,*" said Lauro, who saw this by-play and who now sprang to his feet, "if none of the señores will bet I must only give them a free exhibition of horsemanship. Let us saddle."

"It is so kind of you!" remarked Castro, in mock humility.

"THE WICKEDEST HORSE."

Saddling that recalcitrant outlaw was a long and laborious operation, for most of it had to be done with the animal lying on the ground. When they allowed him to scramble to his feet, he threw a shower of kicks in all directions, and it was with great difficulty they succeeded in snaring his hind legs again and passing the ends of the lasso by which they did it round his neck, where they made it fast. Still he resisted. They held him by the ears and twisted the point of his nose into a knot by means of the wristband of a riding-whip; but he tried to eat them, while at the same time he put his back into a hump in order to prevent them from drawing the cinch sufficiently tight. He reared and tried to strike them with his fore feet, and then threw himself on the ground to left or right in an effort to catch them and crush them in his fall. Little by little, however, the tough girth was pulled home and secured by its rawhide fastening, and the sheepskin cover of the *recao* bound over all. No bridle was used, but in its place a twisted horse skin thong (*bocao*), which was passed through the mouth behind the bridle-teeth of the under jaw and tied under the chin. The reins were buttoned to this contrivance and the *reservao* was ready.

Lauro now prepared to mount. He threw off all superfluous clothing and added to his toilet a pair of heavy spurs borrowed from one of his companions, which he bound securely about his insteps and ankles. He wore the *botas de potro* of the pampas—boots made from the untanned skin taken without a side slit from the hocks of a horse. They fitted like gloves to his feet and legs, leaving the toes bare to grip the stirrups and the knees bare to grip the saddle. He discarded his hat and replaced it by a cotton handkerchief which he knotted tightly round his brows. He tightened his waist sash, picked up his whip and strode to where his two companions were holding the *reservao*. On hearing the approaching rattle of the spur-rowels along the ground the bay snorted; he accepted the challenge.

In ordinary camp horse-breaking the rough-rider is accompanied, while giving the first gallops to a raw gelding, by a mounted companion. But here there was to be none of this aid. Each rider was to depend on himself alone. Bearing this in mind, Lauro got them to drag the *reservao* farther away from the corral and to face him for the open camp, so that the old trick of crushing the rider against the posts might not be attempted. They held the animal's ears and nose until the horseman was securely planted in the saddle and at a word from him they sprang backward, out of the way. The horse stood still for a moment, and then, bunching all his feet together, he shot himself a few feet into the air.

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He repeated this trick two or three times until Lauro drove home the spurs and kept them pressed into his sides. The maddened animal squealed with pain and rage and bounded forward in a series of zigzag leaps. Suddenly he stopped and shook his head from side to side. He was fighting for the advantage of getting his head between his knees, but Lauro, with his body thrown back and the muscles of his arms straining under his olive skin, held the reins as if in a grip of steel. The *zaino* now gave a few circular buck-jumps, still tugging at the reins, and then, without a moment's warning, he stood on his hind legs and threw himself back on the ground. It was one of his pet tricks. Lauro knew about it, but was unprepared to meet it. The balance of his body had been all right to withstand the strain on his arms, but was fatal when the horse reared and took him unawares. Had he been prepared for the emergency, he would have placed his hands against the bay's neck, kept his arms rigid, loosened his legs on the saddle and drawn his toes out of the stirrups. In this manner, as the horse fell, the rider would have been thrown outward and backward to a safe distance and would have dropped on his feet. As it was, he fell with the *reservao* and narrowly escaped being crushed to death. He managed to wriggle to one side in time to save his body; but his legs were caught, and when they went to him they found him pale with humiliation and with the agony of a bruised and dislocated ankle.

Some of them helped him to limp back to corral, against the posts of which he seated himself while the others headed off and caught the victorious *reservao*. The defeated rough-rider turned towards the hut and saw Casas' wife and daughter looking on from the open door, and the sight did not give him consolation. The grim owner of the *reservao* appeared to be the most unconcerned man there. He sat on horseback as impressionless as if he were sleep-walking. Not a muscle moved. He may indeed have felt a sort of modest pride in his untamable bay, but if so he kept it to himself. When they brought back that desperate animal the old man turned to Castro and said:

"Don Castro, have you given yourself an account of what has taken place?"

Castro nodded. He was stripped for the fray and ready to begin. But old man Casas, being in love with ponderous formalities, had more to say.

"If Don Castro desires to do so he can let go the *reservao*. It is all the same to me."

"It is not all the same," shouted Lauro from where he had propped himself against the posts of the corral; "or if it is all the same to you it is not all the same to me. He must either ride or eat dirt. Let us see what he can do. It is only just that he, too, should have a chance to take away a remembrance of this business."

"It is well," said Castro, quietly. "Have no fear that I want to shirk the trial. Here I am."

In another half-minute he was in the saddle, his slim figure swaying in rhythm to the wild antics of the bay, his whip hand rising and falling with rapid sweeps as cut after cut of the cruel lash was rained upon the head, neck and quarters of the rebel. For the first five minutes the *reservao* did nothing but jump—in circles, in zigzags, to and fro, wriggling and twisting himself in every leap, now swerving as he gave a fresh bound until the right stirrup of his rider brushed the grass, and now bending to the left until he seemed to be on the point of rolling over. It was of no avail. He stood stock-still now, with his feet wide apart, and Castro immediately reversed his whip, catching it by the lash and poising the loaded handle ready for use. With a defiant shout he drove the spurs to the rowel axles, and as the horse reared he struck him a resounding blow right between the ears. With open mouth and blazing eyes the savage beast now turned and tried to bite the legs which gored his sides with their steel-shod extremities; but the heavy whip-handle came mercilessly down on nose and temple and lean jaw-bone and forced him to check his cannibal appetite. A headlong race out on the plain now followed. When he had gone about a hundred yards he broke once more into buck jumps and waltzed around a wide circle, shaking himself from head to heel every time he touched the ground and straining at the reins to get down his head.

We cheered lustily, and at the door of the hut the women clapped their hands in applause.

"Por Dios!" said old man Casas, "it is great—he is a horseman in a thousand!"

The struggle had gone on for a quarter of an hour now and Castro was growing pale. No human endurance could much

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longer support such exertions and there seemed to be plenty of fight still left in the *reservao*. Castro saw this and knew that the next five minutes would be decisive. Gathering himself together for a supreme effort, he shortened his hold on the reins and with all his force pulled the bay on his haunches. The horse reeled under the pull, but quickly recovered. In the whirling dance which followed Castro's balance was for a moment in peril, and in his efforts to regain it his grip on the reins was loosened and the *reservao* got his head between his villainous knees at last. In the middle of a series of rushing leaps the *reservao* suddenly threw himself forward, heels over head. But Castro was not caught underneath. He was too superb a horseman for that. At the roll-over my companion leaned back, kicked his feet out of the stirrups and loosened his grip on the saddle. The momentum of the fall threw him forward on his feet.

Castro did not lose any time in acknowledging the applause. Before the *reservao* could regain his feet after the fall, his rider was kneeling on his head and a torrent of blows from that terrific whip-handle was drumming an agonizing tattoo on ribs and belly. The *reservao* soon kicked himself free. When he stood up again, however, Castro was on his back, and this time the reins were short enough.

The bay now went on strike and remained stock still. Castro did not trouble himself about this at first. It would allow him to get back some of his strength for a final struggle, so he kept a firm hold of the reins and waited for about five minutes, when he proposed a return to work. At first the bay refused to move, but there came some caresses from that whip-handle which patted him behind the ear with a gentle pressure of several tons to the square inch; so he saw the sweet reasonableness of doing something. What he did was to stand straight up, as he had done with Lauro, and throw himself back—but with a different result. Castro was beside him as he fell, and another cyclone of whip-handles immediately visited the neighborhood. As the bay leaped to his feet after this unpleasant episode Castro was again astride of him, and held him on a shorter rein. But there were several dozens of demons to be exorcised still. He jumped for another five minutes, threw himself on his side twice, and was preparing for another backward tumble when Castro nearly opened his wicked skull by a cut behind the ears. It hit him in the right place and staggered him. He fell on his knees, swayed as if drunk for a moment, and rose again—tamed!

He trotted for about twenty yards and then broke into a gallop—a magnificent gallop, long, supple, swinging, graceful—for he was a glorious horse to look at. Four or five of us ran forward to relieve Castro of the conquered *reservao*, and as he slid to the ground among us there was not much of triumph in his mien. His cheeks were ashen, his eyes heavy and sunken, the damp on his forehead was cold. His hand felt like ice, his breath came in quick, convulsive sobs, and clotted, blood-flecked spume stained his lips and chin. He reeled rather than walked to a patch of grass near the corner of the corral, where he threw himself wearily face-downward, without a word.

Juanita at a sign from her father ran to offer the victor a drink of water. She spoke to him but he did not heed her. She put her supple arms round him and rolled him over on his back.

"A moment," he gasped, "let me be;" and he waved her gently aside.

It was then that I remembered what old man Casas had said about a "disposition for courting" after having ridden the *reservao*. But no matter. Were Castro never to get into the saddle again his performance of that morning would have been enough to hand him down to posterity as one of the best horsemen ever born on the pampas.

In half an hour he was seated at the door of the hut drinking mate and chatting confidentially with Casas' wife and daughter. Casas himself was hospitably helping Lauro to mount his horse.

"When is it to be?" I asked of Castro later as we galloped homeward.

At first he only laughed and shrugged his shoulders. But at length, after I had teased him and plied him with questions, he said:

"When I can steal her, for the old man will be sure to put difficulties in the way. He said, if you will observe, that I might ask her; but he did not say that he would give her. He fears that I am wild and that I would not be a good husband! She will like to be stolen. And as for me? What would you have? For me I would prefer to steal her—I would!"

And he stole her, too.

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"MIGHTY MILL—PRIDE OF THE ARCHITECT AND THE COMMERCIAL MAGNATE."

"Charnel house, destroyer of homes, of all that mankind calls hallowed; breeder of strife, of strike, of immorality, of sedition and riot."

THE WOMAN THAT TOILS.

Experiences of a Literary Woman as a Working Girl.

By Marie Van Vorst.

Illustrated by G. Alden Pierson.

[Miss Marie Van Vorst is the daughter of the late Judge Van Vorst, once actively interested in the breaking up of the Tweed ring, Chancellor of the State of New York, President of the Century Club and founder of the Holland Society. Miss Van Vorst has written several successful novels containing interesting pictures drawn from her experiences of the factory life she has studied so conscientiously. The following account of these experiences themselves is the fourth of a series of five articles secured by this Magazine, of which she has written two, and her sister-in-law, Mrs. John Van Vorst, three.—Editor.]

THOSE who are familiar with the healthy type of the decent workmen of the West and East must draw their distinctions as they consider this same class in the South. The Southern mill hand's face is unique, a fearful type, the perusal of which is not pleasant nor cheerful to the character reader, to the lover of humanity nor to our prophets. Watch them as they defile: men with felt hats drawn over their brows; women, sunbonneted or hatless; children, barefooted, bareheaded, ragged, unwashed.

In the early morning the giant mill grows active. Hear it roar, shattering the stillness for half a mile! It is full now of flesh and blood, of human life and brain and fibre: it is content! Triumphantly during the long day it devours its tithe of body and soul.

Behind lies the village, destitute of life during the hours of work; condemned to the care of a few women, the old, the bedridden and the sick—of this last there are plenty.

Around Columbia, South Carolina, there lie five mills and their respective settlements, Excelsior, Granton, the Calcutta, the Cortland and the Principal City. Each of these mills boasts its own so-called "town." When

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the mill people are free on Saturday and Sunday afternoons, they are too exhausted to do anything but turn into their hovels to sleep. At best they board a trolley and betake themselves to a distant park which, in the picturesque descriptions of Columbia, reads like an Arcadia, but is in reality desolation.

The mill hands are not from the direct section of Columbia. They are strangers brought in from "the hills" by the agents of the company, who go through different parts of the country describing, to the poor whites and hill dwellers, work in the mills as a way to riches and success. Filled with dreams of gain, with hopes of decent housing and schooling for their children, these immigrants leave their distant communities and troop to the mills. They are picturesque, touching to see. They come with all they own in the world on their backs or in their hands; penniless. They are hatless, barefooted, ignorant; innocent for the most part, and hopeful! What the condition of these laborers is, after they have tested the promises of the manufacturer and found them empty bubbles, can only be understood and imagined when one has seen their life, lived among them, worked by their sides, and comprehended the tragedy of this population—a floating population, going from Granton to Excelsior, from Excelsior to Cortland, hither and thither, seeking better conditions. They have no affiliation with the people of the town; they are looked upon as scum.

. . . . . .

In my simple work garb I leave Columbia and take a trolley to the mill district. I have chosen Excelsior as the best for my purpose. Its reputation is most at stake; its prospectus dazzling; its annals effective.

Before the trolley has come up to the stores Excelsior has spoken—roared, clicked forth so vibrantly, I am prepared to feel the earth shake. Mighty mill—pride of the architect and the commercial magnate; charnel house, destroyer of homes, of all that mankind calls hallowed; breeder of strife, of strike, of immorality, of sedition and riot—buildings tremendous,—you give your immutable faces, myriad windowed, to the dust heaps, to the wind-swept plains of sand.

This is the largest mill in the world and looks it! a model, too, in view of architecture. I have read in the prospectus that it represents $1,750,000 capital; possesses 104,000 spindles; employs 1,200 hands, and can, with crowding, employ 3,000. Surely it will have place for one more, then! Its grandeur impresses me as it rises, red-bricked, with proud, straight towers toward its centre. On one side, Christianity and doctrine have constructed a church: a second one is being built. On the other side, at a little distance, lies Granton, second largest mill.

There is no entry for me at the front of the mill, and I toil round to the side; not a creature to be seen. I venture upon the landing, and make my way along a line of freight cars. A kind-faced man wanders out from an unobserved doorway—a gust of roar follows him! I hasten to ask him for work.

"Well, thar's jest plenty of work, I reckon! Go in that do'; the overseer will tell you."

Through the door, open behind him, I catch glimpses of an enormous room. Cotton bales lie on the floor, stand along the walls, and are piled in the centre. Leaning on them, handling them, lying on them, or slipping like shadows into shadow, are the dusky shapes of the black negro of true Southern blood. I take advantage of my guide's kind face to ask him if he knows where I can lodge.

THE FORMER BACKWOODS HOME OF A MILL HAND.

"Hed the measles? I'd take you-all to bo'd at my house ef you ain't 'fraid of measles. Thar's the hotel." (He points to what at the North would be known as a brick shanty.) "A gyrl can bo'd thar for $2.25 a week. You won't make that at first."

With extreme kindness he leads me into the roaring mill, past picturesque black men and cotton bales: we reach the "weave room." An overseer comes up to me. He talks with me politely and kindly. He asks me simple and few questions, and engages me promptly for work

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"THE SOUTHERN MILL HAND'S FACE IS UNIQUE, A FEARFUL TYPE

that "*evening,*" as the Southerner calls the hours after midday.

"You can see all the work and choose a sitting or a standing job." This was an improvement on Pittsburg and Lynn.*

With Excelsior as my future workshop I leave the mill to seek lodging in the mill village.

The houses, built by the corporation for the hands, are from five to six minutes' walk from the palace-like structure of the mill proper. They are all exactly alike. Painted in sickly greens and yellows, they rise on stilted elevations above the malarial soil. In regard to the number of rooms only has the architect catered to individual taste. There are "four- or six-room cottages." In one of the first houses the single wholesome sight I see during my experience meets my eye. Human kindness has transformed one of the dwellings into a kindergarten. A pretty Southern girl, a lady, stands surrounded by her little flock. The half-dozen emancipated children who are not in the mills are refreshing to see. There are very few: the kindergarten flags for lack of little scholars.

*See EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, September and October, 1902.

I accost the teacher. "Can you tell me any decent place to board?" She is sorry, regards me kindly with the expression I have grown to know—the look the eyes adopt when a person of one class addresses her sister in a range lower. Indicating a shanty opposite:

"Mrs. Wright lives there in that four-room cottage; she is a good woman."

Through the door's crack I interview Mrs. Wright, a pallid, sickly creature; gowned, as are most of the women, in a calico garment made all in one piece. She permits me to enter the room, which forms (as do all the front rooms in a mill cottage) bedroom and general living-room.

Here is confusion incarnate—and filthy disorder. The tumbled, dirty bed fills up one-half the room. In it is a little child, shaking with chills. On the bare floors are bits of food, old vegetables, rags, dirty utensils of all sorts. The house has a sickening odor. The woman tells me she is too ill to keep tidy—too ill to keep boarders. "I only been here four months," she says. "Sick ever since I come, and my little girl has 'fevernaygu.'"

I wander forth, and a child directs me to a six-room cottage: "a real bo'din' house."

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THE PERUSAL OF WHICH IS NOT PLEASANT . . . TO OUR PROPHETS."

I attack it and discover the dwelling where I make my home in Excelsior.

From the front room of this dwelling a kitchen opens. Within its shadow I see a negro washing dishes. A tall woman, taller than most men, angular, white-haired, her face seared by toil and stricken with age, greets me: she is the landlady. At her skirts, catching them and staring at a stranger, wanders a young child—a blue-eyed, clean little being; the room beyond, too, is clean. I draw a breath of gratitude.

"Mrs. White?"

"Yes, this is White's bo'din' house."

"Can I find lodging here?"

She looks at me: "Yes, ma'am, you kin. I've got a lot of gentlemen bo'ders, but not many ladies. I got one bed up aloft; you can't have it alone neither, and Jetty's mother is sick up there too. Nuthin' ketchin'; she come here a stranger; the mill was too hard on her; she's ben sick fo' days."

I make a quick decision and accept half a bed, and leave her for the present, to return to Columbia and fetch back with me my bundle of clothes.

. . . . . .

When I return at noon it is dinner time. I go upstairs with my bundle, and see for the first time my dwelling place in this shanty.

A ladder-like stair, leading directly from the kitchen, takes me into the loft. In it there are three sagging beds, covered with calico comforters. Around the bare walls hang the garments of the women who share the room with me. Poor, miserable clothes —a shawl or two, a coat or two, a cotton wrapper, a hat; and on one nail the miniature clothes of Jetty. I put my bundle down and descend, for Mrs. White's voice summons me to the midday meal. The nourishment provided for these thirteen-hour-a-day laborers is as follow : On a tin saucepan there is a little salt pork, and on another dish a pile of grease-swimming spinach. A ragged negro hovers over the food; the room is full of the smell of frying. I cannot eat. I say that I have had something to eat in Columbia, and start out to the mill.

I do not see my friend of the morning, the overseer, in the "weave room", indeed, there is no one to direct me; but I discover, after climbing the stairs, a room of flying spools and more subdued machinery, and it appears that the spool room is this man's especial charge. He consigns me to a stand-

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ing job. He points to a set of revolving spools, and secures a pretty young girl of about sixteen, who comes cheerfully forward and consents to "*learn*" me.

Spooling is not disagreeable, and the room is the quietest part of a mill. In Excelsior the room is, of course, enormous,—light and well ventilated, although the temperature, on account of some quality in the yarn, is kept at a point of humidity far from wholesome.

"Spooling" is hard on the left arm and the side. Heart disease is a frequent complaint amongst the older spoolers. The fact that there are more children than young girls, more young girls than women, proves the simplicity of this task. The cotton comes from the spinning room to the spool room, and as the girl stands before her "*side*," as it is called, she sees on a raised ledge, whirling in rapid vibration, some one hundred huge spools full of yarn, whilst below her, each in its little case, lies a second bobbin of yarn wound like a distaff.

Her task controls machinery that never stops except in case of accident.

She detaches the yarn with one finger of her right hand from the distaff that lies motionless in the little iron rut before her. With her left hand she seizes the revolving circle of the top of the large spool in front of her; she holds this spool steady, overcoming the machinery for the moment not as strong as her grasp; this demands a certain effort. Still controlling the agitated spool with her left hand, she detaches the end of yarn from the spool with the same hand, and, by means of a patent knotter harnessed around her palm, she joins together the two loosened ends—one from the little distaff and one from this large spool, so that the two objects are set whirling in unison and the spool receives all the yarn from the distaff. Up and down this line the spooler must walk all day long, replenishing the iron grooves with fresh yarn, reknitting broken strands. This is all that there is to "spooling." It only demands alertness, quickness, and a certain amount of strength from the left arm common to young women and children.

The little girl who teaches me spooling is fresh and cheerful and jolly. She lives at home. I am told by my subsequent friends that she thinks herself better than anybody else. This pride has caused her to assume neat clothes, and a sprightliness of manner that is refreshing. She does not hesitate to evince her superiority by making sport of me. Instead of giving me the patent knotter, which would have simplified my job enormously, she teaches me what she calls "the old-fashioned way," knotting the yarn with the fingers. I have mastered this slow process by the time that the overseer discovers her trick and brings me the harness for my left hand. She is full of curiosity about me; she asks me every sort of question, to which I give the best answers that I can. By and by she slips away, leaving me under the care of a truly kind, sad little creature in a wrapper dress.

"A SERVITUDE BEGINNING AT TEN YEARS OF AGE."

This little Maggie has a heart of gold.

"Don't you-all fret," she consoles. "That's like Jeannie: she's so *mean!* When you git to be a remarkable fine spooler she'll want you on her side, you bet."

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THE "HOTEL" WHERE A GIRL CAN BOARD FOR $2.25 A WEEK.
"What at the North would be known as a brick shanty."

She assists my awkwardness gently, while unquestioned she tells me her simple story.

"My paw he married ag'in; and me step-mother 'peared like she didn't care fer me; so one day I sez to paw, 'I'm goin' to work in the mills'—an' I lef' home all alone and come here." After a little—"When I say'd good-by to my father, 'peared like *he* didn't care neither. I'm all alone here. I bo'ds with that girl's mother."

During the afternoon the gay Jeannie returns and presents to me a tin box. It is filled with a black powder. The little creature fills her mouth with it and keeps it under her tongue. It is *snuff!* They all take it, old and young, the smallest children even. Their mouths are brown with it; their teeth are black with it. The air of the room is white with cotton. These little particles are breathed into the nose, drawn into the lungs. Lung disease, pneumonia and consumption are the never-absent scourge of the mill village. The girls expectorate to such an extent that the floor is filthy. The little girls practise spitting and are adepts at it.

A TYPICAL INTERIOR.
"On the bare floors are bits of food, old vegetables, rags, dirty utensils of all sorts."

Absorbed with the novelty of learning my trade, the time goes swiftly. But interest and excitement do not prevent fatigue, and from 12:45 to 6:45 is interminable. Even when the whistle blows we are not all free—Excelsior is behindhand with her production, and those whom extra pay can beguile stay on.

At White's, supper is ready, spread on a bare board running the length of the room—a bare board supported by sawhorses. The seats are boards also, a little lower in height. They sag in the middle threateningly. One plate is piled high with fish—bones, skin and flesh in an odorous mass. Salt pork graces another platter, hominy another.

I slip into my seat at the table in the centre of the sagging board and find Mollie beside

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me, on the other side the girl from Excelsior with the pretty hair. The host, Mr. White, honors the head of the table, and "grandmaw" waits upon us. Opposite are the three men operatives, flannel-shirted and dirty. These latter are silent for the most part, and bend over their food, devouring the unpalatable stuff before them. If they were not so terribly hungry they could not eat it.

Mollie, my elbow-companion, is full of news and chatter and becomes the leading spirit of the meal.

"I reckon you-all never did see anything like the fight to the mill to-day."

She arouses at once the interest even of the dull men opposite; they pause in the plying of their knives and forks to listen.

"Amanda Wilcox tol' Ida Jacobs a lie about Bill James; say'd he'd ben spo'tin' her down to the Park on Sunday. Well, sir, the whole spinnin' room was out to see what they-all'd do at noon, and they jest rushed for each other like's they was crazy; they both of them spit right into each other's faces, they did so; and arter that yer couldn't git them apart. Ida Jacobs grabbed Amanda by the ha'r, and Amanda hit her plump in the chest with her fist. They was suttenly like to kill each other ef the men hadn't jest parted them; it took three men to part 'em."

A HOME IN THE "HILLS."

After supper the men went out on the porch with their pipes, and we to the sitting-room, where Mollie, the story-teller, seated herself in a comfortable chair, her feet outstretched before her. She made a generous lap, to which she tried to beguile little Jetty. Mrs. Jones had disappeared.

"You-all come here to me, Jetty."

Jetty toddled across the floor to the girl, who lifted her tenderly into her ample lap. The big awkward creature, scarcely more than a child herself, uncouth, untutored, gained, on a sudden, dignity and a grace maternal.

In one corner of the room where we sit stands a sewing machine, in another an organ. They are bought on the instalment plan, and for an organ some of the girls pay as high as $100 in monthly payments of $4 at a time.

White is a courteous host. His lodgers occupy the comfortable seats, while he, perched on the edge of a high-backed chair, converses with us, not lighting his pipe until urged, then deprecatingly smoking in little smothered puffs. White evidently thinks Massachusetts shoe hands a grade higher in the social scale than South Carolina mill girls, because, having been witness to my morning and evening ablutions on the back steps, he says:

"Now, I am goin' to dew the right thing by you-all; I'm goin' to fix up a wash-stand in that there loft." Again:—

"You-all must have had good food whar you come from; your skin shows it; 'tain't much like hyar 'bouts; why, I'd know a mill hand anywhere if I met her at the North Pole—salla—pale, sickly."

White continues:—"I worked in the mill fifteen years; and I ain't got no use for mill work. Now I sell sewing machines and organs to the mill hands all over the country; I make $60 a month and *I touch all my money.* It's the way to do. A man don't feel no dignity unless he handles his own money, if it's ten cents or ten dollars." He then explains the corporation's method of paying its slaves. Once in two weeks is pay-day. A woman has then worked one hundred and twenty-two hours. The corporation furnishes her house, there is the rent to be paid; there are also the corporation stores from which she has been getting her food and coal and whatever gew-gaws the cheap stuff on sale has tempted her to purchase. Coupons are issued by the mill owners

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"SHE MURMURS IN HER DREAMS,

Indicating a maturity, a seriousness greater than she has yet shown.

"'OH, MY GOD!'"

It is a strange cry—call—appeal. It rings solemn to me as I lie and watch and pity."

which are as good as gold. They are good at the stores, good for rent, and the worker's time is served out in pay for this representative currency. This is, of course, not obligatory, but many of the operatives bind themselves to it.

White himself, mark you, is emancipated! He has set himself free; but he is still a too evident, although a very innocent, partisan of the corporation!

"I think," he says, "that the mill hand is *meaner* to the corporation than the corporation is to the mill hand."

"Why?"

"Why? They're always striking for shorter hours and better pay. What's the use of these hyar mill-hands tryin' to fight corporations? Why, Excelsior is the biggest mill under one roof in the world; its capital is over a million; it has 24,500 spindles. The men that run these mills have got all their stuff paid for. They can shut down and not feel it. Why, these hyar people might just as well fight against a stone wall."

The wages of these people, remember, pay White for the organs upon which they cannot play and the machines which they cannot use. His home is a mill corporation house; he makes a neat sum by lodging the hands. He has fetched down from the hills Mollie, his own niece, to work for him; he perforce *will* speak well; I do not blame him.

Rather early I bid them all good-night and climb the attic stairs to my loft.

Close to an old trunk I sit down with a slip of paper on my knee and try to make a

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few notes. No sooner have I begun to write than the big awkward form of the landlady's niece slouches into sight. Sheepishly she comes across the room to me—sits down on the nearest bed. Mollie's costume is typical—a dark cotton wrapper whose colors have become indistinct in the stains of machinery, oil and perspiration. She boasts no coquetry of any kind round her neck and waist, but her headdress is a tribute to feminine vanity! Compactly screwed curl-papers, dozens of them, accentuate the hard, unlovely lines of her face and brow. Her features are coarse, heavy and square, but her eyes are clear, frank and kind; she has an appealing, friendly expression. One elbow sinks in the bed, and she cradles her crimped head in her large, dirty hand.

"My, ef I could write as fast as you-all I'd write some letters, I reckon."

Without the window through which she gazes is seen the pale night sky and in the heavens hangs the thread of a moon. "Ain't it a pretty night?" she asks me. Its beauty cannot change this room and the crude forms, but it has awakened something akin to sentiment in the breast of this young savage.

"I don't guess ever any one gits tired of hearing *sweet music*, does you-all?"

"What is the nicest music you have ever heard, Mollie?"

"Why, a gui-taar an' a mandolin. It's so sweet! I could set for hours an' hyar 'em pick." Her curl-paper head wags in enthusiasm.

"Up to the hills, from whar I cum, I uset ter hyar 'em a-serenadin' of some gyrl, an' I uset ter set up in bed and lis'en tel it died out—it wan't for *me*, tho'!"

"Didn't they ever serenade you?"

"No, *ma'am;* I don't pay no 'tention to spo'tin'.

"Say, I reckon you-all didn't never see my new ha-at?" It was brought, done up with care in paper. She displayed it, a round white straw hat, covered with roses. At praise of it and admiration the girl flushes with pleasure.

"My, you *dew* like it? Why, I didn't think it *pretty, much*. Uncle Bob done buy it for me."

This shall crown Mollie's hair freed from the crimpers when the one day of the week, Sunday, comes! Not from Sunday till Sunday again are those hair-crimpers unloosed.

Here into our discourse, mounting the stairs, comes the pale mother and her little child. This ghost of a woman, wedding-ringless, who calls herself Mrs. Jones, can scarcely crawl to her bed. Mollie's bed is close to mine. The night toilet of this girl consists in her divesting herself of her shoes, stockings and her cotton wrapper, then clad in all the other garments she wears during the day, she turns herself into bed, night-gownless, unwashed.

Mrs. Jones undresses her child, giving it

"SANITATION, THERE IS NONE."

"Refuse not too vile for the public eye is thrown into the middle of the street in front of the houses."

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very good care, I must confess. It is a tiny creature, small-boned and meagre. Every time I look over at it it smiles appealingly.

My mattress is straw and billowy, the bed sheetless, and under the weight of the cotton comforter I try to compose myself. There are five of us in the little loft. My bedfellow is peaceful and lies still, too tired to do anything else. Directly in front of me, blatant and insistent, an electric light shines through an open window; behind this the Excelsior clock glares in upon us, its giant hands, going round and round, seeming to threaten the hour of dawn, frightening sleep, and mocking the short hours which the working woman might claim for repose.

A TYPICAL REAR.

"The general drainage is performed by emptying pans and basins and receptacles into the back yards."

What spirit deeper than her character has hitherto displayed stirs in the mill girl in the bed next to me? Possibly the tragedy of her youth. At all events, whatever burden is on her, her cross is too heavy! She murmurs in her dreams, in a voice indicating a maturity, a seriousness, greater than any she has yet shown.

"Oh, my God!"

It is a strange cry—call—appeal. It rings solemn to me as I lie and watch and pity.

Over me the vermin have run riot. When it seems that flesh and blood must succumb, and sleep, through sheer pity, takes hold of me, a stirring begins in the kitchen below which in its proximity seems a part of the very room we occupy. The landlady, Mrs. White, has arisen; she is making the fire. At a quarter to four Mrs. White begins her frying; at four a deep blue ugly smoke has ascended the stairway to us. This smoke is thick with the odor of bad grease and bad meat. Its cloud conceals the bed from me; so permeating is it that the smell of fried food clings to everything I wear and haunts me all day. I can hear the sputtering of the saucepan and the fall and flap of the pieces of meat as they are dropped into the pan to fry.

This preparation continues for an hour. Long before five the clock of Excelsior rings and the cry of the mill is heard waking whomsoever is lucky enough to be asleep. Mrs. White calls Mollie. The girl murmurs and turns; she rises reluctantly, yawning, sighing, lifts her scarcely rested body, and puts on her stockings and shoes and the dirty wrapper. Her hair is untouched, her face unwashed, but she is ready for the day!

At half-past five we have breakfasted and I pass out of the house, one of the half-dozen who seek the mill from our doors. We fall in with the slowly moving, straggling file that has a common direction, receiving additions from each tenement as we pass. Beside me limps a boy of fourteen, in brown earth-colored clothes. He is so thin that his bones threaten to pierce his vestments. He has a slender visage, of a frailness that I have learned to know as representing the pure American type of people known as "poor white trash," and with whose blood has been scarcely any admixture of foreign element. His attitude and gait express his defrauded existence. Cotton clings to his clothes; his shoes, nearly falling off his feet, are red with clay stains. I greet him; he is shy and surprised, but returns the salutation and keeps step with me. He is "from the hills," an orphan, perfectly friendless. He boards with a lot of men. He works from 5:45 to 6:45; he has three-quarters of an hour at noon; he has his Saturday afternoons and his Sundays free; he makes fifty cents a day; he has no education, no way of getting an education; he is almost a man, crippled and condemned. At my exclamation when he tells me the sum of his wages he looks up at me and a faint likeness to a smile comes about his thin lips: *"It keeps me in existence,"* he says in a slow drawl. He used just those words.

As we come into the spooling room from the hot air without the mill seems cold. I

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go over to a green box destined for the refuse of the floors and sit down waiting for work. On this day I am to have my own "side": I am a full-fledged spooler. Excelsior has gotten us all out of our beds before actual daylight, but that does not mean that we are to have a chance to begin our money-making piecework job at once! "Thar ain't likely to be no yarn for an hour to-day," Maggie tells me.

Across the room at one of the "drawing-in frames" I see the figure of an unusually pretty girl with curly dark hair. She bends

"FROM SAND-HEAP TO SAND-HEAP TO ESCAPE THE SLOW OR QUICK DEATH."

to her job in front of the frame which she runs; it has the effect of tapestry, of that work with which women of another class amuse their leisure. "Drawing-in," although a sitting job, is considered to be a back-breaker. The girls are ambitious at this work, for they make good wages.* They sit close to their frames, bent over, for twelve hours out of the day. This girl whom I see across the floors of Excelsior is a beauty. She is a new hand from a distance. This is her first day. She has color. Excelsior will not leave those roses unwithered: I can fore-

* A good drawer-in makes $1.25 a day.

tell the change as yellow unhealthfulness creeps up her cheeks and the red forever goes. She has chosen a sitting-down job, thinking it easier. I see her lean back, put her hands about her waist and rest, or try to, after she has bent four hours over her close task.

I had seen her apply for work, and had seen, too, the man's face as he looked at her when she asked: "Got any work?"

"We've got plenty of work for a good-looking woman like you," he said with significance, taking pains to place her within his sight.

The yarn comes in. Maggie flies to her spools and leaves me to seek a distant place far away from her.

Many of the older hands come without breakfast, and a little later tin pails or paper parcels appear. These operatives crouch down in a Turkish fashion at the machines' sides and take a hasty mouthful of their unwholesome, unpleasant-looking food, eating with their fingers, more like animals than human beings. By eight the full steam power is on, to judge by the swift turning, the strong resistance of the spools.

In speaking of the settlements it borders

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on the humorous to use the word sanitation, for there is none. Refuse not too vile for the public eye is thrown into the middle of the streets in front of the houses. The general drainage is performed by emptying pans and basins and receptacles into the back yards, so that as one stands at the back steps of one's door one breathes the filth of half a dozen shanties. To walk through Granton (which the prospectus tells us is well drained!) is to evoke nausea; to *inhabit* Granton is an ordeal which even habit cannot rob of its severity.

The settlers, habitants of dwellings built by finance for the purpose of rent solely, are celebrated for their immorals—a rough, lying, bad lot; nevertheless, in some respects they are simple, direct and innocent, and display the qualities we have always been taught are enviable: a lack of curiosity, for the most part, in the affairs of others, a warm Southern courtesy—and human kindness. I found them degraded because of their habits, and not of their tendencies; whatever may be their natural instincts, born, nurtured in this environment, they have no choice but to fall into the usages of poverty and degradation.

A job at Granton was no more difficult to secure than was spooling at the other mill. I applied one Saturday noon, when the mill was silent and the operatives within their doors asleep, leaving the village as deserted as it is on a workday.

By this time I was most thoroughly a mill girl—in appearance, at least; my clothes were white with cotton, my hair far from tidy, fatigue and listlessness unassumed in my attitude. I told the overseer I had been a "spooler" and did not like it: wanted to spin. He listened silently, regarding me with interest. "Don't learn spinning," he said decidedly. "I am head of the 'speeding' room—I'll give you a job in my room on Monday morning."

The speeding room is second only in noise to the weave room. Conversation must be entrancing and vital to be pursued here. The speeder has under her care as many machines as her skill can control.

My teacher, Minnie, ran four sides, seventy-six speeders on a side; her work was regulated by a crank that marked the vibrations. To the lay mind the terms of the speeding room can mean nothing. This girl made from $1.30 to $1.50 a day, controlling in all seven hundred and four speeders. These she had to replenish and keep running, cleaning all the machinery gear with her own hands, oil the steel, even bend and clean under the lower shelf, and come into contact with the most dangerous parts of the mechanism. The speeder watches her ropers run out; these stand at the top and back of the line. The ropers are refilled and their ends attached to the flying speeders by a quick motion. The yarn from the ropers is wound off to the speeders. When the speeders are full of yarn they are detached from the nest of steel in which they whirl and are thrown into a handcar which is pushed about the room by the girls themselves. Bessie had been at her work for ten years, entering the factory at eight. She was tall, raw-boned, an expert, deft and capable, and, as far as I could judge in our acquaintance, thoroughly respectable. She had a sweet, gentle face, and was courtesy and kindness itself.

"What do you think about all day?" I asked her.

"Why, I think about books, I reckon. There ain't nuthin' I like so good as readin', when I ain't tyrd."

"Are you often tired?" And this question surprises her. She looks up at me and smiles: "Why, I'm most always tyrd. I read novels for the most part; like to read love stories and about fo'ran travel."

Think of it! If she does not succumb to the overseer, she may find some mill hand who will contract a mill marriage with her, a marriage little binding to him and which will give her children to give in time to the mill. This is the realism of her story. But she reads books that you, too, may have read; she dares to dream of scenes, to picture them—scenes that you have sought and wearied of.

She continues: "I'm very fond of fo'ran travel, only I ain't never had much occasion for it."

"I hate the mills," she goes on simply.

"What would you be if you could choose?" I venture to ask. She has no hesitation in answering:

"I'd love to be a trained nurse." Then (turn about is fair play in her mind, I suppose) she asks:

"What would you-all be?"

And ashamed not to well repay her truthfulness I frankly respond, "I'd like to write a book."

"I *dee*-clare." She stares at me. "Why,

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you-all *is* ambitious. Did you ever write anything?"

"A letter or two."

She is interested and kindles, leaning forward. "I suttenly ain't so high in my ambitions," she says appreciatively. "Wish you'd write a love story for me to read," and she ponders over the idea, her eyes on her snowy, flying speeders.

"Look a hyar, got any of your scrappin's on writin' hyar? Ef yer don't mind anybody's messin' with your things, bring your scrappin's to me an' I'll soon tell you ef you can write a book er not," she whispers to me encouragingly, confidentially, a whisper reaching farther in the mills than a loud sound.

I thank her and say, "Do you think that you would know?"

"Well, I guess I would," she says confidently. "I ain't read all my life sence I was eight years old not to know good writin' from bad. Can you-all sing?"

"No."

"Play sweet music?"

"No."

"I jest love it," she enthuses. "Every Saturday afternoon I take lessons of a teacher on the gee-tar. It costs me a quarter."

"There ain't much flowers here in Granton," she says again. "'Taint no use to try to have even a few 'raneums; it's so dry; ain't no yards nor gardens nuther."

Musing on this desolation as she walks up and down the line, she says: "I dew love flowers, don't you?"

Over and over again I am asked, by those whose wish is, I suppose, to prove to themselves and their consciences that the working girl is not so actually wretched, that her outcry is not so audible: "The working people are happy? the factory girls are happy, are they not? don't you find them so?"

Is it a satisfaction to the leisure class, to the capitalist and employer, to feel that a woman, poorly housed, ill-fed, in imminent moral danger, every temptation rampant, every barrier down, over-worked, overstrained by labor varying from ten to thirteen hours a day, by all-night labor and distraction of body and soul, *is happy*?

Do you *wish* her to be so? Is the existence *ideal*?

I thank heaven that I can say truthfully that of all who came under my observation not one who was of age to reflect was happy. I repeat, she is brave and courageous, but the most sane and hopeful indication for the future of the factory girl and the mill hand is that she rebels—dreams of something better, and will in the fulness of time stretch out toward it.

Moving, ambulant population! tramping from hill to hill, from sand-heap to sand-heap to escape the slow or quick death, to prolong the toiling, bitter existence. It takes a great deal to wake in these inexpressive, indifferent faces illumination of interest.

At what should they rejoice? They have no time to think, even if they know how. All that remains for them in the few miserable hours of relief from labor and confinement and noise is to seek what pastime they may find under their hand. We have never realized, they have never known, that their great craving and their great need—given the work that is wrung from them and the degradation in which they are forced to live—is a craving for amusement and relaxation. Amusements for this class are not provided: they *can* laugh; they rarely do. The thing that they seek is distraction. They rarely want to read; they do not want to study; they are too tired to concentrate. I heard a manufacturer say: "We gave our mill hands everything that we could to elevate them—a natatorium, a reading library, and these halls fell into disuse." I ask him now, through these pages, the questions which I did not put to him then as I listened in silence to his complaint. What time would he suggest they should spend in the reading-room, even if they have learned to read? They rise at four; at a quarter before six they are at work. The day in winter is not born when they start their tasks; the night has fallen long before they cease; in summer they are working into their evenings. They tell me that they are too tired to eat; that all they want to do is to turn their aching bones upon their miserable mattresses and sleep until they are cried and shrieked awake by the mill summons. Therefore they solve their own questions. Nothing is provided for them that they can use, and they turn to the one thing that is within their reach—animal enjoyment, human intercourse and companionship. They are animals, as are their betters, and with it, let us believe, more excuse.

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Luella Miller

BY MARY E. WILKINS

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL.

CLOSE to the village street stood the one-story house in which Luella Miller, who had an evil name in the village, dwelt. She had been dead for years, yet there were those in the village who, in spite of the clearer light which comes on a vantage-point from a long-past danger, half believed in the tale which they had heard from their childhood. In their hearts, although they would scarcely have owned it, was a survival of the wild horror and frenzied fear of their ancestors who had dwelt in the same age with Luella Miller. Young people even would stare with a shudder at the old house as they passed, and children never played around it as was their wont around an untenanted building. Not a window in the old Miller house was broken; the panes reflected the morning sunlight in patches of emerald and blue, and the latch of the sagging front door was never lifted, although no bolt secured it. Since Luella had been carried out of it, the house had had no tenant except one friendless old soul who had no choice between that and the far-off shelter of the open sky. This old woman, who had survived her kindred and friends, lived in the house one week, then one morning no smoke came out of the chimney, and a body of neighbors, a score strong, entered and found her dead in her bed. There were dark whispers as to the cause of her death, and there were those who testified to an expression of fear so exalted that it showed forth the state of the departing soul upon the dead face. The old woman had been hale and hearty when she entered the house, and in seven days she was dead; it seemed that she had fallen a victim to some uncanny power. The minister talked in the pulpit with covert severity against the sin of superstition, still the belief prevailed. Not a soul in the village but would have chosen the almshouse rather than that dwelling. No vagrant, if he had heard the tale, would seek shelter beneath that old roof, unhallowed by nearly half a century of superstitious fear.

There was only one person in the village who had actually known Luella Miller. That person was a woman well over eighty, but a marvel of vitality and unextinct youth. Straight as an arrow, with the spring of one recently let loose from the bow of life, she moved about the streets, and she always went to church, rain or shine. She had never married, and had lived alone for years in a house across the road from Luella Miller's.

This woman had none of the garrulousness of age, but never in all her life had she ever held her tongue for any will save her own, and she never spared the truth when she essayed to present it. She it was who bore testimony to the life, evil, though possibly wittingly or designedly so, of Luella Miller, and to her personal appearance. When this old woman spoke, and she had the gift of description, although her thoughts were clothed in the rude vernacular of her native village, one could seem to see Luella Miller as she had really looked. According to this woman, Lydia Anderson by name, Luella Miller had been a beauty of a type rather unusual in New England. She had been a slight, pliant sort of creature, as ready with a strong yielding to fate, and as unbreakable as a willow. She had glimmering lengths of straight, fair hair, which she wore softly looped round a long, lovely face. She had blue eyes full of soft pleading, little

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slender, clinging hands, and a wonderful grace of motion and attitude. "Luella Miller used to sit in a way nobody else could if they sat up and studied a week of Sundays," said Lydia Anderson, "and it was a sight to see her walk. If one of them willows over there on the edge of the brook could start up and get its roots free of the ground, and move off, it would go just the way Luella Miller used to. She had a green shot silk she used to wear, too, and a hat with green ribbon streamers, and a lace veil blowing across her face and out sideways, and a green ribbon flyin' from her waist. That was what she came out bride in when she married Erastus Miller. Her name before she was married was Hill. There was always a sight of "l's" in her name, married or single. Erastus Miller was good lookin', too, better lookin' than Luella. Sometimes I used to think that Luella wasn't so handsome after all. Erastus just about worshipped her. I used to know him pretty well. He lived next door to me, and we went to school together. Folks used to say he was waitin' on me, but he wasn't. I never thought he was except once or twice when he said things that some girls might have suspected meant something. That was before Luella came here to teach the district school. It was funny how she came to get it, for folks said she hadn't any education, and that one of the big girls, Lottie Henderson, used to do all the teachin' for her, while she sat back and did embroidery work on a cambric pocket-handkerchief. Lottie Henderson was a real smart girl, a splendid scholar, and she just set her eyes by Luella, as all the girls did. Lottie would have made a real smart woman, but she died when Luella had been here about a year, just faded away and died: nobody knew what ailed her. She dragged herself to that schoolhouse and helped Luella teach till the very last minute. The committee all knew how Luella didn't do much of the work herself, but they winked at it. It wasn't long after Lottie died that Erastus married her. I always thought he hurried it up because she wasn't fit to teach. One of the big boys used to help her after Lottie died, but he hadn't much government, and the school didn't do very well, and Luella might have had to give it up, for the committee couldn't have shut their eyes to things much longer. The boy that helped her was a real honest, innocent sort of fellow, and he was a good scholar, too. Folks said he overstudied, and that was the reason he was took crazy the year after Luella married, but I don't know. And I don't know what made Erastus Miller go into consumption of the blood the year after he was married: consumption wasn't in his family. He just grew weaker and weaker, and went almost bent double when he tried to wait on Luella, and he spoke feeble, like an old man. He worked terrible hard till the last trying to save up a little to leave Luella. I've seen him out in the worst storms on a wood-sled. He used to cut and sell wood, and he was hunched up on top lookin' more dead than alive. Once I couldn't stand it: I went over and helped him pitch some wood on the cart—I was always strong in my arms. I wouldn't stop for all he told me to, and I guess he was glad enough for the help. That was only a week before he died. He fell on the kitchen floor while he was gettin' breakfast. He always got the breakfast and let Luella lay a-bed. He did all the sweepin' and the washin' and the ironin' and most of the cookin'. He couldn't bear to have Luella lift her finger, and she let him do for her. She lived like a queen for all the work she did. She didn't even do her sewing. She said it made her shoulder ache to sew, and poor Erastus's sister Lily used to do all her sewin'. She wasn't able to, either; she was never strong in her back, but she did it beautifully. She had to, to suit Luella, she was so dreadful particular. I never saw anything like the fagottin' and hemstitchin' that Lily Miller did for Luella. She made all Luella's weddin' outfit, and that green silk dress, after Maria Babbit cut it. Maria she cut it for nothin', and she did a lot more cuttin' and fittin' for nothin' for Luella, too. Lily Miller went to live with Luella after Erastus died. She gave up her home, though she was real attached to it and wan't a mite afraid to stay alone. She rented it and she went to live with Luella right away after the funeral."

Then this old woman, Lydia Anderson, who remembered Luella Miller, would go on to relate the story of Lily Miller. It seemed that on the removal of Lily Miller to the house of her dead brother, to live with his widow, the village people first began to talk. This Lily Miller had been hardly past her first youth, and a most robust and blooming woman, rosy cheeked, with curls of strong, black hair overshadowing round, candid

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temples, and bright dark eyes. It was not six months after she had taken up her residence with her sister-in-law that her rosy color faded and her pretty curves became wan hollows. White shadows began to show in the black rings of her hair, and the light died out of her eyes, her features sharpened, and there were pathetic lines at her mouth, which yet wore always an expression of utter sweetness and even happiness. She was devoted to her sister; there was no doubt that she loved her with her whole heart, and was perfectly content in her service. For it was her sole anxiety lest she should die and leave her alone.

"The way Lily Miller used to talk about Luella was enough to make you mad, and enough to make you cry," said Lydia Anderson. "I've been in there sometimes toward the last when she was too feeble to cook and carried her some blanc-mange, or custard—somethin' I thought she might relish, and she'd thank me, and when I asked her how she was, say she felt better than she did yesterday, and ask me if I didn't think she looked better, dreadful pitiful, and say poor Luella had an awful time takin' care of her, and doin' the work—she wan't strong enough to do anything—when all the time Luella wan't liftin' her finger, and poor Lily didn't get any care except what the neighbors gave her, and Luella eat up everythin' that was carried in to Lily. I had it real straight that she did. Luella used to just sit and cry, and do nothin'. She did act real fond of Lily, and she pined away considerable, too. There was those that thought she'd go into a decline herself. But after Lily died, her Aunt Abby Mixter came, and then Luella picked up and grew as fat and rosy as ever. But poor Aunt Abby begun to droop just the way Lily had, and I guess somebody wrote to her married daughter, Mrs. Sam Abbot, who lived in Barre, for she wrote her mother that she must leave right away and come and make her a visit, but Aunt Abby wouldn't go. I can see her now. She was a real good lookin' woman, tall and large, with a big, square face and a high forehead that looked of itself kind of benevolent and good. She just tended out on Luella as if she had been a baby, and when her married daughter sent for her she wouldn't stir one inch. She'd always thought a lot of her daughter, too, but she said Luella needed her and her daughter didn't. Her daughter kept writin' and writin', but it didn't do any good. Finally she came, and when she saw how bad her mother looked, she broke down and cried and all but went on her knees to have her come away. She spoke her mind out to Luella, too. She told her that she'd killed her husband and everybody that had anythin' to do with her, and she'd thank her to leave her mother alone. Luella went into hysterics, and Aunt Abby was so frightened that she called me after her daughter went. Mrs. Sam Abbot she went away fairly cryin' out loud in the buggy. The neighbors heard her, and well she might, for she never saw her mother again alive. I went in that night when Aunt Abby called for me, standin' in the door with her little green checked shawl over her head. I can see her now. 'Do come over here, Miss Anderson,' she sung out, kind of gasping for breath. I didn't stop for anything. I put over as fast as I could, and when I got there, there was Luella laughin' and cryin' all together, and Aunt Abby trying to hush her, and all the time she herself was white as a sheet and shakin' so she could hardly stand. 'For the land sakes, Mrs. Mixter,' says I, 'you look worse than she does. You ain't fit to be up out of your bed.'

"'Oh, there ain't anythin' the matter with me,' says she. Then she went on talkin' to Luella. 'There, there, don't, don't, poor little lamb,' says she. 'Aunt Abby is here. She ain't goin' away and leave you. Don't, poor little lamb.'

"'Do leave her with me, Mrs. Mixter, and you get back to bed,' says I, for Aunt Abby had been layin' down considerable lately, though somehow she contrived to do the work.

"'I'm well enough,' says she. 'Don't you think she had better have the doctor, Miss Anderson?'

"'The doctor,' says I, 'I think you had better have the doctor. I think you need him much more than some folks I could mention.' And I looked right straight at Luella Miller laughin' and cryin' and goin' on as if she was the centre of all creation. All the time she was actin' so—seemed as if she was too sick to sense anythin'—she was keepin' a sharp lookout as to how we took it out of the corner of one eye. I see her. You could never cheat me about Luella Miller. Finally I got real mad and I run home and I got a bottle of valerian I had, and I poured some boilin' hot water on a hand-

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ful of catnip, and I mixed up that catnip tea with most half a wineglass of valerian, and I went with it over to Luella's. I marched right up to Luella, a-holdin' out of that cup, all smokin'. 'Now,' says I, 'Luella Miller, *'you swaller this!'*

"'What is—what is it, oh, what is it?' she sort of screeches out. Then she goes off a-laughin' enough to kill.

"'Poor lamb, poor little lamb,' says Aunt Abby, standin' over her, all kind of tottery, and tryin' to bathe her head with camphor.

"'*You swaller this right down,*' says I. And I didn't waste any ceremony. I just took hold of Luella Miller's chin and I tipped her head back, and I caught her mouth open with laughin', and I clapped that cup to her lips, and I fairly hollered at her: 'Swaller, swaller, swaller!' and she gulped it right down. She had to, and I guess it did her good. Anyhow, she stopped cryin' and laughin' and let me put her to bed, and she went to sleep like a baby inside of half an hour. That was more than poor Aunt Abby did. She lay awake all that night and I stayed with her, though she tried not to have me; said she wasn't sick enough for watchers. But I stayed, and I made some good corn-meal gruel and I fed her a teaspoon every little while all night long. It seemed to me as if she was jest dyin' from bein' all wore out. In the mornin' as soon as it was light I run over to the Bisbees and sent Johnny Bisbee for the doctor. I told him to tell the doctor to hurry, and he come pretty quick. Poor Aunt Abby didn't seem to know much of anything when he got there. You couldn't hardly tell she breathed, she was so used up. When the doctor had gone, Luella came into the room lookin' like a baby in her ruffled nightgown. I can see her now. Her eyes were as blue and her face all pink and white like a blossom, and she looked at Aunt Abby in the bed sort of innocent and surprised. 'Why,' says she, 'Aunt Abby ain't got up yet?'

"'No, she ain't,' says I, pretty short.

"'I thought I didn't smell the coffee,' says Luella.

"'Coffee,' says I. 'I guess if you have coffee this mornin' you'll make it yourself.'

"'I never made the coffee in all my life,' says she, dreadful astonished. 'Erastus always made the coffee as long as he lived, and then Lily she made it, and then Aunt Abby made it. I don't believe I *can* make the coffee, Miss Anderson.'

"'You can make it or go without, jest as you please,' says I.

"'Ain't Aunt Abby goin' to get up?' says she.

"'I guess she won't get up,' says I, 'sick as she is.' I was gettin' madder and madder. There was somethin' about that little pink-and-white thing standin' there and talkin' about coffee, when she had killed so many better folks than she was, and had jest killed another, that made me feel 'most as if I wished somebody would up and kill her before she had a chance to do any more harm.

"'Is Aunt Abby sick?' says Luella, as if she was sort of aggrieved and injured.

"'Yes,' says I, 'she's sick, and she goin' to die, and then you'll be left alone, and you'll have to do for yourself and wait on yourself, or do without things.' I don't know but I was sort of hard, but it was the truth, and if I was any harder than Luella Miller had been I'll give up. I ain't never been sorry that I said it. Well, Luella, she up an' had hysterics again at that, and I jest let her have 'em. All I did was to bundle her into the room on the other side of the entry where Aunt Abby couldn't hear her, if she wan't past it. I don't know but she was, and set her down hard in a chair and told her not to come back into the other room, and she minded. She had her hysterics in there till she got tired. When she found out that nobody was comin' to coddle her and do for her she stopped. At least, I suppose she did. I didn't pay much attention to her. I had all I could do with poor Aunt Abby tryin' to keep the breath of life in her. The doctor had told me that she was dreadful low, and give me some very strong medicine to give her in drops real often, and told me real particular about the nourishment. Well, I did as he told me real faithful till she wasn't able to swaller any longer. Then I had her daughter sent for. I had begun to realize that she wouldn't last any time at all. I hadn't before, though I spoke to Luella the way I did. The doctor he came, and Mrs. Sam Abbot, but when she got there it was too late; her mother was dead. Aunt Abby's daughter just give one look at her mother layin' there, then she turned sort of sharp and sudden and looked at me.

"'Where is she?' says she, and I knew she meant Luella.

"'She's out in the kitchen,' says I. 'She's

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too nervous to see folks die. She's afraid it will make her sick.'

"The doctor he speaks up then. He was a young man. Old Doctor Park had died the year before, and this was a young fellow just out of college. 'Mrs. Miller is not strong,' says he, kind of severe, 'and she is quite right in not agitatin' herself.'

"'You are another, young man; she's got her pretty claw on you,' thinks I, but I didn't say anythin' to him. I just said over to Mrs. Sam Abbot that Luella was in the kitchen, and Mrs. Sam Abbot she went out there, and I went, too, and I never heard anything like the way she talked to Luella Miller. I felt pretty hard to Luella myself, but this was more than I ever would have dared to say. Luella she was too scared to go into hysterics. She jest flopped. She seemed to jest shrink away to nothing in that kitchen chair, with Mrs. Sam Abbot standin' over her and talkin' and tellin' her the truth. I guess the truth was 'most too much for her and no mistake, because Luella presently actually did faint away, and there wasn't any sham about it, the way I always suspected there was about them hysterics. She fainted dead away and we had to lay her flat on the floor, and the doctor he came runnin' out and he said something about a weak heart dreadful fierce to Mrs. Sam Abbot, but she wan't a mite scared. She faced him jest as white-mad as even was Luella layin' there lookin' like death and the doctor feelin' of her pulse.

"'Weak heart,' says she, 'weak heart; weak fiddlesticks! There ain't nothin' weak about that woman. She's got strength enough to hang onto other folks till she kills 'em. Weak? It was my poor mother that was weak: this woman killed her as sure as if she had taken a knife to her.'

"But the doctor he didn't pay much attention. He was bendin' over Luella layin' there with her yellow hair all streamin' and her pretty pink-and-white face all pale, and her blue eyes like stars gone out, and he was holding onto her hand and smoothin' her forhead, and tellin' me to get the brandy in Aunt Abby's room, and I was sure as I wanted to be that Luella had got somebody else to hang onto, now Aunt Abby was gone, and I thought of poor Erastus Miller, and I sort of pitied the poor young doctor, led away by a pretty face, and I made up my mind I'd see what I could do.

"I waited till Aunt Abby had been dead and buried about a month, and the doctor was goin' to see Luella steady and folks were beginnin' to talk, then one evenin', when I knew the doctor had been called out of town and wouldn't be round, I went over to Luella's. I found her all dressed up in a pretty blue muslin with white polka dots on it, and her hair curled just as pretty, and there wasn't a young girl in the place could compare with her. There was somethin' about Luella Miller seemed to draw the heart right out of you, but she didn't draw it out of *me*. She was settin' rocking in the chair by her sittin'-room window, and Maria Brown had gone home. Maria Brown had been in to help her, or rather to do the work, for Luella wasn't ever helped when she didn't do anythin'. Maria Brown was real capable and she didn't have any ties; she wan't married, and lived alone, so she'd offered. I couldn't see why she should do the work any more than Luella; she wan't any too strong; but she seemed to think she could and Luella seemed to think so, too, so she went over and did all the work — washed, and ironed, and baked, while Luella sat and rocked. Maria didn't live long afterward. She began to fade away just the same fashion the others had. Well, she was warned, but she acted real mad when folks said anythin': said Luella was a poor, abused woman, too delicate to help herself, and they'd ought to be ashamed, and if she died helpin' them that couldn't help themselves she would—and she did.

"'I s'pose Maria has gone home,' says I to Luella, when I had gone in and sat down opposite her.

"'Yes, Maria went half an hour ago, after she had got supper and washed the dishes,' says Luella, in her pretty way.

"'I suppose she has got a lot of work to do in her own house to-night,' says I, kind of bitter, but that was all thrown away on Luella Miller. It seemed to her right that other folks that wan't any better able than she was herself should wait on her, and she couldn't get it through her head that anybody should think it *wasn't* right.

"'Yes,' says Luella, real sweet and pretty, 'yes, she said she had to do her washin' to-night. She has let it go for a fortnight along of comin' over here.'

"'Why don't she stay home and do her washin' instead of comin' over here and doin' *your* work, when you are just as well

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able, and enough sight more so, than she is to do it?' says I.

"Then Luella she looked at me like a baby who has a rattle shook at it. She sort of laughed as innocent as you please 'Oh, I can't do the work myself, Miss Anderson,' says she. 'I never did. Maria *has* to do it.'

"Then I spoke out: 'Has to do it,' says I, 'has to do it'? She don't have to do it, either. Maria Baker has her own home and enough to live on. She ain't beholden to you to come over here and slave for you and kill herself.'

"Luella she jest set and stared at me for all the world like a doll-baby that was so abused that it was comin' to life.

"'Yes,' says I, 'she's killin' herself. She's goin' to die just the way Erastus did, and Lily, and your Aunt Abby. You're killin' her jest as you did them. I don't know what there is about you, but you seem to bring a curse,' says I. 'You kill everybody that is fool enough to care anythin' about you and do for you.'

"She stared at me, and she was pretty pale.

"'And Maria ain't the only one you're goin' to kill,' says I. 'You're goin' to kill Doctor Malcom before you're done with him.'

"Then a red color came flamin' all over her face. 'I ain't goin' to kill him, either,' says she, and she begun to cry.

"'Yes you *be?*' says I. Then I spoke as I had never spoke before. You see, I felt it on account of Erastus. I told her that she hadn't any business to think of another man after she'd been married to one that had died for her: that she was a dreadful woman; and she was, that's true enough, but sometimes I have wondered lately if she knew it, if she wan't like a baby with scissors in its hand cuttin' everybody without knowin' what it was doin'.

"Luella, she kept gettin' paler and paler, and she never took her eyes off my face. There was somethin' awful about the way she looked at me and never spoke one word. After awhile I quit talkin' and I went home. I watched that night, but her lamp went out before nine o'clock, and when Doctor Malcom came driving past and sort of slowed up, he see there wasn't any light, and he drove along. I saw her sort of shy out of meetin' the next Sunday too, so he shouldn't go home with her, and I begun to think mebbe she did have some conscience after all. It was only a week after that that Maria Baker died, sort of sudden at the last, though everybody had seen it was comin'. Well, then there was a good deal of feelin' and pretty dark whispers. Folks said the days of witchcraft had come again, and they were pretty shy of Luella. She acted sort of offish to the doctor and he didn't go there, and there wasn't anybody to do anythin' for her. I don't know how she *did* get along. I wouldn't go in there and offer to help her, not because I was afraid of dyin' like the rest, but I thought she was jest as well able to do her own work as I was to do it for her, and I thought it was about time that she did it and stopped killin' other folks. But it wasn't very long before folks began to say that Luella herself was goin' into a decline jest the way her husband, and Lily, and Aunt Abby, and the others had, and I saw myself that she looked pretty bad. I used to see her goin' past from the store with a bundle as if she could hardly crawl, but I remembered how Erastus used to wait and 'tend when he couldn't hardly put one foot before the other, and I didn't go out to help her.

"But at last one afternoon I saw the doctor come drivin' up like mad with his medicine chest, and Mrs. Babbit came in after supper and said that Luella was real sick.

"'I'd offer to go in and nurse her,' says she, 'but I've got my children to consider, and mebbe it ain't true what they say, but it's queer how many folks that have done for her have died.'

"I didn't say anythin', but I considered how she had been Erastus's wife and how he had set his eyes by her, and I made up my mind to go in the next mornin', unless she was better, and see what I could do; but the next mornin' I see her at the window, and pretty soon she came steppin' out as spry as you please, and a little while afterward Mrs. Babbit came in and told me that the doctor had got a girl from out of town, a Sarah Jones, to come there, and she said she was pretty sure that the doctor was goin' to marry Luella.

"I see him kiss her in the door that night myself, and I knew it was true. The woman came that afternoon, and the way she flew around was a caution. I don't believe Luella had swept since Maria died. She swept and dusted, and washed and ironed, wet clothes and dusters and carpets were flyin' over there all day, and every time

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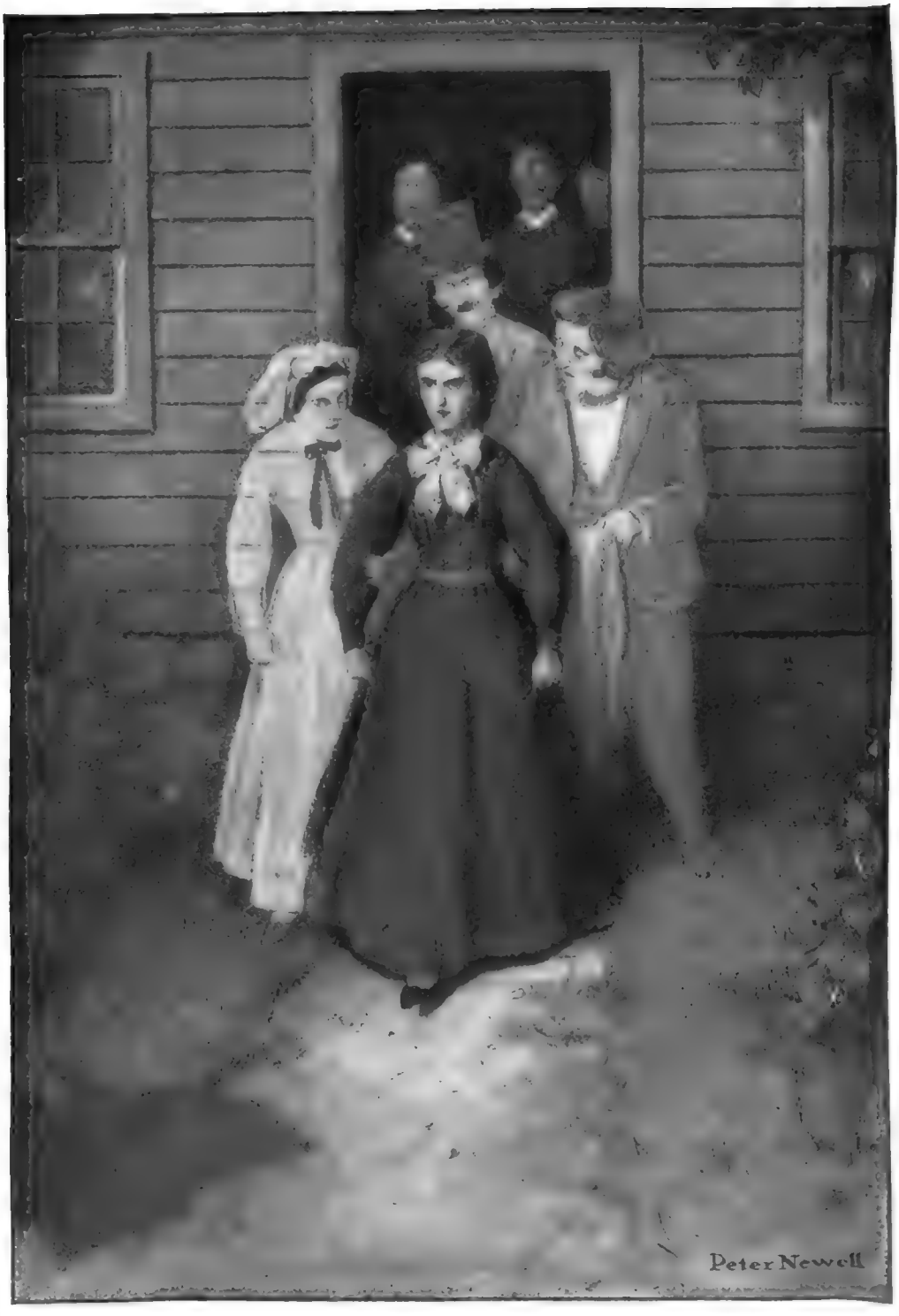

"'ALL BUT LUELLA SHONE WHITE IN THE MOONLIGHT.'"

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Luella set her foot out when the doctor wasn't there there was that Sarah Jones helpin' of her up and down the steps, as if she hadn't learned to walk.

"Well, everybody knew that Luella and the doctor were goin' to be married, but it wan't long before they began to talk about his lookin' so poorly, jest as they had about the others; and they talked about Sarah Jones, too.

"Well, the doctor did die, and he wanted to be married first, so as to leave what little he had to Luella, but he died before the minister could get there, and Sarah Jones died a week afterward.

"Well, that wound up everythin' for Luella Miller. Not another soul in the whole town would lift a finger for her. There got to be a sort of panic. Then she began to droop in good earnest. She used to have to go to the store herself, for Mrs. Babbit was afraid to let Tommy go for her, and I've seen her goin' past and stoppin' every two or three steps to rest. Well, I stood it as long as I could, but one day I see her comin' with her arms full and stoppin' to lean against the Babbit fence, I run out and took her bundles and carried them for her to the house. Then I went home and never spoke one word to her, though she called after me dreadful kind of pitiful. Well, that night I was taken sick with a chill, and I was sick as I wanted to be for two weeks. Mrs. Babbit had seen me run out to help Luella and she came in and told me I was goin' to die on account of it. I didn't know whether I was or not, but I considered I had done right by Erastus's wife.

"That last two weeks Luella she had a dreadful hard time, I guess. She was pretty sick, and as near as I could make out nobody dared go near her. I don't know as she was really needin' anythin' very much, for there was enough to eat in her house and it was warm weather, and she made out to cook a little flour gruel every day, I know, but I guess she had a hard time, she that had been so petted and done for all her life.

"When I got so I could go out, I went over there one morning. Mrs. Babbit had just come in to say she hadn't seen any smoke and she didn't know but it was somebody's duty to go in, but she couldn't help thinkin' of her children, and I got right up, though I hadn't been out of the house for two weeks, and I went in there, and Luella she was layin' on the bed, and she was dyin'.

"She lasted all that day and into the night. But I sat there after the new doctor had gone away. Nobody else dared to go there. It was about midnight that I left her a minute to run home and get some medicine I had been takin', for I begun to feel rather bad.

"It was a full moon that night, and just as I started out of my door to cross the street back to Luella's, I stopped short, for I saw something."

Lydia Anderson at this juncture always said with a certain defiance that she did not expect to be believed, and then proceeded in a hushed voice

"I saw what I saw, and I know I saw it, and I will swear that I saw it on my death bed. I saw Luella Miller and Erastus Miller, and Lily, and Aunt Abby, and Maria, and the doctor, and Sarah, all goin' out of her door, and all but Luella shone white in the moonlight, and they were all helpin' her along till she seemed to fairly fly in the midst of them. Then it all disappeared. I stood a minute with my heart poundin', then I went over there. I thought of goin' for Mrs. Babbit, but I thought she'd be afraid. So I went alone, though I knew what had happened. Luella was layin' real peaceful dead on her bed."

This was the story that the old woman, Lydia Anderson, told, but the sequel was told by the people who survived her, and this was the tale which has become folklore in the village.

Lydia Anderson died when she was eighty-seven. She had continued wonderfully hale and hearty for one of her years until about two weeks before her death.

One bright moonlight evening she was sitting beside a window in her parlor when she made a sudden exclamation, and was out of the house and across the street before the neighbor who was taking care of her could stop her. She followed as fast as possible and found Lydia Anderson stretched on the ground before the door of Luella Miller's deserted house, and she was quite dead.

The next night there was a red gleam of fire athwart the moonlight and the old house of Luella Miller was burned to the ground. Nothing is now left of it except a few old cellar stones, and a lilac bush, and in summer a helpless trail of morning glories among the weeds, which might be considered emblematic of Luella herself.

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THOMAS JEFFERSON, AGE FORTY-SIX.

From an engraving of the plaster cast of the bust by the great French sculptor, Houdon, an intimate personal friend of Jefferson.

JEFFERSON'S GREAT DAY.

A Pregnant Scene from the Drama of American Independence.

By Alfred Henry Lewis.

"*This is true Liberty when free-born men,*
Having to advise the public, may speak free."
—Milton, translation from Horace.

[The founders of our American Commonwealth loom up large before us as legendary figures, moving an appointed course in the historical firmament. But they were men, living, loving, failing, striving as men do to-day, all innocent of the greatness of their parts and quite unconcerned save over the business in hand. This is the first of a series of sketches in which our great American statesmen will move as real human personalities and in the character and habit in which they lived.]

THE hour is on the threshold of evening —the evening of a dry and blistering Philadelphia July day. For full three burning, drouthy weeks the sun has played the tyrant unchallenged of a drop of rain; a truth whereof the grass, gray, spiritless and broken, and its friends the trees, sear of leaf and dust-cloaked, make despairing protest.

Seventh and Market Streets intersect in the far suburbs and make the centre of what is termed "The Fields." For a radius of a quarter of a mile about there is much emphasis of the respectable. The brick houses, culminating in elaborate white cornices, are rich and give one an impression of wholesome easy aristocracy.

There is a house at the crossing of Market and Seventh: a fair match for its fellows is this edifice. About it is a wide yard, fenced and protected against the casual cow—a yard spacious enough to merit the name of "grounds." This yellow brick, three-storied structure, set well back from the street line, is the one we seek.

On the second floor of the mansion a black man lights a dozen candles of wax. These are divided between two candlesticks with bronzed branches and make a hopeful glare that fills the whole apartment. Likewise they add to the intolerable heat and prove attractive to vagrant insects of the night.

There is a fine-faced, patient gentleman at the writing-desk in one corner. His look is high-bred, and consistent with the quiet albeit costly furnishings of the room, with its curtains of deep lace and its slim-legged chairs —stiff-backed and upright, yet comfortable in a hard mahogany way. He is garbed in the mode—long-flapped waistcoat, knee breeches, silk stockings, low shoes with buckles; cloth-

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ing all black save for the white ruffles of Flemish lace at wrist and throat. His coat to go with this costume lies on a chair, while in its stead he wears a loose jacket of dingy white slave-cloth, much stained of ink. Deep cuffs of plaited straw protect the ruffles at the wrists.

The patient gentleman lays down his quill to turn once or twice about the room and all with a homesick, weary air. He is over six feet tall, handsome, with a broad brow, a high nose, a wide, firm mouth and strong chin—the face of a patrician. The eyes are gray, and the hair, tied with ribbon in a queue, would be as red as a fox of the gentleman's own native Virginia were it not for a liberality of powder which leaves it white as his ruffles. The patient gentleman's age is thirty-three.

The letter writing is resumed, the patient gentleman, for all his patience, worrying visibly over his task and with a face full of that concern which is offspring of love and a want of reassuring information touching the ones loved. The letter is nearing a close:

"Ten will be enough to employ in the nailery—five for each furnace. Nor will it be hotter there than in the fields, and the hands will do well enough. It would be best, if you can find the right individual, to put over the blacks a white man who understands the business. He could manage them and see that they make good nails and do not slight the work. This manager should have not more than two hundred dollars a year. With that he should also have house room and five hundred pounds of pork.

"Keep, my dearest madam, watch over our little girl. Tell her I have her (with you, dear) ever in my mind. She should go earnestly about her drawing, her dancing, her French and her harpsichord, and such other studies as shall make her worthy the love of her friends. She should remember, too, not to run about

THOMAS JEFFERSON IN HIS OLD AGE.
From W. Sartain.

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without her bonnet, as it will make her ugly, and then we might not love her so much.

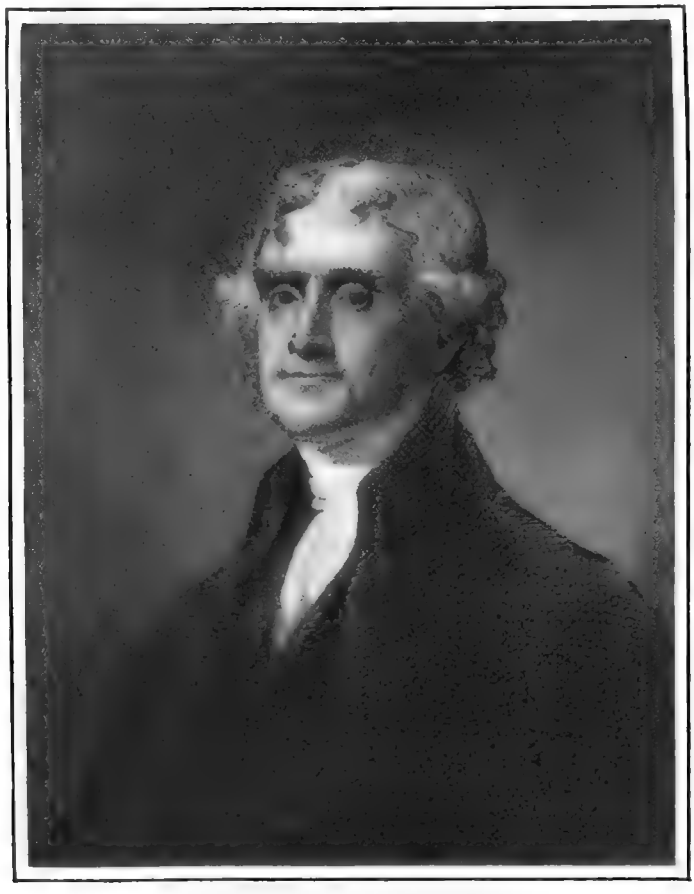
"Now, my dearest one, get a letter to me with all despatch. I've been seven weeks here without one word. During all that time I have never received a scrip of a pen from any mortal in Virginia, nor been able by any inquiries to hear one word of my family. My suspense, you may easily guess, is almost more than I can well bear. I know you are lonely without our dear mother so lately dead and gone from us. But bear it as cheerfully as you can for our little girl's sake; and if anything of disaster has chanced since I left you, for God's sake let me know it with all speed. With love to you and our little daughter, I am, dearest madam,

"Your loving husband and servant,

"THOMAS JEFFERSON."

. . . . . .

Leaving Mr. Jefferson to sand and fold and seal his letter to his wife at far-off Monticello, let us meet some mighty company on its way.



THOMAS JEFFERSON, AGE FIFTY-SEVEN.

From an engraving from the original portrait by Gilbert Stuart, painted in 1800.

The heavy man—of heavy hand and heavy foot and heavy face and heavy brow is he—is Franklin, printer, statesman, philosopher. His clothes are carelessly worn and rusty. That gentleman who plods through the dust of the bone-dry streets by Franklin's side is the famous Rittenhouse, mechanic, chemist, scholar, astronomer and philosopher. He is tall and slender, with a plain, soft, modest air and a face of no great depth; yet cool, attentive, clear. Behind Franklin and his learned companion trudges Hillegas, the Treasurer of the Continental Congress. Hillegas is a soul of tunes and music, cares little for questions of State, and talks much of forte and piano; he loves Jefferson because the latter plays the violin and owns a rare instrument, obtained of a departing Tory for the sum of thirteen pounds. The prim

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Photograph by Henry Troth.

MONTICELLO, JEFFERSON'S HOME, AS IT IS TO-DAY.

gentleman with something of the Puritan to his look, coupled with a severe mixture of wisdom, narrowness, vanity and self-love, is John Adams. Of the two to close up the rear of the little procession, one is broad and short and girthy—bluff Ben Harrison of Virginia; the other, his companion, a gentleman of forty, wears a rich dress a trifle bordering on the foppish. This gentleman's face is good, but with a warmth of nose that is rather of the wine-cup than the weather. He is the celebrated John Jay of the Colony of New York.

Rittenhouse is talking of chemistry to Franklin.

"Nor do I," observes Rittenhouse, concluding some remarks on "alchemy" rather than "chemistry" more properly spelled, "nor do I, sir, altogether declare the philosopher's stone, which turns all to gold, a thing that does not exist."

"Should you find it," retorts Franklin, with a touch of sly, dry humor, "promise me to lose it again without delay, for I believe in my soul that mankind is wicked enough to continue slaughtering one another while they can find money enough to pay the butchers."

Adams is hectoring Hillegas concerning the Declaration of Independence, then under discussion before Congress these three days. Hillegas, who is thinking of Händel, hears never a word.

"England's motive, sir," Adams is saying, in his high voice, sharp with a grating conceit, "is nothing save a natural malice against liberty added to a jealousy for our commerce. But we shall free ourselves. We shall adopt this Declaration; after that, independence will become the fashion and liberty go with a rush. England will never be able to recover us, sir, once we break away."

"I do not fear England," puffed Harrison, who hears every word as he walks behind with Jay. "It is the Tories at home whom I apprehend."

"The home-grown Tory," replies Adams, contemptuously, "will count as nothing. He will fairly cease of himself unless we make him important and feather-tickle his vanity by bestowing too much pains upon his conversion. Leave the Tory to time. Time makes more converts than reason, and those who refuse the argument often yield to mere years. Independence—liberty—once achieved will draw everybody to it like a loadstone."

"Where is your Patrick Henry?" asked Jay of Harrison. "He was a man I much admired. You recall his speech in our last Congress? He fairly thrilled me when he said 'I'm no longer a Virginian; I'm an American!'"

"Henry is Virginia's Governor now," returns Harrison, "proud of his station and happy with £1,000 a year."

"Tell me something of this Mr. Jefferson whom we go to call on," remarks Rittenhouse; "I hear much of his elegance of manner, his learning and his erudition."

"You could not hear more than his merits," returns Franklin, with an earnestness that

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shows a feeling sincerely deep. "I am almost forty years his senior; I've travelled far and met many men, both high and low. Yet I've never met his like. It's as though one described a Crichton. He reads Latin and Greek, speaks French, Spanish and Italian, is studying German, and threatens Gaelic so soon as the necessary Scottish books arrive." Franklin smiles whimsically. "He can calculate an eclipse, survey an estate, tie an artery, plan a palace, try a lawsuit, write a book, break a horse, play a fiddle and dance a minuet."

"You might add to that," suggests Harrison, "that he can lift 1,000 pounds dead weight with his bare hands, and is a centaur when in the saddle. Incidentally, it might be as well to say that he is the author of that Declaration of Independence wherewith to-morrow we will, God willing, begin new history by adopting it."

The six gentlemen arrive at the yellow brick house at Seventh and Market Streets, and are bowed upstairs by the low-bending darky who answers their knock. Jefferson receives them with stately warmth. Rittenhouse is presented. Jefferson offers that scientist a pretty compliment or two.

"That stand I've seen go up on the Square," concludes Jefferson, "I'm told is intended by you as a vantage wherefrom to observe the coming transit of Venus."

Rittenhouse assents and invites Jefferson to be present on that scientific occasion and have part in the observations. There is a work of Jefferson's which will take precedence on that same scaffolding in both time and importance over the astronomer's pursuit of the flying Venus. Four days later the Declaration of Independence, for the first time, will be read publicly to men.

Pipes appear and tobacco and claret follow; claret, they say, is a fair hot-weather drink. Jay, careless of weather conditions, prefers Madeira, which also has its advent. Franklin waves aside both pipe and cup.

"My threescore years and ten," remarks Franklin, "are quite enough to carry without adding to their weight either alcohol or nicotine."

Politics—the state of the Colonies—their relations to England—the coming Declaration—are all discussed at once.

"For myself," remarks Adams, smugly pompous, "I regard this Declaration of Independence as already too much delayed. It would have come off better and kept the dust from our knees had we adopted it long ago instead of our abject first petition to the throne. I believe in backbone, sir, in standing erect—I come, sir, of a stiff people."

"There is always time to be stiff," replies Franklin, to whom, with Jay, Adams seems more particularly to address his remark.

Photograph by Henry Irwin.

THE ENTRANCE GATES, MONTICELLO.

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"Nothing is lost by a little bending—a little suppleness and slowness. The world is like a passage that is dark and low of roof; if one will but stoop a trifle as one goes through, one will miss many a thump."

"I cannot say, sir," observes Jefferson, turning to Adams, "that the Declaration has been too long deferred; but I assuredly would say so if it were now put off further. Falmouth and Norfolk have been burned; there have been Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill; Washington is in the field; in truth, our Independence has been already declared, and what we are now about is to put a pen and ink formality."

"Bunker Hill must prove a sore thought in England!" and Harrison, between deep puffs of tobacco, speaks unctuously and with relish. "Ten hundred and fifty-four dead and wounded; thirteen officers killed and seventy nursing gunshot wounds! Egad, that is more than Wolfe lost on the Plains of Abraham. Putnam and Ward and Warren and Knowlton and Old Stark showed them that day the metal of an American."

"The gentlemen you name," observes Franklin, "doubtless went some distance toward resolving in English minds the question, 'Will an American fight?'"

"And when," adds Adams, "Captain Morgan brought his riflemen from Williamsburg to Cambridge — six hundred miles in two weeks — it dawned on British dullness that Americans would march."

"And yet," comments Jay, with an air of half-sadness, "the tangle is a misunderstanding—a mistake. If we knew all the English know, if they knew all we know, in short, if both sides fully understood, there would be—there could be no war."

THE VIEW FROM MONTICELLO.

Overlooking Charlottesville, where Jefferson built his University of Virginia.

"Not so sure," and Jefferson's gray eyes begin to sparkle. "The conflict was not to be repressed. Primarily it arises from the fact that the present has outgrown the past and the old no longer fits the new. Immediately it comes from hereditary kings and an hereditary nobility—the English folly of heaping importance on idiots by force of law. Hereditary lawmakers! One might as well talk of hereditary bricklayers or mathematicians! Voltaire is right. In a monarchy every man is born a hammer or an anvil. Kings and nobles are nothing save a conspiracy against the happiness of the people."

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"I have royal word," remarks Franklin, "for the royal position. It would incline to justify the clear vigor of our friend from Albemarle." Here the philosopher indicated Jefferson. "On one occasion Frederick the Great asked me, if I had kingly power how I would employ it. 'Sire,' I said, 'I would devote it to a conquest of liberty for all—for liberty's the natural privilege of man.' The king studied a moment and then replied: 'Doctor,' he said, 'that might do for you, but the coat does not fit me. I am a royalist by trade. Born a king, I will not employ my position to spoil my business. I was born to command; the people to obey!'"

There is a wailing strain to come floating forth from the bedchamber to the rear. It is the tuneful Hillegas, who, discovering the precious Tory violin, and loving not discussions of State, has retired to what solitude he may and to a tender consideration of his beloved Händel.

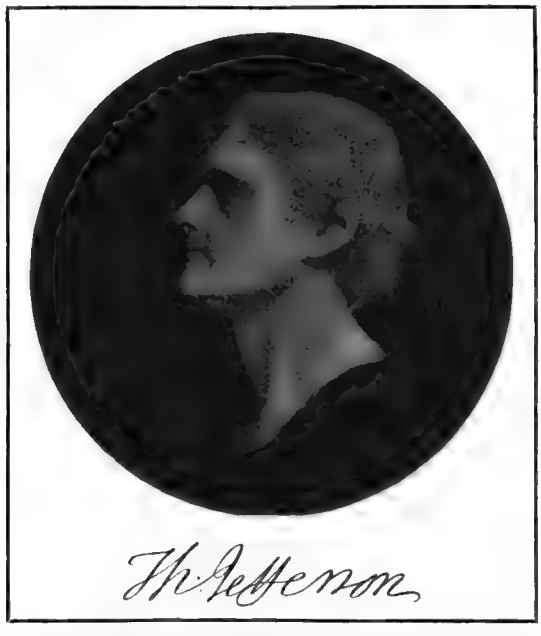
It is time to go, since it is hard by nine of the clock, and Franklin makes the signal of departure. There is much of courtly leave-taking. Hillegas goes last, parting with Jefferson politely enough, but from the violin with a reluctance which Franklin laughingly assures him trespasses upon the vulgar. The flustered treasurer, who knows only music and how to honestly keep money, is thereby much confused, for he holds Franklin a superior being in all matters, whether of philosophy, statecraft, literature, or etiquette. Jay, who, like Franklin, is pleased to tease the poor musician, consoles him with the assurance that Jefferson, being busy dismissing his guests, could not have noticed his vine-like clinging to the Tory fiddle.

As the gentlemen journey toward their lodging, Rittenhouse is first with comment.

"I was at particular pains," remarks Rittenhouse, "to observe Mr. Jefferson. He is magnificent—magnificent mentally, physically, and in a sense of education. One might travel throughout a long summer day and not encounter so perfect a man."

"Jefferson," returns the sage Franklin, with a shake of the head, "Jefferson is not so much the perfect man as the perfect citizen. As the man he has his defects; as the citizen he is as flawless as a star."

. . . . . .



From an engraving of the portrait painted by Gilbert Stuart in 1805, now in possession of the Jefferson family.

Sultry and with a dull throbbing of heat comes the morning of the Fourth of July, 1776. The old Carpenters' Hall begins to fill with the delegates of the thirteen Colonies. John Hancock takes his place as presiding officer. Hancock is a robust, coarse, florid figure of man; honest, dominating, vain, courageous, and an indomitable patriot, but one whose patriotism wants a bass drum for its full expression. As one's glance roves among the members, one notes the slim, delicate figure of Elbridge Gerry; the vigorous countenance of Samuel Adams, whose level eyes show as the seat of energy and powerful will.

Hancock and Adams are peculiarly distinguished. In every proclamation of the king offering tenderness to the Colonies and their violent citizenry, the clause, "Save and except John Hancock and Samuel Adams," has appeared. Their crimes are too black for pardon, their doom is minted, and they are to hang. They do not seem to stand in any gallows' shadow, these two; and they go about their treason with a steady common sense which King George and his ministry might emulate to England's profit.

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It is an hour heavy of promises and of the work performed. And yet there rises up the burlesque side. There lives a livery stable next door; a swarm of flies, preferring delegates to horses and abandoning the stable for the convention. The wide windows, with sash thrown high to tempt and bait the breeze and thereby disappoint the weather of some measure of sultriness, are invitations to the hungry enemy. They invade the hall in clouds; throughout this weightiest of debates—a debate to fix the fate of millions and draw a line of liberty through Time—the participants are made constantly to lash and whip their silken calves, employing in that defense their handkerchiefs. It is all ludicrous, this flap, flap of defensive cambric, as the battle of the flies proceeds while discussion rumbles and thunders.

Jefferson and John Adams are seated side by side. Jefferson takes no part in the discussion, since oratory is beyond him; first and last during his life he never speaks two words upon his feet. This should prove encouraging to would-be statesmen whose hope hesitates because they are not Ciceros.

The Congress prunes and edits the Jefferson draft of the Declaration rigorously. It adds nothing; it but strikes out. Jefferson's cut-and-thrust arraignment of the king because of an African slave trade which he fosters is erased

"It's as well, too," says Franklin, who, observing the silent Jefferson to wince, comes over for his consolation; "it's as well, too. For if King George steals the slaves, we buy them, and the receiver, my dear Jefferson, is as bad as the thief."

Jefferson shrugs his shoulders submissively.

The eloquent reminder of the "Mother Country's" evil employment of Hessians, and like mercenaries, is eliminated. "For," as argues Samuel Adams, quoting that Thetford corset-maker, Thomas Paine, "not England, but all Europe, is our 'Mother Country.'"

Franklin, as the clipping and trimming goes on and word and phrase are falling—all to the document's improvement—tells Jefferson a comic story of that man whose sign read, "John Thompson, Hatter. Hats made and sold here"; and which exposition found criticism and popular amendment until it was changed to simple "John Thompson," with naught save a foolish picture of a hat to follow. Jefferson smiles a bit feebly; he is only thirty-three, and no one may sit in comfort while his productions of pen are edited.

John Adams is now on his feet. He seeks strenuously some amendment, liking not the sentence, "All men are created equal."

"By the law of Nature," cries Adams, "men are men and not angels—men and not whales—men and not lions—men and not eagles—that is, they are all of the same species; and this is the most that the equality of man amounts to. A physical inequality, an intellectual inequality of the most serious kind is established unchangeably by the Author of nature, and society has a right to establish any other inequality it may judge necessary for its good."

But nobody agrees with Adams; the phrase is preserved, debate wags on, while a cambric-flapping war against the flies proceeds.

Franklin goes from delegate to delegate. His work is done by conversation. One overhears him whisper as he encounters some flicker of Toryism in Button Gwinnett of Georgia. "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God," a proverb afterward in the mouth of Jefferson. Franklin's is, when all is told, the great figure on the floor; so convincing that he might have been a second Toscanelli, to teach another Columbus a paradox and to reach the East by sailing to the West.

Jefferson and John Adams still sit together pleasantly enough for all the recent assault by Adams on the equality of man. And the future concerning these two is to hold a wonderful fact. Fifty years from that day both are to die. Adams, a man who reads Johnson's "Rambler" fresh from the press, is to live to enjoy Scott's novels and Byron's "Don Juan." For fifty years these two, Jefferson and John Adams, will be left like sentinels named of Providence guarding their work of liberty. Then, as though with a half-century of safety the last peril has departed the scene, their vigil will be relieved.

But neither forsees the end; they converse in guarded tones, while debate presses.

"Mr. President," says Jay, who rises last, and his words come gravely and reluctantly, as he who should lay down one evil to pick up a lesser, "I shall give my word and my hand to the adoption of the Declaration as amended. I would not pretend to that readiness in what I do which stands forth, and I may add, nobly forth, in the attitude

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of the honorable president and his colleagues of Massachusetts. It is not a lingering Toryism that besets me—it is no fear of what a future may hold. But I come of a colder strain and a quieter people, perhaps, than the gentlemen from New England. They are of the Ironsides—of the old Cromwell brood, and I am not. They carry rebellion in their blood and sucked in defiance of kings with the milk of their mothers. For two centuries their forebears have been forging them for freedom—for Republicanism; and the instinct of liberty lives congenitally within their breasts. In New York we are more conservative; we part slowly with the old, and our first steps toward the new are doubtful and uncertain. It is a sentiment—a reverence, one may suppose, for whatever long has been. And so do I approach this hour when we are to strike dead our existence as a part of England, and end forever our subject relations with the British Crown. Yet, while I sorrow, I do not falter; I lay aside the king for the people and take my place as an American, subject no more to English law. You have my vote, and shall have my hand to this Declaration; I shall go steadfastly with this business to the end, and let that end be what it may."

JEFFERSON.
From a French engraving of 1829.

And now comes the signing, amid jest and quip such as we read were present when Cromwell and Pym and their Roundheads signed that other Declaration of Independence a century and a third ago.

"John Bull may read that without spectacles," observes Hancock airily, when, as first of the Congress, he sets down his name. Later he says, "Gentlemen, we must hang together in this affair." To which Franklin, who has pen in hand, returns, "Sir, if we do not we shall all hang separately," and so he flourishes off "Benjamin Franklin" as though subscribing a letter. When Harrison signs—"Bluff Ben," whom Adams describes as "a luxurious, heavy gentleman"—he turns to the meager Gerry with the word that when they do hang, he (Harrison) will have so much advantage of his avoirdupois as to die instantly, while poor featherblown Gerry will perish miserably, kicking and strangling.

And now, when all have done, there comes adjournment; the delegates file forth and the task of American Independence is begun.

"The best lawgivers," observes John Adams, enthusiastically, as he leaves the hall with Jefferson, "the best lawgivers of antiquity would have rejoiced to live at a time like this, when three millions of freemen are for a first time in the world's history deliberately choosing their government and institutions."

Jefferson, with high brow and heart elate, scarce hears his companion's words. Adams, who is determined that none of his own fine surmises shall be lost, repeats the thought. Jefferson, roused to reply, agrees. Then after a moment:

"Liberty," he says with fine energy, "liberty from this day will be no longer a figment but a fact. The world will recognize the palpable truth that the mass of mankind were not born with saddles on their backs, nor a favored few, booted and spurred, ready to ride them legitimately by the grace of God."

. . . . . .

The first great Democrat was born on his father's estate of Shadwell, Virginia, April 2, 1743 (old style). The father, Peter Jefferson, was of Welsh and English strain. The original Jefferson, founder of the family, was early and prominent enough about Virginia to occur in the first legislature of

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the colony in 1619. The Jeffersons in England were of yeoman rank.

Thomas Jefferson at seventeen was tall, lank, awkward, mild and powerful, with enormous hands and feet; he owned red hair, green eyes, a wide mouthful of good teeth, and attended—thus featured and equipped—the William and Mary University. Here he mastered what was for that day a superb education, and at odd moments played dolefully a yellow violin to the nightly annoyance of faculty and fellow students. After college he studied law—and love—at Williamsburg, the latter science with a beauty named Miss Burwell. The law accepted him, but the lady did not. Whereupon he read Ossian for a bruised and broken heart. Later, combining love and thrift, he gave hand and heart to Martha Skelton, a young widow, rich and beautiful. The wedding took place on New Year's Day, 1772.

Although Jefferson was by nature literary rather than political, and would have avoided office, fate ordained that he should first and last hold place in the Virginia House of Burgesses; in Congress; as Governor of Virginia; as Envoy to France; as Washington's first Secretary of State; as Vice-President and, finally, as President of the United States for three terms.

While in the County Congress, as Chairman of the Committee of Five, named to that momentous end in the house of a friend in Philadelphia, with whom he lodged, Jefferson drafted the Declaration of Independence, and by this great work his name will live throughout time.

Jefferson died July 4, 1826, in his eighty-third year, on his estate of Monticello. On his tombstone, as recording those three labors by which he pinned his faith of fame, is inscribed:

"Here was buried Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of American Independence; of the statute of Virginia for religious freedom; and father of the University of Virginia."

Jefferson's rule as President was marked by the embargo against English trade, the punishment of the Barbary pirates, and his earnest attempts to gibbet Aaron Burr on the charge of treason.

Jefferson was a listener, a thinker, a reader and a writer. As an orator he was impossible and never made a speech in his life. But from the day when as a lad he was swept up in the verbal fires of Patrick Henry, until as a man of middle age he sat spellbound before Mirabeau, true oratory in his ears was a theme of music. Born a patrician, in the Virginia sense, Jefferson's democracy when it did arrive was of the rabid sort; and he is distinguished as a pioneer in the abandonment of buckles for shoelaces, in lengthening knee-breeches to the present hideous length of democratic trousers, in combing his hair out of pigtail, and declining flour as a hair powder. Wise to the last flicker of life's candle, the old age of Jefferson knew no dotage, and his dying words, vibrant with triumph, were "This is the Fourth!"

MONTICELLO AS IT WAS IN JEFFERSON'S TIME.
From an old print.

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THE WINNER OF A SEVENTY-FIVE-YARDS DASH.

RECONSTRUCTION BY PHYSICAL CULTURE.

The Making Over of Miss Marion Whitcomb.

BY

ANNE O'HAGAN.

WHEN Marion Whitcomb had been a school teacher in Worcester she had been painfully conscious of the fact that between her and the goddess Diana there was a great gulf fixed—and not merely a chronological one. But she had not sought to bridge it. The children by day and examination papers by night made it plain to her that her best plan was to believe in the adage, "Handsome is that handsome does."

When she became her eccentric uncle's heiress the matter assumed a new complexion. Marion ardently longed herself to assume a new one. The figure which in another decade would be lumbering answered well enough for Marion Whitcomb, spinster teacher. The skin inclining a little to sallowness, the lack-luster hair, the general want of spontaniety and fire, which are at the very core of beauty, these were not to be warred against by the teacher. But for a young woman of unlimited means and leisure, there were other possibilities.

She did not go, like the young person of fiction, to teachers. She had studied enough. If her French smacked a little of Worcester, it was nevertheless intelligible in Paris. If her piano-playing was uninspired, it was at least correct. Of Greek and Latin she had enough.

Nor did she go to a teacher of manners, like other suddenly enriched heroines of romance. Shades of the Pilgrims forbid! If her code was not that of the new world in which she was to move—then the new world must revise its code. It was quite impossible that a descendant of the Mayflower should take any other view of etiquette.

So she came to New York, and without loss of time directed her feet toward a gymnasium. She had heard of resorts where men, worn by their labors or their dissipations, were made new; where the wrinkles were smoothed from their brows, the bags ironed out from under their eyes, the pasty skin of the office or the hotel corridor turned into something firm and ruddy. She looked for a place where women also might be made over, though their physical shortcomings were the work of nature and the schoolroom, rather than the stock-ticker and the barkeeper.

She had some difficulty in finding such an institution. Gymnasiums in plenty there were. There were gymnasium teachers who promised her physical perfection under their teaching, in periods ranging from five weeks to as many years. But in addition to perfect manners, the Pilgrims have bequeathed to their descendants a modicum of common sense. Marion looked at these dispensers of beauty, themselves fat, flabby, or leatherlike and scrawny; dull, dispirited, or nervous and hysterical. She continued her quest. She fled from the institute of mechanical massage where, dozing in a chair, she was supposed to be made perfect by the action of numberless little wooden balls operated by electricity. She shook her head at the representations of the lady who declared bodily perfection to be attained by reducing the mind to a state of Buddha-like contemplation. The asseverations of the gymnast, who maintained that in stage-dancing and in it alone are to be found the principles of perfect development, seemed to her unsound.

In the course of time she came to a gymnasium where the superintendent was a living advertisement for the method—a

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tall, well-proportioned woman, built on Greek lines, yet wearing the clothes of Paris without anachronism. To her Marion spoke.

"I want to be made a perfect woman," she announced bluntly. "Can you help me?"

The gymnasium instructor looked her over keenly.

"I think that I can," she said. "But I can't be sure until after you have been examined. You may have some organic complaint which will render impossible the exercises necessary for perfection."

Thereupon Marion was conducted to a dressing-room where she donned a garment not more confining than those which statues wear. Clad in that, she was subjected to a variety of ordeals. Her breathing capacity was tried, her lifting capacity, the strength of her arm and leg muscles, the action of her heart, the condition of her lungs. Then she was taken to a dark room and put through such a test as she had not known even when she first assumed glasses to read and write by.

The gymnasium teacher received the report on the candidate's condition with an approving nod.

"You'll do," she said succinctly. "I can help you a great deal, provided you are willing to obey me."

Marion stated that she was able and willing to pay any price for attaining her object. The gymnasium teacher smiled.

"It is a question of time and obedience quite as much as of money," she said. "In six weeks you will begin to feel a change if you follow instructions closely, and in six months your tailors and your dressmakers will be taking new measurements. In less than six months your old friends will be telling you how well you look."

"Or how well prosperity agrees with me," interpolated Marion.

"But it will be quite a year before strangers will remark what a stunning looking girl Miss Whitcomb is. And that, I take it, is what you desire."

Marion laughed and nodded.

"Are you willing to give the year and the obedience?" asked the instructor.

"I am," solemnly declared the aspirant for beauty.

She was conducted through the gymnasium. It was a large building, equipped with all the latest devices for heating and ventilation. On the lowest floor were four rooms devoted to handball, bowling and squash. Back of these was a swimming-pool with constantly changing water playing green against its marble sides. On the next floor the reception room, as well as lecture rooms, offices and reading-rooms. The third floor was devoted to the exercise rooms. These were broad, long and light. Against the walls were flat wicker couches. One room had a heavily matted floor for wrestling and tumbling. A billiard room, a running track, shower baths and lockers completed the working establishment.

Marion became an inhabitant of this institution. Not only her exercises, but her rest was to be under competent direction. Not only was she to be taught all manner of sports, but her diet was equally a matter of prescription.

Renunciation, she discovered, was the first step toward beauty. The number of things she had to abstain from amazed her. She gave up desserts and candy, she gave up thick soup, and was deprived of her corsets for a time; even pillows were taken away from her. The habit of reading in bed, which had been her delight, was at once repressed, and she strove diligently to avoid expressing interest in conversation by muscular facial contortions.

She was first taught to do properly what she had done instinctively, but never correctly, since the days of her unconscious childhood. She was taught to breathe. It was in order that this lesson might be learned that corsets were for a time abandoned, for it was an axiom of the wise woman to whom Marion had gone for assistance that the five-minute exercise at morning or at night, or the hour's exercise two or three times a week, is not what counts most in the search for health and beauty, but the hour-by-hour way of life.

Marion had to breathe constantly, therefore the first obstacle to perfect breathing was removed.

She was awakened every morning at six o'clock by an attendant, who brought her, not a cup of coffee, but a steaming pint of hot water. On this her instructress laid great stress, for she believed with the celebrated stomach specialist that two quarts of water drunk between meals would cure most of the digestive ills that flesh is heir to. Then, for five minutes, she took breathing exercises before an open window, standing in heelless, warm, bedroom shoes, and protecting herself against the cold by a heavy negligée. For fifteen minutes more she went

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through a series of light gymnastic exercises without apparatus. These were designed to straighten her shoulders somewhat bent by stooping over papers, and exercises to broaden her chest, to strengthen her back, to make her joints supple. A cold bath followed. And Marion learned early in her career as a beauty-seeker that the bath was a most important aid. It was followed by a brisk rubbing, which brought the blood to the surface of the body, refreshing and rejuvenating the skin.

After this her hair was brushed for ten minutes, not haphazard as she had been wont to brush it in the days of her school-teaching, but almost scientifically. It was divided into four parts, and each part was brushed from root to end in long, even, gentle but firm strokes. Then it was dressed in the simplest possible manner.

The morning costume was prescribed as rigorously as the morning exercises. Its chief object was to avoid all fettering bands which could hinder proper breathing. It consisted of China silk bloomers and a short-skirt suit, with low-heeled, broad-toed shoes. Arrayed in this, Marion sought the breakfast table.

The breakfast was not the one to which Marion's New England training had inclined her. There were no doughnuts, no cakes. The codfish ball, the brown bread swimming in butter, even the heavy and nutritious bean were no longer for her. She inclined toward over-stoutness. Her diet therefore excluded all things fattening. She had a tending toward indigestion, with its accompanying sallowness, and therefore all things greasy were banished. Fruit she had, toast or zweiback, eggs, weak tea or coffee, both without milk or sugar, as she preferred. But of these there was no limit placed upon her consumption. Occasionally a broiled chop or piece of broiled steak replaced the eggs, but these were served in so many varied forms that the diet did not seem monotonous.

After breakfast she rested for a short time. No violent exercise was ever permitted immediately following a meal. Breakfast being a light repast, an hour only elapsed between it and the horse back ride, the swimming lesson or the Turkish bath. Each of these Marion had twice a week. The two former were designed to exercise her muscles and increase the circulation of her blood. The Turkish baths were aimed at her dingy complexion and her over-avoirdupois. A slender girl would have taken them only once a fortnight; or had there been any indication of heart trouble in her case they could not have been permitted at all, except under medical restrictions, the intense heat of the hot rooms being seriously debilitating.

Back at her gymnasium home, Marion rested until luncheon. She did not rest with a book in her hands, or a bit of fancy work, or a letter pad, as had once been her custom. She lay flat on her back on a wicker couch in a darkened room. No collar restricted her neck, no bands or belts her waist. She breathed the long, deep abdominal breath she had been taught to take, until she sometimes fell asleep. And always after an hour of this, her lassitude disappeared.

Luncheon was a simple meal. Potatoes, macaroni, beets and all manner of starchy vegetables were denied her. But of spinach, lettuce, tomatoes, asparagus, celery and squash she was given all her appetite demanded. The meats she ate were either roasted or boiled. Few "made" meat dishes found their way to the gymnastic table, for the object of the meals was to give the body as much nutriment as possible without overworking the stomach. Of desserts, fruits either raw or cooked were alone permitted. The training table of a college athlete was not more austere.

After the necessary interval between luncheon and exercise, Marion went to the gymnasium proper. Here for an hour she went through exercises, beginning with the simple dumbbell and wand movements known to all school-children and developing gradually into intricate and complex manoeuvers. Some afternoons she had a fencing lesson, on others she was taken to a golf course, or perhaps a driving teacher instructed her in the gentle art of guiding a pair of spirited ponies among the confusion of vehicles on Fifth Avenue.

Dinner was a meal, as the others of the day had been, remarkable for the things she was denied. Probably this renunciation of the edibles for which she cared most would have been extremely distasteful to Marion had she been obliged to make it in a company where others ate what they pleased. But here there were no temptations—all fared alike, for the head instructress conformed to the same plain regimen she prescribed for her pupils. At the end of two months the seeker after perfection began to be a different

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woman. Her blood flowed so much more swiftly and steadily through her veins, her lungs expanded so much more readily as she breathed, her step was so much more springy and buoyant—in short, she felt so much better, that she could not, if she would, quarrel with the regimen which was bringing her vigor and in its wake gladness.

The day's tasks ended, all restrictions ceased. Until the hour of nine Marion's time was her own. She might read or write letters, or play on the excellent grand piano in the parlor of the gymnasium, or take a hand at whist with the little corps of instructors. But at nine o'clock the seeker after beauty said "good-night," and retired to her airy sleeping-room. There she resigned herself to the comforting manipulations of her maid, an expert masseuse. She was rubbed with alcohol; then her limbs were vigorously kneaded to refresh the muscles strained by the hard exertions of the day. Her face was very gently rubbed with cocoa butter to feed and soften the skin. Massage is a great sleep inducer, for it diverts the blood from the brain, promotes an even circulation, and calms the nerves. Delightfully soothed, Marion, before she was aware, had dropped off into a dreamless sleep.

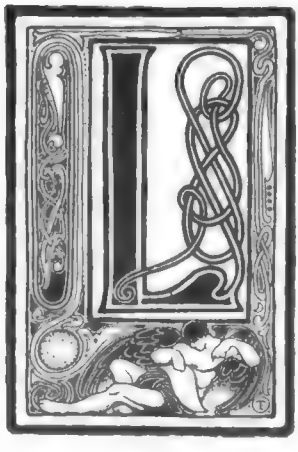
On the last night of her twelvemonth ordeal, Marion, dressed for a ball, stood in front of her mirror. It reflected a tall, erect woman, whose lithe figure and easy poise suggested supreme health and strong muscles. She surveyed her arms, now round and symmetrical and firm as marble. The curving lines of the shoulders, the superb fulness of the chest, the tapering grace of the waist, the clear eyes, the tinge of color in the cheeks, were in striking contrast to the flabby, corpulent figure and hollow face she had brought to the gymnasium. Now she had control of herself. She walked lightly, buoyantly, swiftly. She breathed deeply, and her blood flowed strenuously in her veins. The image that confronted her was certainly a reconstructed Marion Whitcomb.

At the ball, as Miss Whitcomb stood talking to her chaperon, she heard a man standing a little way off, who had just pointed her out to his companion, say:

"Who is that stunning looking young woman?"

LIFE'S PERFECTION.

By Albert W. Barker.



LIFT the bent brow and tired eyes
Beyond the fingers' ends; fret not too much
With works another generation's touch
Shall lay with everything that dies.

For life of perfect strength must fuse
The gains of many gifts, and toil be blent
With awe, with love and knowledge reverent,
Each in its place and measured use.

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DAN FLYNT'S "BOOST."

By Holman F. Day.

Author of "Up in Maine," etc.

UP the slope of the birch-bordered highway a white horse pudged with rolling gait, drawing an old man in a farm wagon. There was no sound except the chitter of a chipmunk on the wall and the snarl of a catbird in the thicket. Suddenly a surprising apparition swung into sight ahead—a tousle-headed youngster astride a rattling contrivance composed of a barrow-wheel and a spinning-wheel geared together, the spinning wheel "tracking" its smaller neighbor. The horse gave one wild glare of astonishment at the spectacle, crouched, backed, "cramped" the wheel, and turned cart and old man bottomside-up in the gutter. The boy, with a startled yell, sheered off, bumped against a wayside boulder, and fell into the bushes.

In an instant the old man was out from under the cart and the next moment he had the boy by the collar, roaring, "Consarn ye for a tew-legged young land pirut! Ye're allus doin' suthin', scarin' hosses and raisin' Tophet. I'll fix ye!"

Still twisting his hand in the boy's collar, he tore a withe from a nearby bush and began to stripe the howling youngster with all the strength of his arm.

"Ye've c'rupted all the boys in the neighborhood with your notions and tricks," panted the old man. "Hain't a woman in the town o' Sangerville is willin' to have ye play with her boys." The switch vigorously emphasized the old man's disfavor. "There, blame ye, take that wallopin' and see if ye can keep your machines out o' the public highways after this."

Throwing the weeping boy to one side, the angry man strode to the makeshift bicycle and jumped upon it, crushing the spokes and framework beneath his heavy boots. He trotted away, leaving the lad surrounded by the pathetic débris and sobbing with heartrending gulps. He was still choking with dry little sobs when another man drove up.

"Wal, sonny, ye don't look so happy as that 'ere squirrel that's laughin' jest behind ye."

The boy looked up and then stared mistily down at his red-ridged bare legs.

"Up and out with it, bub! What ails ye? Hain't no boo-hooin' 'lowed on this ro'd. This is Sunshine Street. If ye want to cry go 'long down on Snuffler Av'noo. What's the trouble?"

"Mister Graves licked me and busted my thingum-a-jig," the boy snuffled through his sobs.

"Did—he—, though!" in tones of commiseration. "What for?"

"Scart his hoss."

"What was it—that tew-wheeled jigger I see'd ye ridin' on a few days ago along here?"

"Er-har, and that's it layin' there and I worked on it two months and there hain't no more wheels where them come from." Again, as his desolate prospects occurred to him, the boy fell to weeping.

"Now hush that up or ye'll scare my hoss, too," blustered the kindly interrogator. "There's nothin' that starts him like bellerin'. Sime Graves didn't have no bus'ness to bust your whatever-ye-call-it, but now it's done there ain't no use bellerin'. Don't go through life cryin' 'bout things, youngster; but I wisht I'd a-taken a good look the other day at that whee-jigger o' yourn. What was it?"

"Well, I rigged up two wheels, one before the other," explained the boy, his interest

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bringing him out of his grief. "The big wheel was behind, and I had a belt on the hub of it and run it by foot power. Ye could sail right along on it pretty good, I tell ye, mister."

"Reckin ye could. Kind o' velocipede thing, hey?"

"It looked something like pictures of 'em I've seen, but I never knew of a velocipede like mine with a belt runnin' to the hind wheel."

"I swan it sounds kind o' ingenious," exclaimed the man. "Hain't ye one of them poorer-'n-produc Maxim boys?"

"Yes, sir."

"Kind o' take a-leanin' to tools, don't ye?"

"Yes, sir."

"Would ye like to have a chance to git into a place where ye can git holt of all the tools ye need?"

"Yes, sir; very much."

"Wal, ye run home and tell your folks that Dan Flynt wants an apprentice in his carriage shop, and if they're willin' for ye to come and work for me, be 'round to-morrer mornin' bright and early."

And the boy was there in the morning.

As he and his employer worked side by side that first day, Flynt talked the "man talk" with him as though the youngster were a veteran. The boy's eyes glistened, and little by little he let out his plans and his crude aspirations. The carriage builder knew the family as one that had always been unfortunate—a family that had been a pioneer in the Maine woods, had struggled in cut-downs and clearings, but had failed of being forehanded.

"I reckon, youngster," he said one day, "that the trouble with your folks has been they've been tryin' to use machinery brain to fertilize handwork potaters. You've got a father that can out-figger any one in town on the barn door, but he don't git the crops. Your crowd hain't farmers and never will be. Jest you stay with Dan Flynt for a while and see if ye can't strike out a new family lead I reckon it's in ye. When a new idee hits ye, don't be bashful about speakin' of it. Ye hain't goin' to be no slave here with Dan Flynt. If ye feel a hankerin' to wrassle with the tools on your own hook once in awhile, I'll cut a noonin' short and make up what ye don't do."

In a few months Dan Flynt was bragging about his apprentice.

"Smart! He's quicker'n scat, mind and body," he declared. "T'other day when I was out of the shop a man come in to see me. Boy told me about it when I got back. 'Ought to asked his name,' says I. 'Forgot it,' says he, ' 'cause I was so busy workin'. But here's what he looked like.' And he took a spoke brush and in tew minutes he had drawed that man's face so slick that I knew right off that it was old Jeff Dinslow. Awhile ago he painted a squirrel on the dasher of my pung, and that design has took so well that ev'ry man that's had a sleigh painted at our place had to have that squirrel on his dasher. The curi's thing is he lays all his git-up-and-git to me 'cause I took him in and giv' him tools to work with. Cat's foot! The man that would see a smart youngster like that and not give him a hail and a boost would be a mighty mean critter."

But despite his employer's vigorous disclaimers, the boy knew how much the kindly counsel, the constant approbation in the gentle face and the sunshine in the benignant gray eyes meant in the way of encouragement.

And when at last the day of destiny came and the work-stained palm was laid on the youngster's shoulder, and when the voice, trembling with deep feeling, said, "Bub, it's time for ye to git into a bigger place than my little carriage shop," the boy knew it was the truth and for the best. But he demurred and said that now when at last he could be of some real use to his employer he felt that he ought to stay.

"Ye shan't do no sech thing," roared Flynt with assumption of anger. "I won't have ye 'round here. Ye're gittin' so many big schemes and notions in your head ye hain't wuth a copper bung-down in a country carriage shop. Ye're more off-set than good and I shan't have ye round."

He did not return to that little Piscataquis County town in Maine until his hair was white and his beard silver. When he came he brought a stately wife from across the sea and he abode for weeks beneath the humble roof-tree of his old employer.

The newspapers made note of the fact that "Sir Hiram Maxim, of England, is passing a few weeks in Maine at the home of Daniel Flynt in Piscataquis County."

There were many who wondered why the great gunmaker and inventor had buried himself in the country during his stay in

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America. Sir Hiram and Dan Flynt understood, however.

One evening, when all the medals were spread out on the patchwork quilt in the spare room and after Sir Hiram had been pointing out which came from the Queen of England, which from the Czar and which from the other potentates of Europe, through all the glittering list, he leaned back and his big brown eyes grew luminous in retrospection.

"Dan," he said, "you and I made a pretty good start together when you boosted me into usefulness off that wayside rockpile. But the lift was so sudden that I clean forgot to perfect one invention that might have been our biggest hit. Do you remember it?"

"I swanny I can't say as I do, Hiram," Flynt returned with a puzzled look.

"You remember the day you found me sitting beside the road in Sangerville crying my heart out after old Graves had licked me?"

"Never'll forgit that, Hiram."

"Well, that contrivance strewed around me that day represented the model of the first safety bicycle that ever had power applied to the rear axle. And I was thirty years ahead of the times with it."

"And there I was workin' ye ha'f to death with a draw shave and a paint brush," exclaimed Flynt with deep self-reproach.

"No, Uncle Dan, you were making a bare-legged, ragged little chap feel for the first time in his life that he had something in his head to keep his hands busy. What I have built is on the foundation you laid."

"And after all, Hiram," said the old man after a pause, "ye hain't ever seen the time that ye needed bicycle patents."

Their eyes sought the decorations spread on the quilt.

WHERE GOOD INTENTIONS FAIL.

By Will Payne.

Author of "The Story of Eva," etc.

RINER was the most exasperating of all Doctor Justin's patients. This was not because he seldom paid the bill. Others shared that distinction. But Riner had been two years at a freshwater college; he had a great memory for words, and a bent for the most miscellaneous and aimless reading. He knew the terminologies and the contents of various medical journals much better than the busy physician himself.

Riner was a small, spectacled, slatternly sort of man, with sandy hair, freckles and a receding chin, and all the stubbornness of a weak will. Slim, pale Mrs. Riner and the four young Riners required a good deal of medical attention, and they had fallen to Doctor Justin out of the proper order of things. When they moved into the small third-floor flat around on Williams Street, a bureau fell on the enterprising second Riner girl, who had climbed into the movers' van against orders. Somebody happened to remember Doctor Justin, and despatched a messenger, who caught the physician just as he was climbing into his carriage. Doctor Justin's practice lay quite in the opposite direction—along the boulevard and on the lake shore, for his name stood high and his bills were high, too.

He followed the messenger, found a small flat strewn with the wreckage of newly moved-in, shabby furniture, a distracted mother, three awestricken, tearful children on their legs, including the youngest, aged four, and the pain-racked girl on an improvised pallet of rugs and sofa pillows. He made an examination, called up his coachman, took off his coat and set up a bed, and when he left at noon, miles behind in his long list of calls, he had one bedroom pretty well settled and a nurse in charge. He went without luncheon and ate a cold dinner that day, and drove to the Riners' for his first call in the morning.

Then he met Mr. Riner, who casually explained that the confusion of moving made him so nervous that he always kept away—it unfitted him for work.

Doctor Justin was a large, full-blooded, heady man. "It's fortunate Mrs. Riner isn't so nervous," he observed, looking hard at the man who had to keep away from nerve-hurting things. The frail woman stood by, drying her tired hands on her apron, her pale face turning anxiously to the doctor and admiringly to her husband.

"What do you make of the case, doctor?" said the chinless father, looking at the physician as though about to engage in an interesting argument.

"Why, there are no bones broken," said the physician; "the only bad possibility is of an injury to the knee joint."

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Riner pushed out his stubby red mustache thoughtfully. "I inferred from your treatment that you thought so," he said calmly. "But now——" and then he poured forth a flood of scientific terms, a technical harangue such as Doctor Justin had scarcely heard since he left college twenty-five years before. The man had every awkward word in the books and twenty leading cases at his tongue's end. "There's that article of Schenck's now—a masterly thing. I brought it up and read it over last night." He lifted a fat, yellow-bound magazine from a littered table and offered it.

Doctor Justin glanced. "I don't read German," he said curtly.

"Oh, that's a pity. But of course you'll get something of it in English by and by. Of course, doctor, if you feel certain of yourself, I am inclined to take your judgment."

The successful, locally famous physician, long accustomed to speaking as spoke the centurion and ordering his rich patients about like children, merely stared. He hated to lose his temper, for it disturbed his mind. But he felt that he was losing it now. It was on the tip of his tongue to say, "Call in another physician." He had been aware of little Mrs. Riner listening with uncomprehending but doting admiration while her husband delivered himself. Now in the pause while he struggled with his temper he heard her voice saying with timid anxiety, "Shall I get the two kinds of bandages to-day, then, doctor?"

Before Riner appeared—it seemed that he had been eating his breakfast—she had asked the doctor with a sort of indescribable appeal whether she couldn't let the nurse go at the end of the week. "I feel sure I could take proper care of Martha, and our expenses are so heavy," she had said.

So when he spoke it was to her, "I have a lot of the bandages at the office. I'll send some over. I don't believe you could get them at the drug store."

And that was the way with Riner. It transpired, after a time, that one of the half-dozen starveling jobs which he intermittently pursued was to get up circulars for a fake patent medicine house. He was a scholar and willing to do anything scholarly.

After this there were plenty of calls upon Doctor Justin's professional services, and he always responded, giving rather more of drugs and appliances, to say nothing of his valuable time, than he ever got out of Riner in money. And every time Riner argued. He was fuller of arguments than a puppy is of tricks. He launched his interminable store of scientific terms. He seemed to have a kind of dusty glee in entangling the physician in hard words. He appeared to read everything. Doctor Justin secretly accused him of taking pleasure in his wife's and children's illnesses for the opportunities they gave him to dispute. To this chinless father the patient seemed to be simply a subject for discourse, while to the hard-worked physician it was, above all, a suffering human.

So Riner exasperated Doctor Justin to such a degree that there was a fascination in it. The doctor had to try it again just to see whether it was really as bad as he had thought. In bitterness of spirit he admitted that he was prejudiced against Riner, who, after all, was nothing worse than shallow and rather selfish. Certainly his wife thought him a paragon, and his children were decently fond of him. He had to admit that Riner had read an amazing lot. When, in his innocent glee over that indulgence, he incautiously mentioned some ventures in the way of first editions, Riner at once told him more about bibliography than he had ever dreamed of. Taking him on this ground, where the good doctor was rather at sea at best, Riner fairly deluged him until he had not even an Ararat to stand on.

Then Bobbie Riner, the youngest, having reached the discreet age of six, climbed on the railing of the third-story porch and fell off.

"The hip has undoubtedly been injured," said Doctor Justin to Riner, the third day.

"But do you think it's the hip, now, doctor? There's——" and the flood began. There was So-and-So's journal, now, just published in Paris; and here were the right symptoms—in short, wasn't it the spine instead of the hip that was hurt? For—and a tangle of scientific terms followed.

"Nevertheless, it's the hip we'll treat," said Doctor Justin, decisively.

"Well, you can treat it," said Riner cheerfully; "but I'm convinced you're wrong."

The treatment continued; but the case proved baffling. Two weeks, four weeks, six weeks passed. Bobbie, very small and white and suffering, lay on the pillow and looked dully up at the physician's intent, frowning face. Clearly this would not do.

"You'll find, doctor, it's as I tell you," Riner broke in.

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"Oh, thunder!" Doctor Justin snorted angrily; then shut his lips over the rest. He had never until that moment really appreciated Riner's possibilities for being detestable.

He called in a famous specialist and there was a consultation. A second famous specialist was called in and there was another consultation.

The next day, being the day but one before Christmas, Mrs. Justin came upon her husband in the library with four insignificant looking books in his hand.

"Edward, what's the matter with you?" she said, with the air of a good wife who has let things go as long as her sense of duty will permit.

Doctor Justin sat down and passed his hand over his brow.

"It's that Riner boy's case, Jane," he answered. "I was dead wrong in my diagnosis. The injury was to the spine, as that jackass Riner said; not to the hip, as I said. Of course it was the merest chance—a thing that might happen once out of a million times. He didn't really know any more about it than that bookcase, and I knew a good deal. Yet I suppose it's my duty to tell him. I've meant to—but I'm not going to. I'm going to send him my first editions as a Christmas present."

THE JUDGMENT OF HIS PEERS.

By Frederick Trevor Hill.

Author of "The Minority," etc.

GORDON told us this story about Carteret one evening in the club corner shortly after the distinguished lawyer died. There was nothing in the conversation which led up to the tale to justify me in thinking it referred to Carteret, and perhaps my guess would never have been confirmed had it not been for Mason's assertiveness.

The story, as I remember it, ran something like this:

The Christmas dance at the Country Club had lasted until the "wee sma' hours" of the morning, when trains to town were few and far between, and the poker party, inaugurated as a stop-gap, ran far beyond its time limit. Therefore, when Gordon reached his rooms and found a note instructing him to appear for his client, The Merchants' Telegraph Company, in the —— District Police Court at 9 A. M., he had barely time to reach the court before the calendar was called. However, as the courtroom was cold no one suspected that his long overcoat concealed a dress suit. But Gordon was unpleasantly conscious of it as he stood near the Judge's desk and watched the long line of prisoners file across "the Bridge." There was nothing new to him in the sight of those miserables. He had seen them—or others like them—arraigned on that bridge dozens of times. It is not a cheerful picture under any circumstances, but, contrasted with the light and laughter and music of the Country Club, it suggested uncomfortable comparisons. Gordon studied the sickly faces, noted the blotched complexions and the bleary, tired eyes, and read in them the story of wasted and wasting lives. He knew the advisability of controlling police court sympathy, but this morning was an exception, and he permitted himself to moralize.

Had those unfortunates all had a fair chance in life? Was that battered and tattered creature over there solely responsible for his condition? Would that hard-faced girl with the damp, draggled skirt, leaning against the wall, be in that line if her circumstances had been a little—ever so little—different? What was the distinction between the dissipated-looking young fellow nearing the bridge and the befuddled gentlemen who were probably still in the card-room of the Country Club?

A policeman roughly jostled some of the prisoners near Gordon, swearing fiercely at them under his breath, and the lawyer quietly protested.

"Aw, they're nothin' but bums!" was the whispered answer.

A white-haired old woman, soiled and ragged to the point of filth, and so feeble that she could not ascend the bridge, stood beneath the Judge's desk.

"Vagrancy," reported the officer.

The Judge gave a quick glance of recognition at the squalid figure.

"Ten days, Mary," he ordered.

A protesting mutter caught his ear.

"What does she say, officer?" she asked.

The policeman bent down to the prisoner.

"She says won't you please give her three months," he reported.

"I said ten days," answered the Judge impatiently. "Tell her it's only ten."

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The officer stooped and whispered again.

"She says won't you please give her more, your Honor. Says she's nowhere to go and ten days'll turn her out in cold weather. Wants your Honor to remember it's near Christmas time," the man added with a grin.

"Make it three months," corrected the magistrate, not unkindly, but without smiling.

Police courts unsettle one's sense of humor.

The dissipated-looking young man whom Gordon had previously noticed was facing the Judge. He nodded at the question "Is that your name?" and leaned indifferently against the railing of the bridge. He was shabbily dressed, dirty and dishevelled. But there was something in his attitude which showed a spirit of self-respecting independence just verging upon defiance. Gordon had noted the flash of his eyes when a policeman had hastened him forward with a push. Few of the herd resent handling—not many of them notice it, and Gordon concluded that the man was not yet accustomed to police court familiarity.

Intoxication and disorderly conduct was the charge, and the complainant, a red-faced, bull-necked individual, was present to support it. What had the prisoner to say?

Nothing much. He had stopped at the complainant's stable and begged a lodging for his dog. It was, it appeared, more difficult to house one's dog than to take care of one's self when very out-at-elbows. Most people seem to think a poor man shouldn't own a dog. The prisoner had slept in the public square for two nights because no lodging-house would receive him and the dog, too. So he had addressed the stable man very civilly. "Go to the devil!" was the answer. The prisoner suggested that the complainant meant "come," but admitted his authority to issue the invitation. Whereupon the complainant kicked at the dog and missed him, and the prisoner struck at the stable man and didn't miss him. That was all there was to it except that he had had a few drinks at the nearest saloon. You have to have rum in you for a night on the benches in December.

Had he ever been arrested before? Yes, he had—once for being drunk and once for stealing a ride on the cars.

The answer was given with most imprudent defiance.

"Ten dollars—"

"I haven't got a cent, Judge."

"—Or ten days."

"Get down—step lively!"

"Wait a moment, officer!"

Gordon exchanged a few words with the prisoner and then turned and addressed the Court.

"If your Honor please," he began, "this prisoner has not asked me to represent him, nor do I voluntarily appear for him. I ask a hearing only as 'friend of the Court.'"

The Judge smiled and nodded.

Then Gordon commenced what he claimed would have been the greatest speech of his life had he not in his earnestness unbuttoned his overcoat and thrown it wide open, exposing his evening dress to the garish light of day. A shout of laughter from the audience instantly stopped his eloquence—and the shout became a roar as Gordon glanced down at his clothes in dismay and hastily tried to cover them with the wide flung lapels. In his haste, however, the buttons seemed greased and all his fingers proved thumbs. No sooner did he fasten one button than another slipped out, and at every fumble the audience roared anew, until at last when he ceased struggling and stood upright with every button forced into the wrong buttonhole, and the overcoat welted and skewed out of all shape, they absolutely howled—men and women—rocking to and fro on the benches and slapping one another's shoulders in their joy.

"Shure, yur Anner!" burst out Counsellor Finnegan, rising from his seat and wiping the tears from his eyes, "shure, yur Anner—I know now what is meant by—by a court costume. But I trust, your Anner, it'll create no pricedint, for t'would be hard sometimes to tell the prisoners from the counsel after a good night haul! However, yur Anner, our friend Mr. Gordon was after making a great speech and I'll go bail his man's a good man. I want to contribute a dollar toward payin' his fine—shure I've had that much fun!"

He handed a bill to Gordon as he spoke. There were people in that audience, however, who took Finnegan more seriously than he intended. A woman with a shawl over her head stepped forward and handed Gordon a quarter—and a burly tough followed with fifty cents.

"Your attorney's a dude—but you're all right!" he whispered to the prisoner.

"We sports have got to stand by one

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another," confided a horsey-looking personage with a wink, as he pushed some loose change into Gordon's hand. "Say, what kind of a dog's yours?" he added, turning to the prisoner.

"I'll be a dollar shy if he fines me ten, but I reckon one day more or loss won't hurt me," vouchsafed a rum-soaked character in the line, as he stepped forward and contributed a greasy bill.

"It's a Christmas present," whispered the hard-faced girl as she handed Gordon a quarter.

"They're not all bums," admitted the officer whom Gordon had reproved. "Take this for your man."

The fine was subscribed for and paid within five minutes.

Then Gordon turned toward the prisoner, looked him squarely in the eyes and held out his hand.

"This is Christmastide, my friend," he said. "A New Year is coming. You are free to make what you will of it. But more than a dozen men and women in this room have said to-day that they believe in you. It's the judgment of your peers, man—don't forget that. It's the judgment of your peers."

He never forgot it, Gordon told us. But more than that he would not say.

. . . . . .

It was some time after this that the antecedents of certain well-known people were under discussion in the club corner.

"There's a lot of queer history about New Yorkers that's never been written," observed Wilder regretfully.

"I'd heard that Carteret had a variegated career," I ventured.

"He did," asserted Mason. "He began life as a waiter."

Gordon shook his head.

"I know he did," insisted Mason. "He was a waiter in a beefsteak restaurant on Sixth Avenue. I've forgotten the name of the place, but——"

"The story does him no harm," interrupted Gordon quietly, "but the fact is, it isn't true."

"Well, I know it is!" contradicted Mason aggressively.

"And I know it isn't," retorted Gordon impatiently. "Carteret's first job in this city was as an usher in the Bentic Theatre. I ought to know," he added in a low tone; "I gave him his first dress suit."

HEARTS AND HANDS.

By Sydney Porter.

AT Denver there was an influx of passengers into the coaches on the eastbound B. & M. express. In one coach there sat a very pretty young woman dressed in elegant taste and surrounded by all the luxurious comforts of an experienced traveller. Among the newcomers were two young men, one of handsome presence, with a bold, frank countenance and manner; the other a ruffled, glum-faced person, heavily built and roughly dressed. The two were handcuffed together.

As they passed down the aisle of the coach the only vacant seat offered was a reversed one facing the attractive young woman. Here the linked couple seated themselves. The young woman's glance fell upon them with a distant, swift disinterest; then, with a lovely smile brightening her countenance and a tender pink tingeing her rounded cheeks, she held out a little gray-gloved hand. When she spoke her voice, full, sweet and deliberate, proclaimed that its owner was accustomed to speak and be heard.

"Well, Mr. Easton, if you *will* make me speak first, I suppose I must. Don't you ever recognize old friends when you meet them in the West?"

The younger man roused himself sharply at the sound of her voice, seemed to struggle with a slight embarrassment which he threw off instantly, and then clasped her fingers with his left hand.

"It's Miss Fairchild," he said, with a smile. "I'll ask you to excuse the other hand; it's otherwise engaged just at present."

He slightly raised his right hand, bound at the wrist by the shining "bracelet" to the left one of his companion. The glad look in the girl's eyes slowly changed to a bewildered horror. The glow faded from her cheeks. Her lips parted in a vague, relaxing distress. Easton, with a little laugh as if amused, was about to speak again when the other forestalled him. The glum-faced man had been watching the girl's countenance with veiled glances from his keen, shrewd eyes.

"You'll excuse me for speaking, miss, but I see you're acquainted with the marshal here. If you'll ask him to speak a word for me when we get to the pen he'll do it,

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and it'll make things easier for me there. He's taking me to Leavenworth prison. It's seven years for counterfeiting."

"Oh!" said the girl, with a deep breath and returning color. "So, that is what you are doing out here? A marshal!"

"My dear Miss Fairchild," said Easton calmly, "I had to do something. Money has a way of taking wings unto itself, and you know it takes money to keep step with our crowd in Washington. I saw this opening in the West, and—well, a marshalship isn't quite as high a position as that of ambassador, but——"

"The ambassador," said the girl warmly, "doesn't call any more. He needn't ever have done so. You ought to know that. And so now you are one of these dashing Western heroes, and you ride and shoot and go into all kinds of dangers. That's different from the Washington life. You have been missed from the old crowd."

The girl's eyes, fascinated, went back, widening a little, to rest upon the glittering handcuffs.

"Don't you worry about them, miss," said the other man. "All marshals handcuff themselves to their prisoners to keep them from getting away. Mr. Easton knows his business."

"Will we see you again soon in Washington?" asked the girl.

"Not soon, I think," said Easton. "My butterfly days are over, I fear."

"I love the West," said the girl, irrelevantly. Her eyes were shining softly. She looked away out the car window. She began to speak truly and simply, without the gloss of style and manner. "Mamma and I spent the Summer in Denver. She went home a week ago because father was slightly ill. I could live and be happy in the West. I think the air here agrees with me. Money isn't everything. But people always misunderstand things and remain stupid——"

"Say, Mr. Marshal," growled the glum-faced man, "This isn't quite fair. I'm needin' a drink, and haven't had a smoke all day. Haven't you talked long enough? Take me in the smoker now, won't you? I'm half dead for a pipe."

The bound travellers rose to their feet, Easton with the same slow smile on his face.

"I can't deny a petition for tobacco," he said lightly. "It's the one friend of the unfortunate. Good-bye, Miss Fairchild. Duty calls, you know." He held out his hand for a farewell.

"It's too bad you are not going East," she said, reclothing herself with manner and style. "But you must go on to Leavenworth, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Easton, "I must go on to Leavenworth.'

The two men sidled down the aisle into the smoker.

Two passengers in a seat nearby had heard most of the conversation. Said one of them: "That's marshal's a good sort of chap. Some of these Western fellows are all right."

"Pretty young to hold an office like that, isn't he?" asked the other.

"Young!" exclaimed the first speaker, "why—— Oh! didn't you catch on? Say—did you ever know an officer to handcuff a prisoner to his *right* hand?"

SILVER-LINED CLOUDS

By George Wharton Edwards

Author of "The Rivalries of Long and Short Codiac," etc.

I.

HE turned the corner of Spruce Street from Printing House Square. It was bitter cold. A raw damp wind that foretold snow came whistling up from the river, and the policeman, watching in the shadow of a dark doorway, lowered his head so that his ear was covered by his upturned collar, and he stamped his warmly shod feet softly and not discontentedly. As a bent figure passed him with curious half-trot, bearing upon one arm what appeared to be a heavy covered basket, the policeman eyed him suspiciously and sharply, for it was certainly suspicious that one should be abroad at such an hour in that locality, upon a bitter cold night, bearing a heavy basket. Nevertheless, as the policeman scanned the tall, thin figure with the scant beard showing above the muffler, he hesitated to stop him, and in the interval the figure had passed down the incline of Spruce Street and was visible only at intervals when he came into the glare of electric light from some cellar where mighty printing presses were clanging and clicking, turning off copies of a Sunday paper.

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The policeman shrugged his shoulders and stepped forth from the doorway; his brass buttons gleamed in the lights from the many windows of the big newspaper office opposite, and he drew a small whistle from his breast and blew a soft yet keen note. As the figure of the thin-bearded man passed down the street by the opening of an alleyway, two other uniformed figures appeared behind it from the darkness and then followed into the shadow. The bent figure with the heavily laden basket reached another dark opening, struggled with the blast that met him, shifted the burden to the other arm, and turned into the passageway leading to a large printing house; close behind followed the two uniformed figures. The grated openings in the pavement exhaled a stale, curious odor of ink and paper warmed by waste steam. Over a grating near the wall, from which sounded the clash and rattle of rapidly moving machinery, were huddled some dark heaps, and here the tall man stopped and placed his heavy basket on the ground and stirred one of the dark heaps, which became the semblance of a human being. It cursed and exclaimed volubly, and with many grumbles rose to its feet. Then the pale-faced man stooped and, speaking low, uncovered the basket. The two policemen were at the alley entrance watching eagerly. They saw the man shake each of the bundles of rags, each of which contained that which was once a man; then from dark corners and sheltered spaces came other shapeless figures, who surrounded the tall figure now upon his knees among them. The latter offered up a prayer in a low voice fervent and impassioned; then he distributed loaves of bread and huge pieces of meat to the ravenous outcasts who, like animals, grabbed and covetously devoured them.

The two policemen withdrew quietly; one gave the other a piece of tobacco; they regained their posts in the shadow of the dark doorways; the rattle of the mighty presses in the printing house went on unceasingly, and now up the street came the tall figure of the thin-bearded man, his basket swinging light upon his arm. The first policeman was joined by one of the others.

"What is he, Joe?" said he, jerking his thumb after the hurrying figure.

"Oh, only a crank who's been feeding de bums down on Prendergast's gratin'. Seen the roundsman yet?"

II.

THE cable car stopped at Forty-seventh Street with a grinding, dull rumble. It had been raining with a steady, exasperating downpour all the evening, and the car was quite full of people from the Metropolitan Opera House, who crowded it to the limit. It seemed impossible to make room for another, when the conductor threw open the doors and there entered a tall policeman with a red face and bristling mustache. The front of his coat protruded curiously and he was singularly awkward, so much so that he caught his foot in a lady's dress, which gave way with a ripping sound. The lady glanced up angrily with blazing eyes, and her escort muttered savagely some words of impatience at the officer's clumsiness. One old gentleman in a curious, tall, straight-brimmed silk hat and a fierce, bristling white mustache, voiced aloud his conviction that the police force of the Metropolis was a disgrace, as witness this example, etc., etc.; in the middle of which the car stopped at a crossing and suddenly started again, almost throwing down those who were standing. The officer rudely thrust aside a young fellow who, elbowing his way to the door, had placed his shoulder against the protruding breast with the double row of brass buttons and the silver shield. At this the old gentleman in the unique hat and the furious white mustache called out, "Take his number, young man, take his number, and here's my card. Should you wish to complain, I'll see you through, by gad, sir! The chief shall know of this fellow's conduct."

All eyes were upon the policeman who now looked from one to the other in surprise.

"Me number is ut?" he said at length, good-naturedly. "Faith, an' here ut is for ye, gintlemen—fawr hundred for-r-ty-fawr. But don't ye jostle me, sor; I've a foundlin' here on me arrum that Oi'm takin' down to the mathron at headquar-r-thers."

He opened the breast of his coat and disclosed a tiny soiled bundle from which protruded one birdlike claw, the fingers of which were doubled over the little thumb. A dark flush came over the face of the indignant gentleman. He hurriedly put up his pencil and Russia leather-covered notebook and sought the platform.

The exasperated lady forgot her ruined dress, and her escort looked uncomfortable, and, turning away, pretended to gaze at some

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object which he alone could distinguish through the rain-clouded windows of the speeding cable car. The old gentleman pulled his straight-brimmed hat down over his sharp eyes, from which the fires of outraged civic pride had fled, and the policeman, uncovering the weasened, wrinkled face of the tiny atom that lay against his heart in the hollow of his strong arm, and addressing no one in particular, said: "Left in the rare pe-yew of the church whoile the quoir wor singin' the Christmas anthim. This is the thor-r-d this wake on me, an' Oi'm thinkin' its about time I got thransfer-r-red down town, where they's at laste pace an' quoitness!"

THE AVERTING OF THE SCHISM.

By William Stearns Davis.

Author of "Belshazzar," etc.

IT had been buzzing about the town for more than two weeks, and now on Sunday the buzz had rizen to a rumbling — "The First Orthodox is very close to a schism." Deacon Griggs had asserted loudly that it was unendurable in the enlightened year of grace 1841 to sit under a minister who hesitated to denounce the Southern slave-holders as worshipers of "The Beast" of the Revelation. Widow Simpson almost wept when her pastor prayed mildly "that our Southern brethren may be convinced of their grievous error." "Convinced!"—she didn't want them convinced. Fire and brimstone, and not repentance, were what she hoped for. And rich old Mr. Butterfield, who, to be sure, preferred to aid good causes with his prayers rather than with his dollars, said he looked for nothing less than to see all Tunbridge burn up like Sodom if its people tolerated such lukewarm sentiments from their leading pulpit.

It was a gloomy Sunday afternoon for Doctor Prouty when, after the second service, he walked home with Mr. Canby, the wealthy cotton merchant, at his elbow. This parish magnate had just hinted that the price of his loyalty in the impending church crisis would be an outspoken sermon explaining that the negro race wear the mark of Cain, and are divinely appointed to perpetual bondage.

"But I cannot do as you wish," protested the mild minister. "I can never believe the Almighty has double-bolted the gate of heaven against all men who have bronzed skins. I deplore—I detest slavery! It is a curse that we must remove, or God will punish us as a nation."

"Leave the punishing to the Almighty and the politicians," sneered the merchant, sidling closer. "What I want you to understand is this—our good Abolitionists and their wild talk have made us Northerners mighty unpopular down in Carolina. We can feel it in trade. Now a really rousing sermon delivered from such a prominent pulpit as the First Orthodox of Tunbridge, showing that we understand there is script'r on their side as well as agin it——"

"I can never consider such a proposal!" interposed the minister, almost angrily.

"Oh," snickered the other, patting his fat breeches pocket, "don't fear for Griggs and Butterfield and their pew-rentals. The salary is a leetle behind—eh? The chaise needs a leetle varnish? I think Ichabob Canby may promise to make good as many dollars as Griggs and his abolition scum can take out of the church—as many, and jest a few more."

"Get thee behind me, Satan!" was the reply that almost crossed the minister's lips; and though his actual reply was less forceful, it was sufficiently severe coming from so gentle a man. He sat a long time with his wife that evening beside the smoking whale-oil lamp.

"I fear we shall have to seek another parish, Becky," he said sadly, and he grew yet sadder as he saw the shadows deepen on her upturned face.

"I had hoped we could stay here in Tunbridge," she answered, half wearily. "You are not likely to get a better church, Nathaniel."

"It is of little use. If I refuse to denounce the Southerners Deacon Griggs and many others will leave the church. I abhor slavery, but I cannot as a minister of the Gospel of Love thunder from the pulpit proclaiming all our brethren in the slave States children of Satan—at least, until every peaceful means has failed to convince them of their fearful error."

"And there is nothing else to do?"

"Nothing unless I sell myself to Canby's ungodly money bags. I can please neither party. Soon they will force me to resign."

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There was a moment of deep thinking, then the wife spoke.

"The church is drifting into open warfare. If you must resign, at least do not have to reproach yourself with having done nothing to end the feud. Send to-night to Deacon Griggs, Mr. Butterfield and Mr. Canby. Let them face one another, and see if they cannot agree to settle their battles outside the house of God."

"It will do no good, Becky."

"But I advise——"

"Very well, then; your unwisdom is ever better than my wisdom."

Ten minutes later Roger, the boy-of-all-work, carried three letters, appointing a meeting at four o'clock the next day.

. . . . . .

Mr. Barker had come round to kill the minister's pig. After the creature had squealed its last, the great knife had been wiped, and the host of admiring small boys had scattered, he knocked at the door of the kitchen woodshed.

"Has Doctor Prouty a bit of time? I have a nigger boy here to show him."

Peggy, the mistress of those regions, thrust her curl-papers through the scantly opened door and sniffed contemptuously.

"A nigger? Well—if all the black hasn't riz right out of him and caked outside! Ugh! Ask the doctor to look at *that!*"

"Come, Peggy, jest bring him out for a minute——"

"Much good may he do you, then!" cried she. Slam! went the door again, and soon Peggy was invading the study and confronting her master across a table fortified high with the latest artillery—theological quartos.

"Doctor Prouty," announced the messenger, "Mr. Barker has stuck the pig, and now he wants to see you about some nigger boy he has brought round—and if I ever saw a dirtier, or stupider, or wusser——"

The good man put down his book and rose with resigned expression. "The future state of the elect" was so much more interesting than the present state of an unelect and unregenerate colored boy! With long strides he went across the creaking planks of the back kitchen floor and demanded Mr. Barker's business.

The pig-slayer mopped his brow with a red handkerchief in the hope of rubbing off some of his embarrassment at the presence of so great a man, and thrust forward as unkempt a young negro as ever reached fifteen years.

"The fact is, parson," began Mr. Barker, "this 'ere colored boy was brought down by a skipper from Portland, and jest landed and left. My old woman and me took him in and housed him these three weeks; but we are none so few at our quarters" (there were ten young Barkers needing feeding) "so I've been looking for some one else to see to his keep. I've been looking—" he twisted his chin whiskers—"but I have to own, without success." And Mr. Barker stopped.

"He certainly is very dirty," commented the minister, surveying the mute negro.

"He's a walking mud-puddle," thrust in Peggy viciously.

"But he possesses a soul," went on her master, never hearing her. "What is your name?" he demanded of the boy.

"Charles, sir," the darky grinned respectfully.

"A good name," remarked the pastor. Then to Mr. Barker, "Well, what do you wish me to do with him?"

"Keep him, sir."

"Keep him! What can *I* do with him?"

"So says everybody—everybody in this blessed town. They won't have him at the poor farm—*they* ain't so low-down as to let niggers be thrust on them. I can't feed him any more. He's either got to starve or go to the one house left."

"Which is that?"

"The jail, sir—that never turns away nobody."

"Peggy," said the minister, after many more questions had passed, "your mistress is out, but I think this boy, though very uncleanly, has an honest face. Certainly in his untutored mind there is room for the lodging of many deep moral truths."

"Oh, sir!" Peggy gave a little gasp, as the full horror of the situation dawned.

"We will keep the boy," announced the minister.

"But he *is* so dirty," moaned Peggy.

"Then," announced the minister magnanimously, "*you* can wash him off."

"And his clothes?"

"*You* can alter an old suit of mine."

"And what will Mrs. Prouty say?"

"She will agree with me as to what is our plain Christian duty."

. . . . . .

The three had sat on the shiny haircloth

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chairs of the parlor while the anxious minister tried to show Deacon Griggs and Mr. Butterfield that he could not turn his church into an abolition society, and Mr. Canby that he was unable to preach that slavery was a divinely ordained institution. The opponents glared at each other, and all three glared at their pastor. Agree to keep their differences outside the church? Never! Canby snickered "hypocrite," in the deacon's very face, and Griggs repaid by styling his adversary a "man of sin." They were only united in this—the First Orthodox would soon need a new incumbent.

"I am sorry, gentlemen," the pastor was saying. "I have never considered the pulpit a place for politics. A time may come, Deacon, when it will be needful to discuss the slavery question even there — and when it does come I will be with you, and not with Mr. Canby. But at present——"

"I regret you can only give us your 'silent' support, Doctor," snapped the deacon, trying to throw a tone of sarcasm into the "silent." "You have not forgotten the warning of Scripture, 'I was a stranger, and ye took me not in: naked, and ye clothed me not.' If the downtrodden negro race is not definitely referred to in Holy Writ——"

"Yes!" piped up Mr. Butterfield, his voice whistling in the top of his little head, "it is deed! deeds! deeds! that we want, not 'silent sympathy.'"

"Now I think myself," drawled Canby, "that the doctor doesn't really care two ninepences about all the niggers in Carolina."

"If I were not a Christian and a clergyman, retorted the pastor, flushing, "I might give an overhasty answer to this attack on my sincerity."

"Well, now," remarked Canby coolly, "I wouldn't grow flustered. All I mean is you are no great friend of the niggers, and these good Abolitionists here aren't, neither, for that matter."

"Not friends of the enslaved millions?" the deacon's face was redder than the minister's.

Mr. Canby settled back in his chair and surveyed the others with a cynical squint. "Now don't grow hot in the collar, Deacon; jest answer this one question." His chuckle was very insinuating. "Did or did you not have a leetle talk with Barker, the pig-sticker, lately?"

"Did *you*?" almost shouted the deacon, giving a Yankee answer.

"Sairtainly I did," remarked Canby, "and sairtainly I told him to take that nigger boy of his to—well, I won't mention the place before the doctor—but it's the only fit hole for blacks, and Abolitionists. But what did *you* say to him?"

"If you mean that disreputable, half-clothed young scoundrel with Barker," flared up Griggs, almost desperately, "I said he could be of little use to me, and advised that he be taken to the almshouse."

"But then you, Brother Butterfield," sneered the merchant, "you, of course, adopted him as your own precious son."

"I could do nothing for him," muttered Butterfield, very gruffly. "But I said I would remember him in my prayers."

"It wouldn't be fair, would it, Parson," drawled the tormentor, "to ask what would happen if Barker brought his pretty leetle imp round to *you*?"

"Gentlemen," quoth the minister, rising, "kindly follow me this way."

He led them up the back stairs to a room over the ell, and as they approached they heard childish voices singing. Doctor Prouty thrust open the door, and they saw Miss Felton, the singing teacher, and before her two young negro girls, the daughters of Abe Vickers, the sheep-shearer; a small white boy, a white girl, and Charles, scrubbed until his ebony skin shone, decently clothed, a picture of prosperous content.

"Charles," spoke the minister, "look around. I want these gentlemen to understand that so long as you behave yourself you are to remain in my service."

"But," interposed the deacon, almost angrily, "whose white children are these?"

"These," said the doctor, "are my own children."

"Parson," said the deacon, "now you think you've got me."

"Deacon," said the minister, "now I know I've got you."

. . . . . .

They walked away together, Canby and his opponents. Said Canby: "Gentlemen, the parson does what you don't and what I don't pretent to—*he* tries to live up to his preaching. I'm going to let him alone."

Said the deacon: "Mr. Butterfield and I think the Abolition society can do its work better outside the church than in it. *We* are going to let Doctor Prouty alone." And to the wonder of the faithful there was no schism in the First Orthodox.

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WORK WITH THE HANDS.*

The Moral Value of Manual Training and Labor—A New Educational Epoch —An Autobiographical Example.

NUMBER THREE

By Booker T. Washington.

Principal of Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, Tuskegee, Alabama.
Author of "Up from Slavery," "Character Building" and "Future of the American Negro."

HAVING found that by far the majority of the people of our race lived, or existed, by some form of agriculture, I resolved to make an attempt in downright earnest to see what the Tuskegee Institute could do for them in that direction. I resolved to see what we could do for the people in this respect, not by mere theorizing, but by real, tangible, visible effort. As I have stated, I found that their methods for getting enough out of the soil to keep soul and body together were crude in the extreme. The people themselves referred to this effort as "making a living." I wanted to teach them how to make more than a "living."

I have little respect for the farmer who is satisfied with merely "making a living." It is hardly possible that agricultural life will become attractive and satisfactory to an ambitious young man or woman in the South until farming is brought up to a point there, as well as in other parts of the country, where the farmer is reasonably sure of being able to place something in the bank at the end of the year. For the young farmer to be satisfied he must be able to look forward to soon getting to the point where he will own the land that he cultivates, and from which he may hope later to derive not only all the necessities of life but some of the comforts and conveniences. The farmer must be helped to get to a point where he can have a comfortable dwelling house, and in it bathtubs, carpets, rugs, pictures, books, magazines and daily papers. He must be helped to get to the point where he and his family will have time for study and investigation, and a little time each year for travel and recreation and for the attending of lectures and concerts.

But the average farmer whom I wanted to help through the medium of the Tuskegee Institute was far, very far, from being in this condition. I found that most of the farmers in the Gulf States cultivated cotton. Little or nothing was raised for food, either for man or beast, in the form of stock or fowls, fruit, vegetables or grain. In order to get the food on which man and beasts were to live while the cotton crop was being grown, a mortgage or lien had to be given upon the crop, or rather upon the expected crop, for the legal papers were usually signed some months in advance even of the planting of the crop.

Cotton in the South for years has been known as "the money crop." That means that it is the crop from which cash can be looked for without question as soon as the crop is harvested. The result of this has been to discourage the raising of anything except cotton, for the reason that the man who holds the mortgage upon the crop discourages and in some cases prevents the farmer from giving any large proportion of his time and strength to the growing of anything except cotton, since the money-lender is not sure that he can get his money back from any other crop.

The result of this was that, beginning in January, the farmer had to go to the store or to the money-lender for practically all of his food during the year. The rate of interest that the farmer had to pay on his "advances" was in many cases enormous. The farmer usually got his "advances" or provisions from a storekeeper. The storekeeper in turn borrowed money from the local bank. The bank, as a general thing, borrowed from New York. By the time the money reached the farmer he had to pay in not a few cases an interest that ranged from fifteen to thirty per cent. If he failed to make his payment at the end of the year he was

* For preceding articles see September and November, 1902.

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likely to be "closed out"—that is, everything in sight in the way of crops or livestock was taken from him. He was described as being "cleaned up." After being "cleaned up," he either would start to make another crop on the same rented farm—trusting to Providence or the weather for better luck—or else moved to another farm and went in search of some one else to "run him," as the local expression describes the process. Not a few of the farmers whom I met had been "cleaned up" half a dozen times or more.

In addition to having to pay the large interest for food supplies and clothing to which I have referred, there was also the ground rent to be paid. By far the greater part of the land was rented. This, of course, had a hurtful effect. Since the man who tilled the land did not own it, his main object was to get all he could out of the property and return as little as possible to it. The results were shown in the poor cabins, not to say houses. If a fence got out of repair or the roof of a house leaked, the tenant took no special interest in repairing the premises, because he was always expecting to move soon, and he did not want to spend money upon the property of other people. Instead of returning the cottonseed to the ground to help enrich the soil, he sold this valuable fertilizer. The land, of course, grew more impoverished each year. Ditching and terracing received little attention. The mules with which the crops were made, as a rule, were rented or were being bought "on time," and the farmer did not have enough direct interest in them to encourage him to spend money or time in keeping them in prime condition. Besides, the food on which the animals were to be fed was not raised on the place, but must be bought. Another serious outcome of the "one-crop" system was that the farmers got hold of almost no cash except in the fall. With the ignorant and inexperienced men of my race this was hurtful. If by any chance they were able to pay their ground rent and the principal and large interest resulting from their "advances," and still have a few dollars in cash left, the money did not remain with them long, for it came into their hands about Christmas time, when the temptation to spend it for whisky, cheap jewelry, cheap buggies and such unprofitable articles was too strong to be resisted. Had the same value been in the hands of the farmer in the form of corn, vegetables, fruit, stock or fowls it not only would have been less liable to have been parted with, but it also would have been available for the farmer and his family during the whole or the greater part of the year.

The conditions which I have described resulted in discouraging a great many people who tried to get their living from the soil. As many of them expressed it to me, if they worked hard during the year they came out at the end in debt, and if they did not work they found themselves in debt. Some went so far as to perform sufficient work to "make a show" of raising just enough cotton to get "advances" on during the year, with no thought of getting out of debt or of coming out ahead.

In spite of what I have described, each year there were cases here and there of individuals who would triumph over all these difficulties and discouragements and come out with considerable money or cotton to their credit. These men would get to the point where they would begin the buying of a home.

In justice to that class of men in the South who advance money or provisions each year to the farmers, I ought to say that many of them deplore the state of affairs to which I have referred as much as any one, but it is simply a case of a man lending money on uncertain security. If these advances had not been made, in many cases the farmers and their families would have starved. The average merchant preferred to deal with the man who owned his land and could pay cash for his goods, but the many ramifications of the mortgage system made both the farmer and the money-lender to a large degree slaves to the one-crop plan. If the cotton crop failed, or if the tenant threw up the crop before it was matured, the money-lender would lose. The whole unfortunate system was one of the legacies of slavery. In the case of both the farmer and the money-lender it was the old story of the man hugging the bear. Both were anxious to find a way to get free.

From the first I was painfully conscious of the fact that it would be very little that I could do through the work of the Tuskegee Institute to help the situation, but I was determined to make an effort to accomplish that little. Many of the people of my own race had been reduced to discouragement and despair. Aside from the visible effort to which I shall refer later, I spent all the time that I could spare in going about

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among the people, holding meetings and talking with individual leaders, with the view of arousing their ambition and inspiring in them hope and confidence.

My first effort was to try to help the masses through the medium of the thing that was nearest to them, and in which they had the most vital and practical interest. I knew that if we could teach a man's son to raise forty bushels of corn on an acre of ground where only twenty bushels had been growing, and teach him to raise this corn with less labor, we should gain the confidence and sympathy of that boy's father at once.

In this connection I have often thought that missionaries in foreign countries would make greater progress if at first more emphasis were placed upon the industrial and material side than on the purely spiritual side of education. Almost any heathen family, I think, would at once appreciate the difference between a shack and a comfortable house. While it might require years to make them appreciate the truths of the Bible, through the medium of the home the heart could be reached. Not long ago I was asked by a missionary who was going into a foreign field for mission work what, in my opinion, he ought to teach the people and how he ought to begin. I asked him what was the principal occupation of the people where he was going, and he replied that it was the raising of sheep. I advised him then to begin his missionary work by teaching the people how to raise better and more sheep than they were raising, and said that I thought the people would soon decide that a man who could excel them in the raising of sheep might also excel them in the matter of religion, and that thus the foundation for effectual mission work might be laid.

I found the most of our people interested or engaged in some form of agriculture for the getting of their living. This, then, was logically and naturally the first point of attack.

The few students who first came to our school were generally from the farming districts. The first thing that we needed at the Tuskegee school was food for teachers and students. I said let us raise this food, and while doing so teach the students the latest and best methods of farming. At the same time we would teach them the dignity and beauty of farm life and of work with the hands. It was easy to see the need for doing this and easy to resolve to do it, but I soon found that there were several stubborn and serious difficulties to be overcome. The first and perhaps the hardest of these was to overcome the idea, not by any means confined to my race, that a school was a place where one was expected to do nothing but study books; that it was a place where one was expected not to study things, but to study about things. Least of all did the students feel that a school was a place where one would be taught to actually *do* things. Aside from this, the students had a very general idea that work with the hands was in a large measure disgraceful, and that they wanted to get an education because education was something which was meant to enable people to live without hand work.

In addition to the objections named, I found that when I began to speak very gently and even cautiously to the students about the plan of the school to teach them to work on the farm, two other objections manifested themselves with more or less emphasis. The first of these was to the effect that most of the students wanted to get out of the country into a town or city, and the other that many of them said that they wanted to prepare themselves for some kind of professional life, and that therefore they did not need the farm work. But the main objection was that since they and their parents for generations back had tilled the soil, they argued that they knew all there was to be known about farming and did not need to be taught any more about that while in school. These objections on the part of the students were more than reinforced by the parents of many of them. Not a few of the fathers and mothers urged that the race had been worked for two hundred and fifty years or more, and that now it ought to have a chance to rest. With all of my earnestness and urging I was not able in the earlier years of the school to bring all of the parents and students to my way of thinking, and for this reason not a few of the students went home of their own accord or were taken home by their parents. None of these things, however, turned the school aside from doing the thing which we were convinced the people most needed to have done for them.

I shall always remember the afternoon when we decided to really begin the teaching of farming—not out of books, but by actually doing the thing. In the morning I explained to the young men our need of food

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to eat, and the desire of the school to teach them to work with their hands. I told them that we would begin with the farm, because that was the primary need. The young men were greatly surprised when the hour came to begin work to find me present with my coat off, ready to begin digging up stumps and clearing the land. As my first request, then, was in the form of an invitation rather than a command, I found that only a few reported for work. I soon learned, too, that these few were ashamed to have any one see them at work. After we had put in several hours of vigorous work I found that their interest began to grow, because they began to realize that it was not *my* farm that they were helping to cultivate, but that it belonged to the school, in which we all had a common interest. The next afternoon a larger number reported for work. They were still shy about having any one see them at work, however. This was especially true of the girl students.

Gradually, year by year, the difficulties which I have enumerated began to melt away, but not without constant effort and very trying embarrassments. It soon became evident that the students knew how to do practically but one thing, and that was to grow cotton, and to grow this in the manner that it had been grown by their fathers for years. Another thing soon became evident, also, and that was that they had little idea of caring for tools or livestock. Plows, hoes and other farming implements usually would be left in the field where they were last used. If quitting time came when the hoe was being used in the middle of a field or at the end of a row, the tool would remain there over night. Where the last plowing in the fall was done, there the plow most likely would spend the winter. No more care was given to wagons or harnesses, and the care of the mules and horses was in keeping with that given to the tools.

It was the custom in the earlier days of the school—as it is now—for students and teachers to assemble in the evening for prayers. After we had experienced considerable trouble in trying to teach the students to put their tools in a certain place at night, when through with them, and had not succeeded, I caused rather a sensation at evening prayers one night by calling the names of three students who had left their tools in the field. I said that these three students would be excused from the room to attend to this duty, and that we would not proceed with the service until their return. I said that I felt quite sure they would be more benefited by prayer and song after having done their work well than with it poorly done. A few lessons of this kind soon began to work quite a change in the care with which the students looked after the tools which they used.

(To be continued.)

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

SUGGESTIONS FOR UNTRAINED WOMEN WHO WISH TO MAKE A LIVING OR ADD TO THEIR INCOME.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE proposes to print *practical* suggestions for women who wish to make money. An announcement regarding accepted suggestions will be found on page four of the advertisements. The editors will be glad to hear from any one contemplating a trial of the suggestions published in this department and to pay for accepted contributions.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

WE beg to thank the writers of many letters, commending our efforts in presenting suggestions.

Lack of space prevents the printing of many interesting little articles submitted.

The editor requests that, in order to test the practicability of the plans, every woman who has accepted a suggestion from this department, write of her success, great or small.

Mrs. Ada E. Chapin, through whose efforts in the "Travelling Exchange" many women have disposed of their handwork, states that she now has as many articles as she can sell before Christmas.

Miss Hattie E. Forbes, of Buckingham, Va., makes fascinating rag monkeys and balls for little children.

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Mrs. Rose Davis, Elizabethtown, Essex County, N. Y., has decided to care for children at her home. She will furnish the best of references.

A Philadelphia dentist wishes a woman solicitor to help him carry out our plan mentioned in the April number. Address this office, with stamp.

One woman writes of clearing seventy dollars in the first two months in the making of fancy collars to order. As first stock in trade, she made ten different styles of collars. These, shown to friends, brought orders quickly.

Miss M. Leigh Jo Hantgen, 17 Chillicothe Avenue, Bellefontaine, Ohio, will be glad to advise any one who wishes to start a "cleaning" shop for gloves, scarves, clothing, etc. She has the formula for preparations used by a "professional" cleaner; and, to win a wager, proved the methods a success by starting the business in her city, making a profit of from five to eight dollars in a week, working but half of each day. A small advertisement in a local daily brought immediate results.

On application to this office, any one wishing to purchase needle or handwork of any kind for the holidays will be promptly supplied with names and addresses of women who need to earn money by selling such work.

Will not some woman who wishes to "help others" open her parlors to receive consignments of fancy work, etc., for sale this holiday season? It can be understood that a certain percentage will be charged on sales made, to cover expenses, but preliminary fees will be unnecessary.

AN EMERGENCY BUREAU.

THE natural thing for "an untrained woman" to undertake by way of self-support would seem to be meeting the various duties that fall more or less to the lot of all women responsible for the care of a household. Many have undertaken to meet these needs in some specific line. One has made preserves, cake, biscuits, etc., for sale. Another has taken in sewing or repairing. This one has been a companion to an invalid; that one has undertaken shopping as a business; others have opened their homes for a lunch-room or have taken boarders. The experience of the writer, however, as an amateur helper in many directions, leads to the idea that one or more women needing to find remunerative employment might succeed best by combining various occupations in an Emergency Bureau—for furnishing information and relief. Such a Bureau should aim to meet the different unexpected needs of many households. Thus, should any family need a dainty meal or a specially appetizing dish for unexpected guests, when it could not be prepared at home, the Emergency Bureau would furnish it.

If an ailing mother were unable to do the sewing or mending for her family, the "house mother" at the Bureau would do it, or have it done. Or she would attend to the shopping for the children of the invalid, for a small commission.

In cases of serious illness in a family the well children could be taken in at the Bureau and intelligently cared for.

If notices of a business meeting or invitations were to be sent out, one otherwise overburdened could have these matters promptly attended to through the Emergency Bureau.

Should an extra sleeping-room be temporarily required, it could be found at or through the Bureau—which could also supply a place where business or social meetings of modest size could be held.

Should a child be backward in its studies, the house-mother, if a woman of cultivation, could assist in their preparation.

The Emergency Bureau might decorate a home for festive occasions—clean it and put it in order in the absence of its owners—become, in fact, in innumerable ways, the centre of helpfulness to a community—the centre also of an ever-widening circle of persons ready to "lend a hand" for a modest compensation.

Of course, these possibilities would vary with the capacity of those who might undertake such a work. But it seems reasonable to suppose that a bureau undertaking to meet most of the emergencies of family life might succeed better than a "Woman's Exchange" as usually carried on, or than the ordinary ways of earning money by some one line of work. Try it.

M. I. FORSYTH.

INFANTS' OUTFITS.

ON reading over some of the "suggestions for untrained women who wish to make a living or add to their income," I call to mind a friend who found the means at her command insufficient to dress her little ones as she wished to do, and finally she decided to try the following plan. To start she procured a good set of patterns for an infant's first outfit. Then through friends and a short advertisement in the leading paper in her town, she let it be known that she was prepared to make infants' first clothes by the piece or by the set, charging according to the amount of work. She soon had a great deal of work and her patrons learned to trust her judgment, and many of them would turn over to her the entire responsibility of purchasing the materials for the outfit. She also took orders for trimming bassinets and the little toilet baskets. Any woman with a good machine and a knowledge of the attachments may make considerable "pin-money" by following this plan.

SEATTLE.

A WINDOW GARDENER.

GARDENING as a profession for women has been long established, especially in England. The Horticultural College at Swanley, Kent, has a branch devoted exclusively to the training of women for professional gardeners. Many ladies who have private gardens take pupils, charging higher rates than for a college course, theoretic teaching not being considered so valuable as practical experience. Both of these courses require time and study before the student is qualified to earn a living. But a woman who would make a specialty of window gardening would find a profession ready at hand without giving either time or money to acquire it. The average housekeeper as a rule does not have the time to give her plants the care they require. Large decorative plants, especially palms, need much attention to keep them free from dust, disease and insects, and window boxes will fail lamentably if neglected.

A woman who would make an intelligent study, from daily experience, of the culture of plants and of the requirements necessary to their successful growth, would find plenty of trade. A competent woman to come in twice a week and take the entire charge of plants would prove a boon to many flower-loving housekeepers.

Window gardening combined with the summer cul-

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ture of garden annuals would form a co-working partnership insuring a pleasant occupation the whole year through. Many women who try cultivating annuals in the open ground and selling the cut flowers and seeds find that the long months of the winter are very dull and profitless, or that it is necessary to seek some uncongenial employment. By connecting winter window gardening with summer gardening both industries would be benefited. JOSEPHINE YATES.

RAG DOLLS.

SOME years ago a woman was suddenly reduced to poverty. She had never known want, and was utterly "untrained."

There were then but few occupations open even to women who had youth, health and courage. But this woman had few even of the gifts of nature. But one little thing she could do—make beautiful rag dolls! Hearing of a market in New York—the Woman's Exchanges which were then being established—she wrote, asking permission to send some specimens of her work. The reply came, a blow to the small courage she possessed, "Send no rag dolls." But she had faith in herself, and notwithstanding this rebuff, boldly sent two of her dolls. It was the "entering wedge." Not long afterward she received orders for a dozen from this exchange. The work grew, was constant, close and hard from early morn till late at night. Yet she took time to read ten to twelve newspapers and magazines, with now and then a famous novel, to cultivate many rare flowers and shrubs "out in the open," and cared for a small greenhouse containing a hundred rare plants, kept house and did her own housework with *little* and *no* help. She made all of her own clothes, and many for others of the family, "took a trip off" somewhere every year for health and change, and did not by any means ignore the social demands of the town in which she lived. She has made considerably over one thousand dolls, these "rag babies" selling for from one to five dollars each.

MRS. R. E. COLE.

MORE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

TO relate my experience in amateur photography may be worth while. With a very meager photographic outfit I visited in the country. With the pictures of hayfields, etc., which I made, the workingmen were so pleased that I had little difficulty in selling to them. The wives of the farmers, too, thought it a treat to have their photographs taken while at work in their "sewing circle," and with the young members of a card-club I was particularly successful. Then, too, where it would be quite a task to take many children to town at once, the mothers were very anxious to have their pictures taken together. Again, at a picnic these people gave, where I was invited to come and take their pictures, I found new customers, who brought a great variety of work to me. This all occurred in the course of two months, May and June, and I found it very profitable. The pictures are large size, 5x7, and I charged 25c. for the first and 15c. for every one after; or where people ordered a dozen I made them at reduced rates. Some were mounted on cards, others unmounted, and some I tinted, having a slight knowledge of water colors. These latter pictures, of course, sold for 30c. and 35c. each. During this time I made at least three times my expenses.

LENA EBERLEY.

BEATEN BISCUIT.

THE demand for health foods of all kinds is steadily on the increase, and few families are without their "fads" in cereals, digestible breads, etc. The following suggestion comes from an elderly Southern lady, who writes in a very entertaining letter of remembering all the elections from the time of "Old Tippecanoe and Tyler too" to the present time.

"Though we are taught to pray for our daily bread, that is not *all* we are required to do. I have eaten some of all the new-fashioned bread, biscuit, crackers, etc., but have found nothing to compare to our mother's "beaten biscuit." From the octogenarian to the infant in arms, it is equally acceptable and digestible.

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"MRS. REBECCA STRONG."

The recipe for the "beaten biscuit" described by Mrs. Strong will gladly be forwarded to any one desiring to make them for sale.—ED.

MONEY IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

THE wail that is going up from hundreds of women that housework is drudgery, that it is monotonous, and many other unpleasant things, has a direct refutation in a plan that has been successfully carried out by four women for the last ten years. These women live in a small town and all of them have pretty homes. They are also blessed with husbands and comfortable incomes. The husbands are business men, and take three meals at home each day. Breakfast for all the family is eaten between seven and eight o'clock, dinner from twelve to one and supper soon after six. The families number from three to six each, which is the average American family.

Now comes the clever part. These women do all their own housecleaning, papering and general renovating together. When Mrs. A is ready to clean or paper she invites the other three to assist. A day each week, or possibly two, is selected, and the four begin. All of them are expert paper-hangers. They enjoy housecleaning and housework generally. For several years I saw much of them, and never heard a complaint nor saw a dismal face, and never was I entertained in better managed homes.

Their dressmaking is done in the same way. A dressmaker comes for several days to one of the houses. She cuts and does the expert work, the others sew as fast as she can plan for them, and in a few weeks the sewing for the combined households is out of the way. At the same time they have "visited" together and have had many a good time. Busy fingers are no setback to their enjoyment.

Together they make their preserves, take their pleasures, their outings, and nurse each other when sickness comes. Each year they give beach parties in summer and evening affairs in winter, doing the work in the same coöperative way. They go frequently into a nearby city for matinées, and keep up a good social list. They all have large circles of outside friends, and the "four" combination seems to be accepted without question. MARY GRAHAM.

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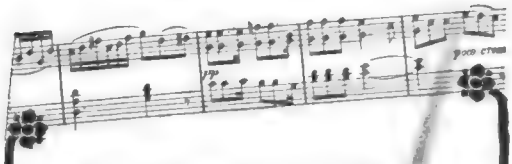

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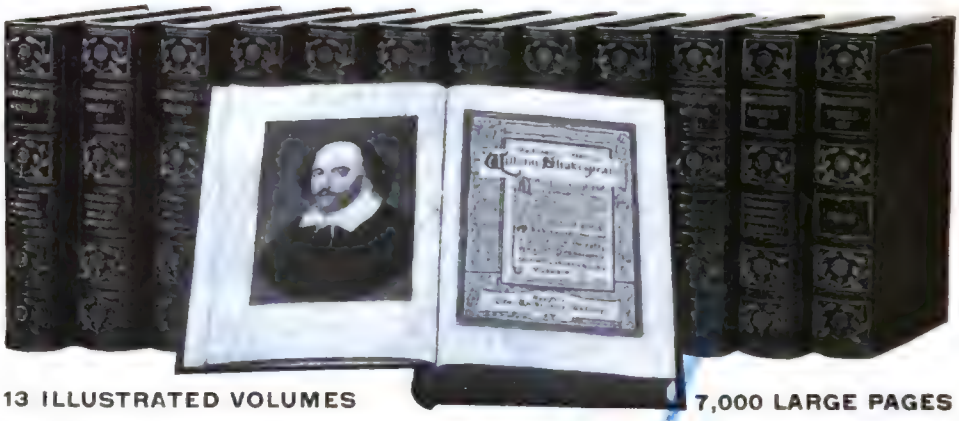

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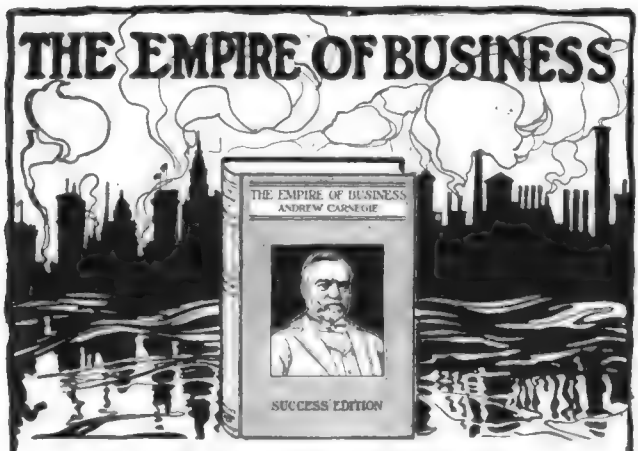

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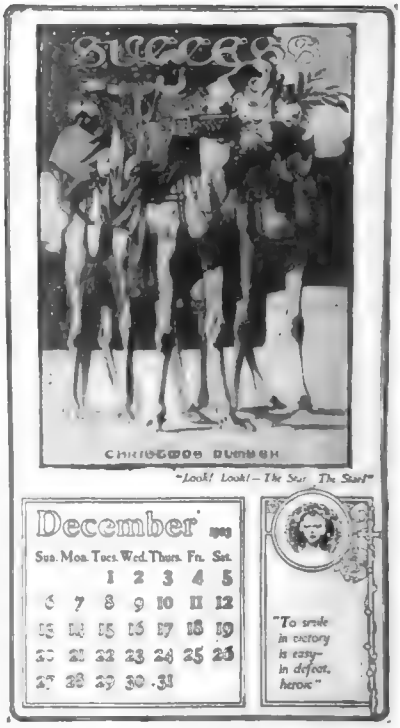

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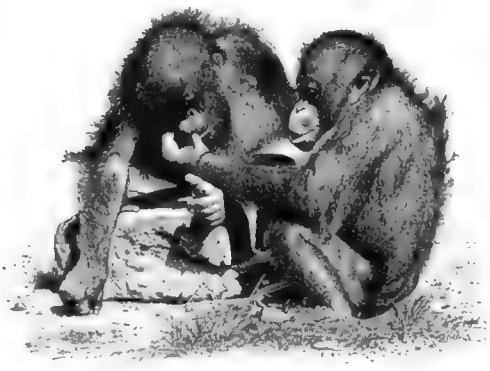

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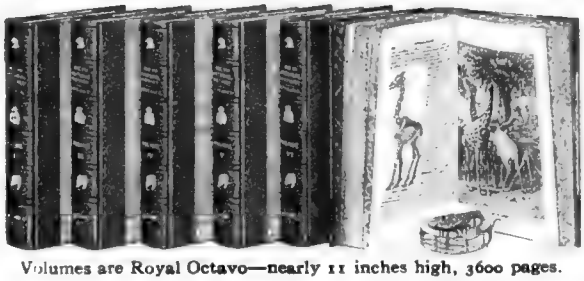

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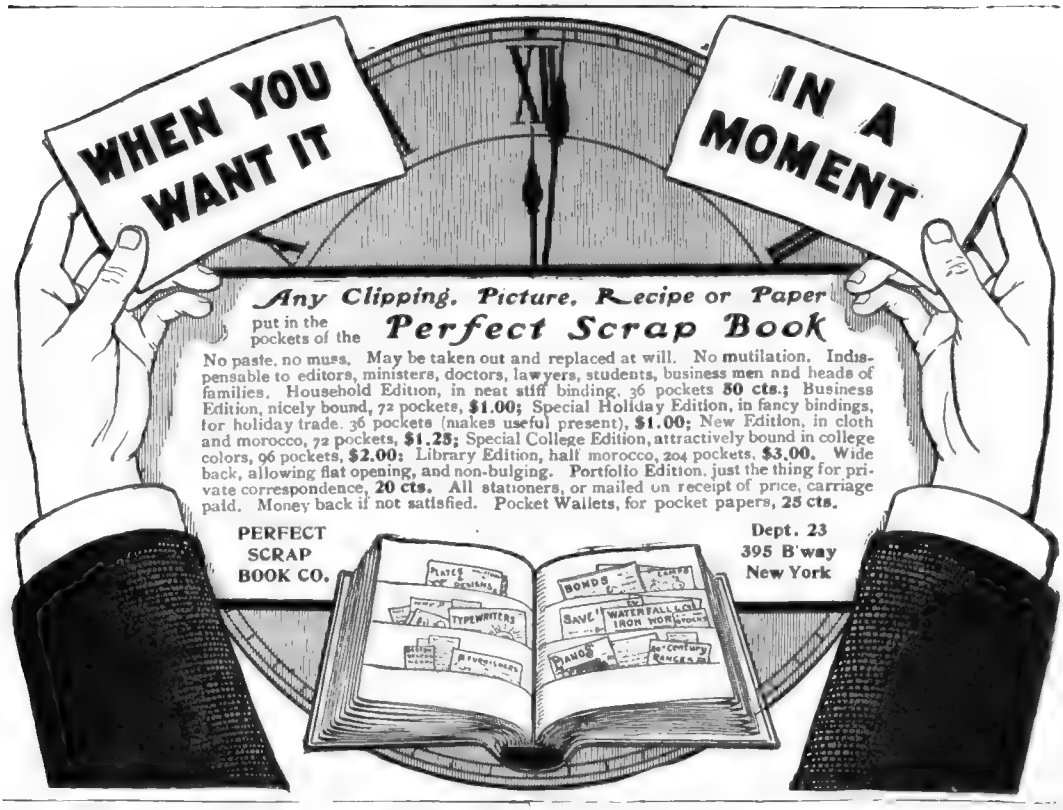
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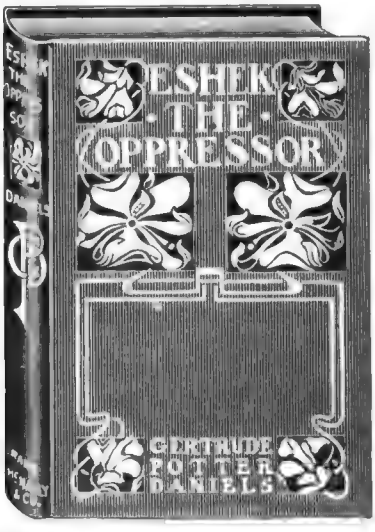

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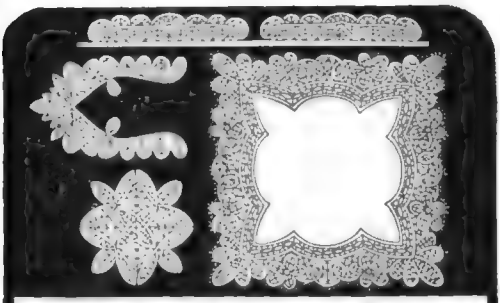

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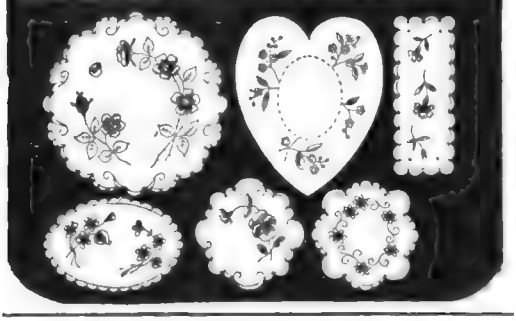

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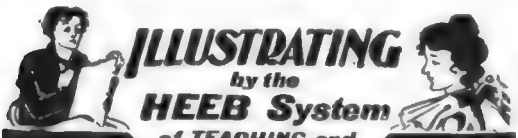

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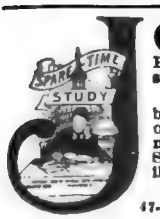

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Everybody's Magazine

Vol. VII. DECEMBER, 1902. No. 6.

Contents

		PAGE
Cover designed by G. Alden Peirson		
Gaucho Rough Rider Taming a Reservao		*Frontispiece*
From the plaster model done specially for EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE to illustrate "El Reservao."		
Journeys End. Chapters IV—VIII	JUSTUS MILES FORMAN	499
Illustrated by Karl J. Anderson.		
Types of American Women—Verses	CAROLYN WELLS	509
With full-page drawings by Thomas Mitchell Peirce.		
The Story of Vashti	GEORGE M. BAXTER	515
Illustrated by Violet Oakley.		
"El Reservao." A Story of Gaucho Horsemanship	WILLIAM BULFIN ("Che Buono.")	528
With illustrations from models made specially for EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE by Solon H. Borglum.		
The Woman that Toils—IV. The Southern Cotton Mills	MARIE VAN VORST	540
Illustrated by G. Alden Peirson.		
Luella Miller. A New England Ghost Story	MARY E. WILKINS	553
Illustrated by Peter Newell.		
Jefferson's Great Day. A Pregnant Scene from the Drama of American Independence	ALFRED HENRY LEWIS	561
Illustrated from photographs and old prints.		
Reconstruction by Physical Culture. The Making Over of Miss Marion Whitcomb	ANNE O'HAGAN	571
Life's Perfection. Poem	ALBERT W. BARKER	574
Initial designed by Frank Walter Taylor.		
A Christmas of Good Deeds. Short Stories by Holman F. Day, Will Payne, Frederick Trevor Hill, Sydney Porter, George Wharton Edwards and William Stearns Davis		575
Work with the Hands	BOOKER T. WASHINGTON	587
How to Make Money	KATHARINE NEWBOLD BIRDSALL	590

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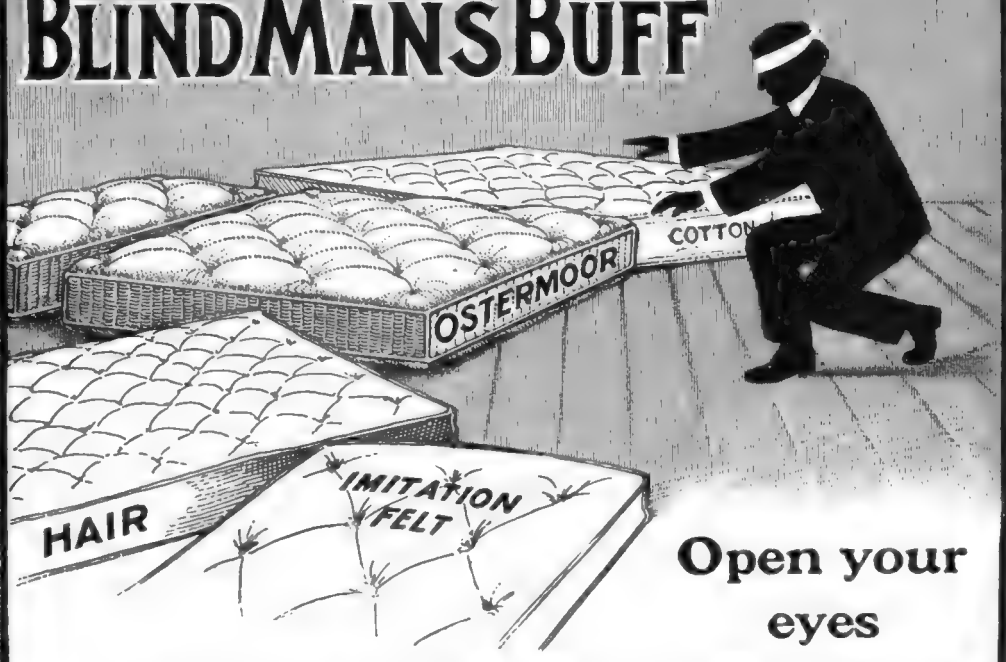

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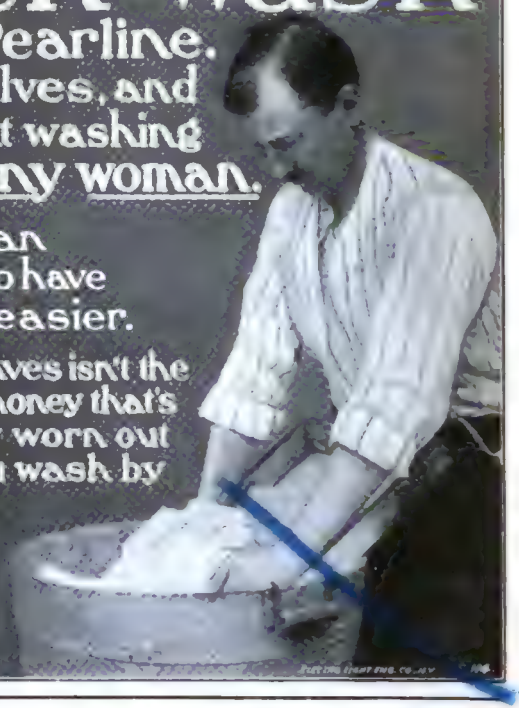

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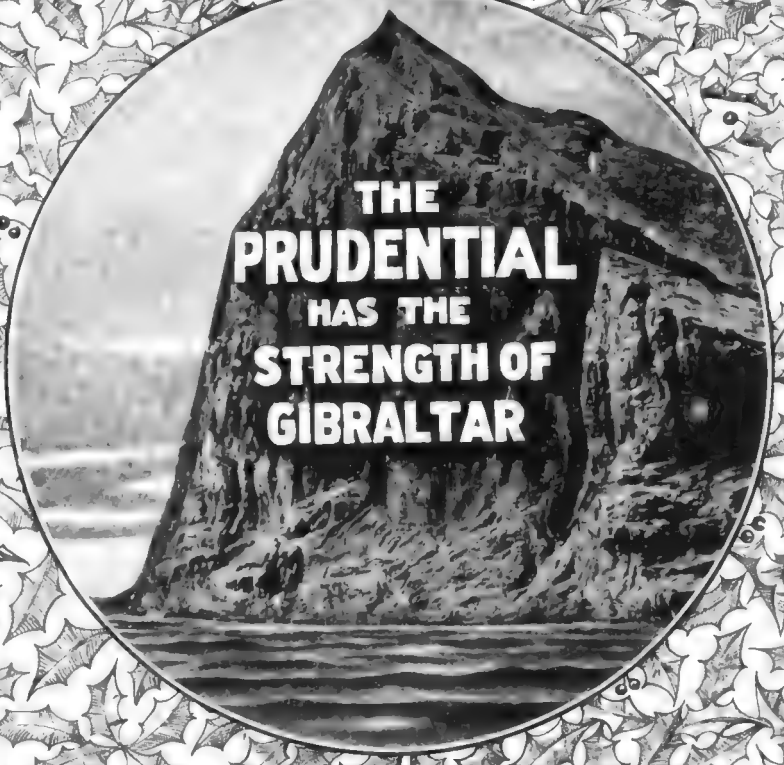

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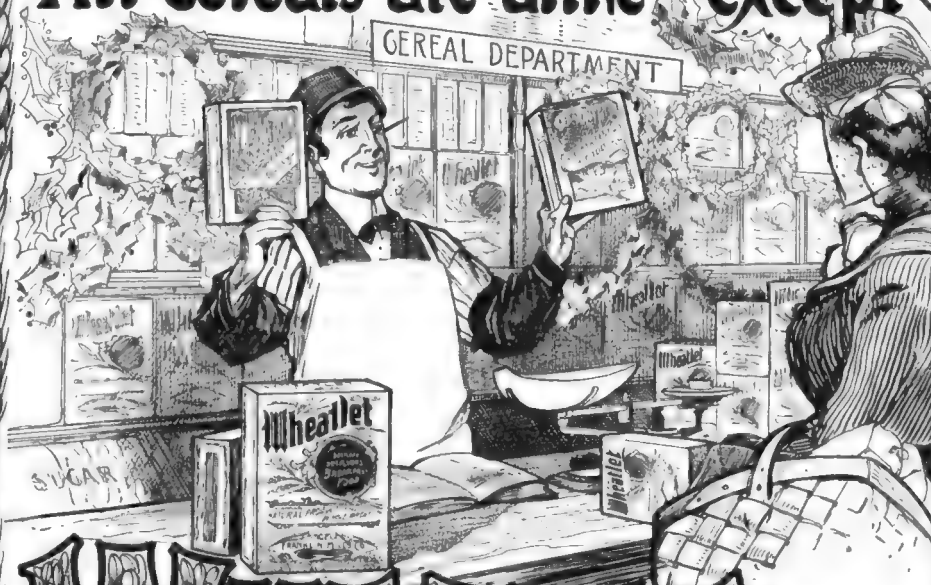

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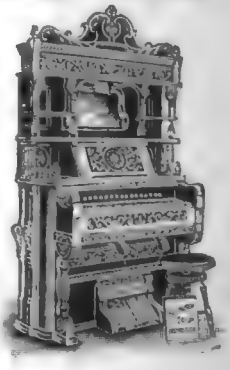

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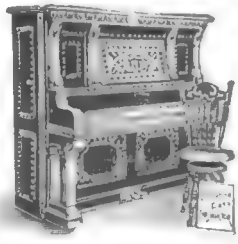

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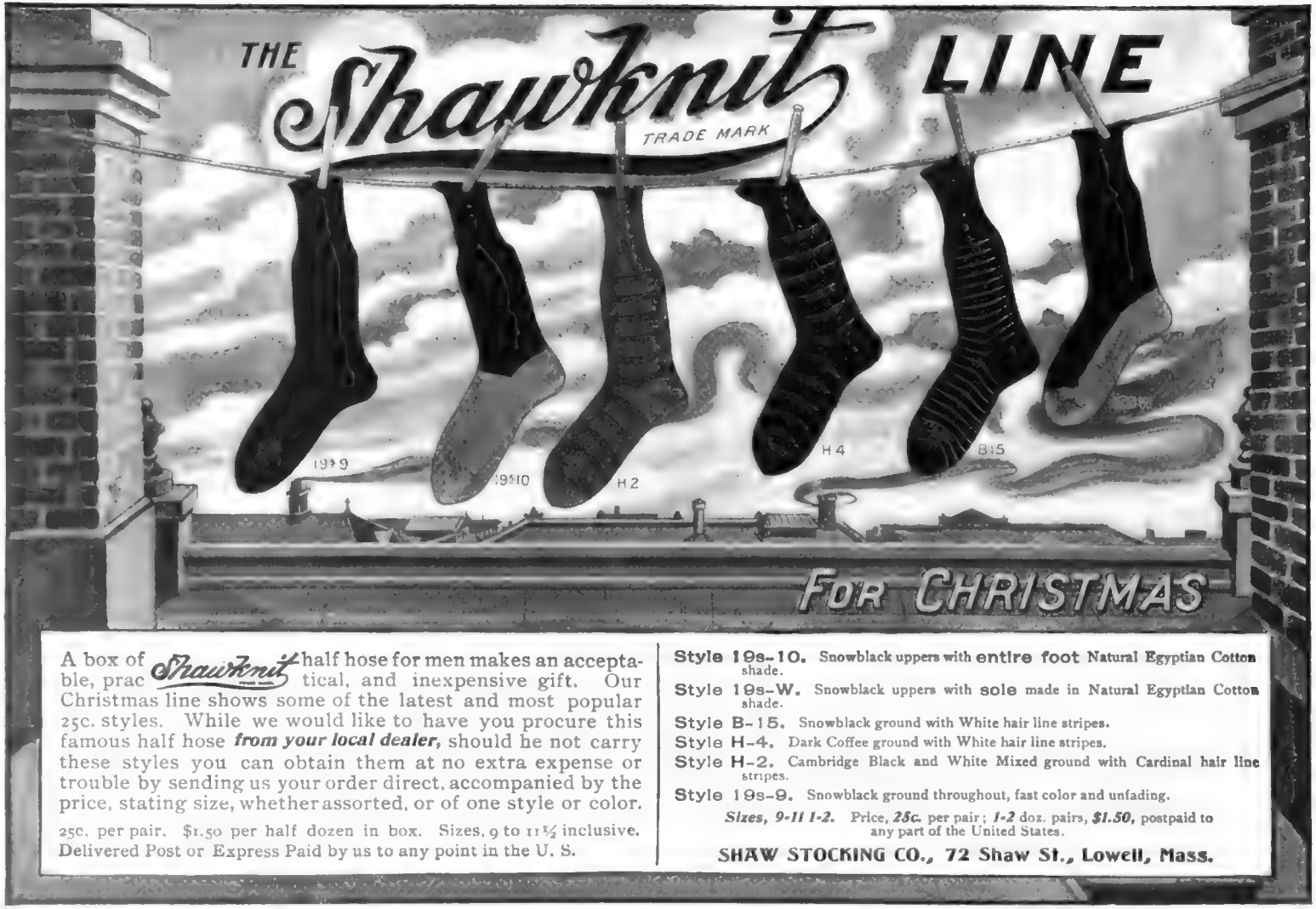

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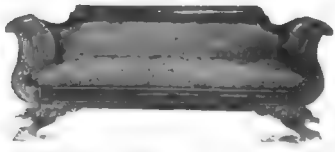

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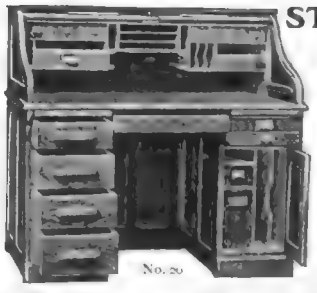

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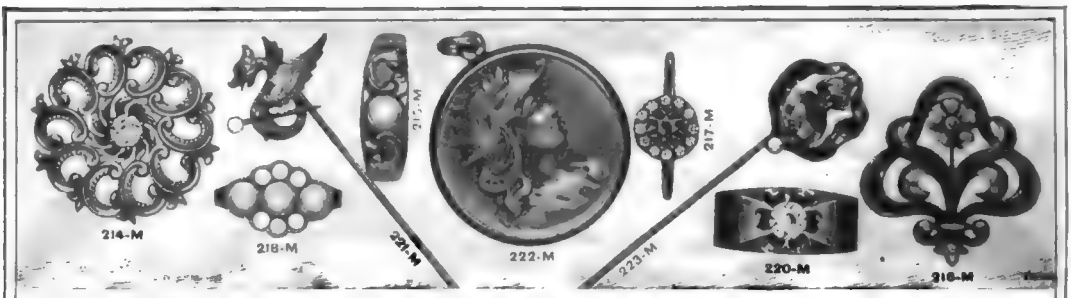

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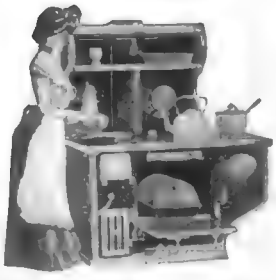

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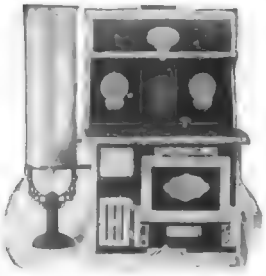

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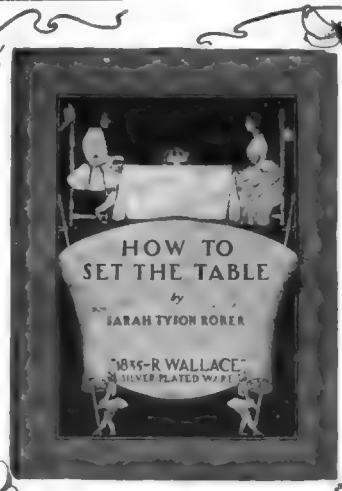

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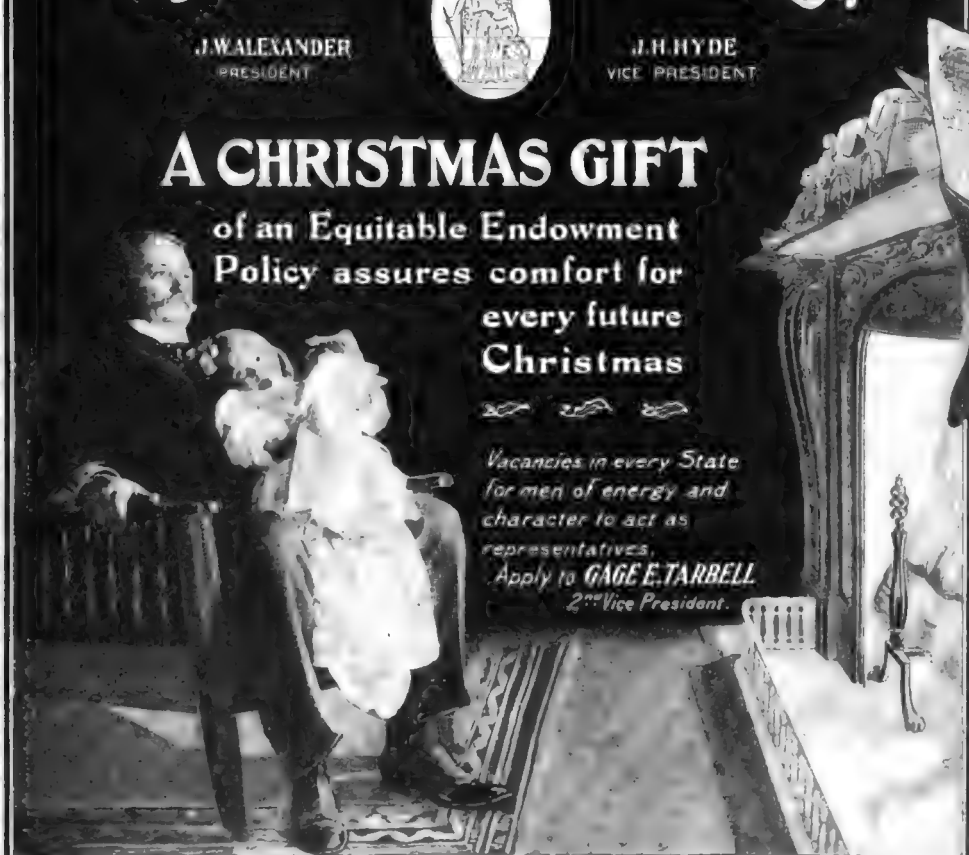

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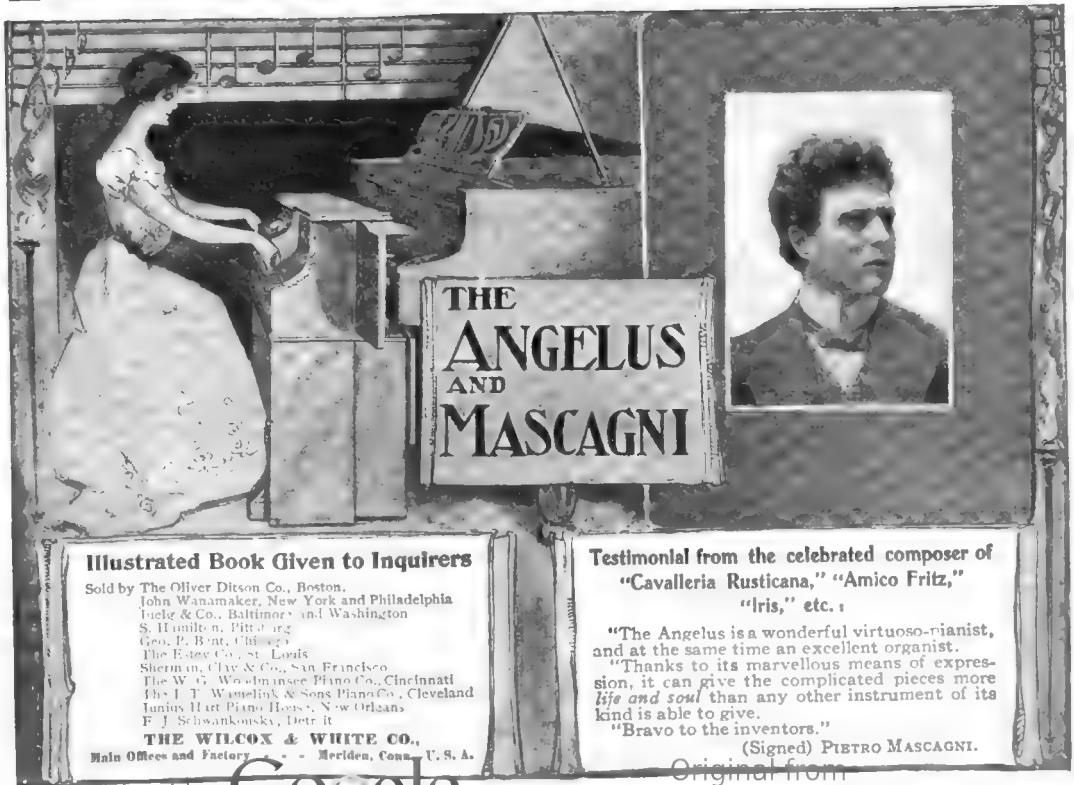

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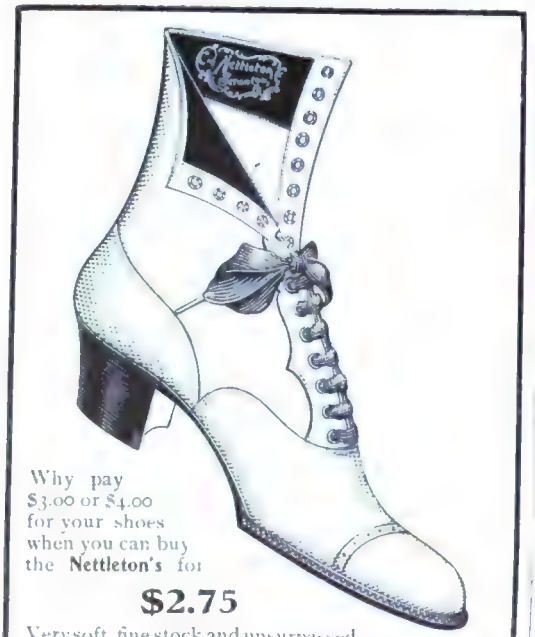

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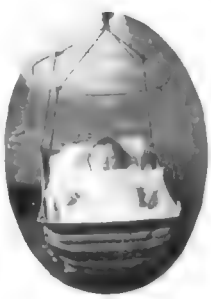

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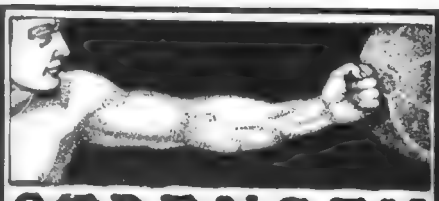

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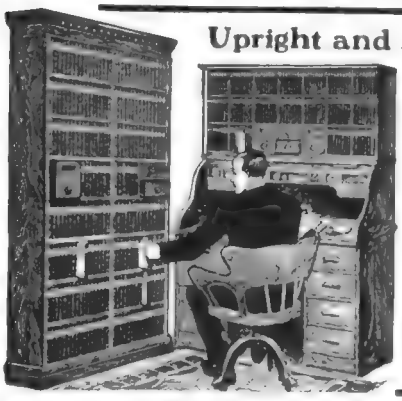

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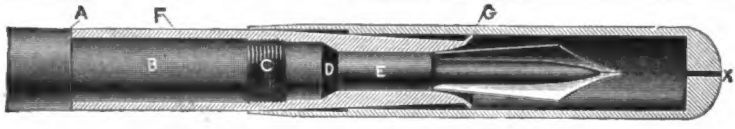

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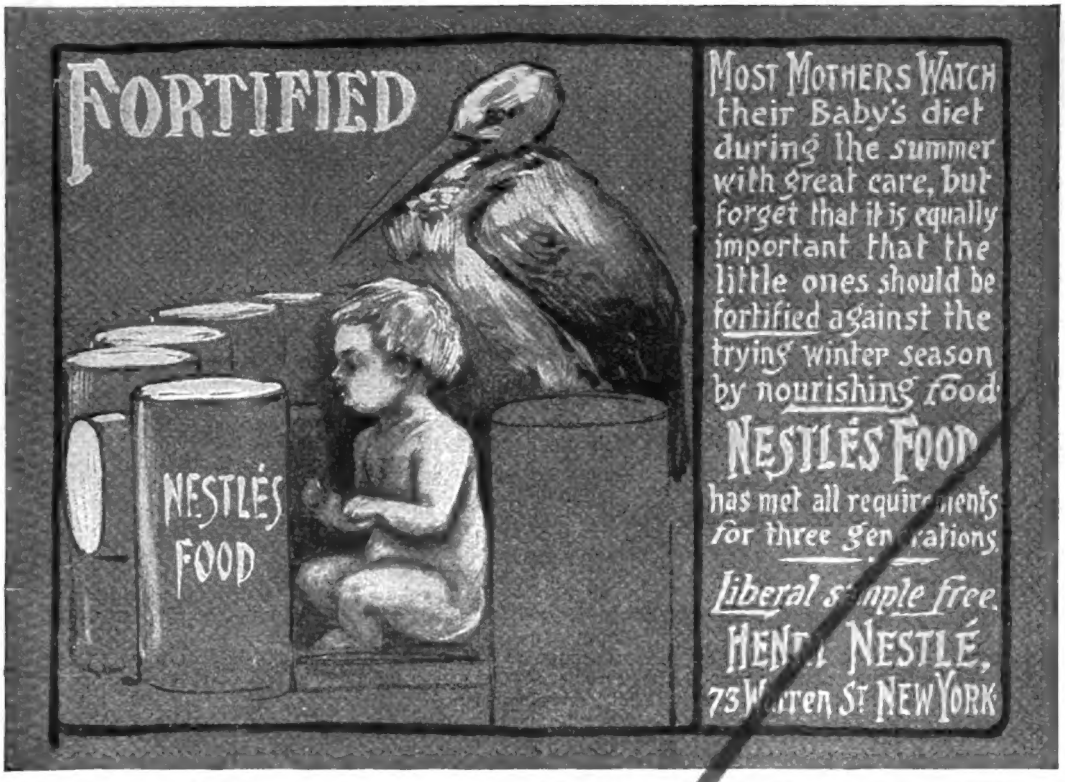
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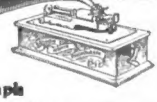

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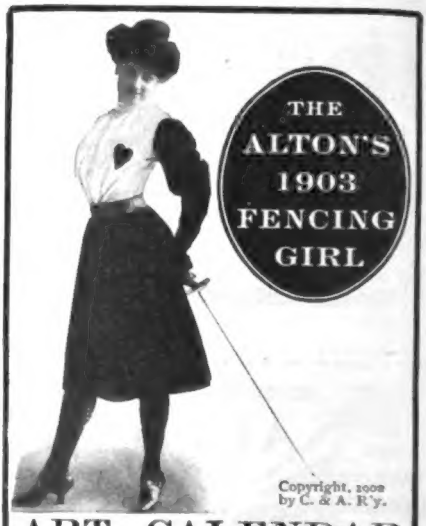

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